

COLORFUL ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1984

A WARREN MAGAZINE NUMBER FOUR

OCT 1978

MARTIANS
INVADE EARTH!
IN "THE LAST
WAR OF THE
WORLDS!"



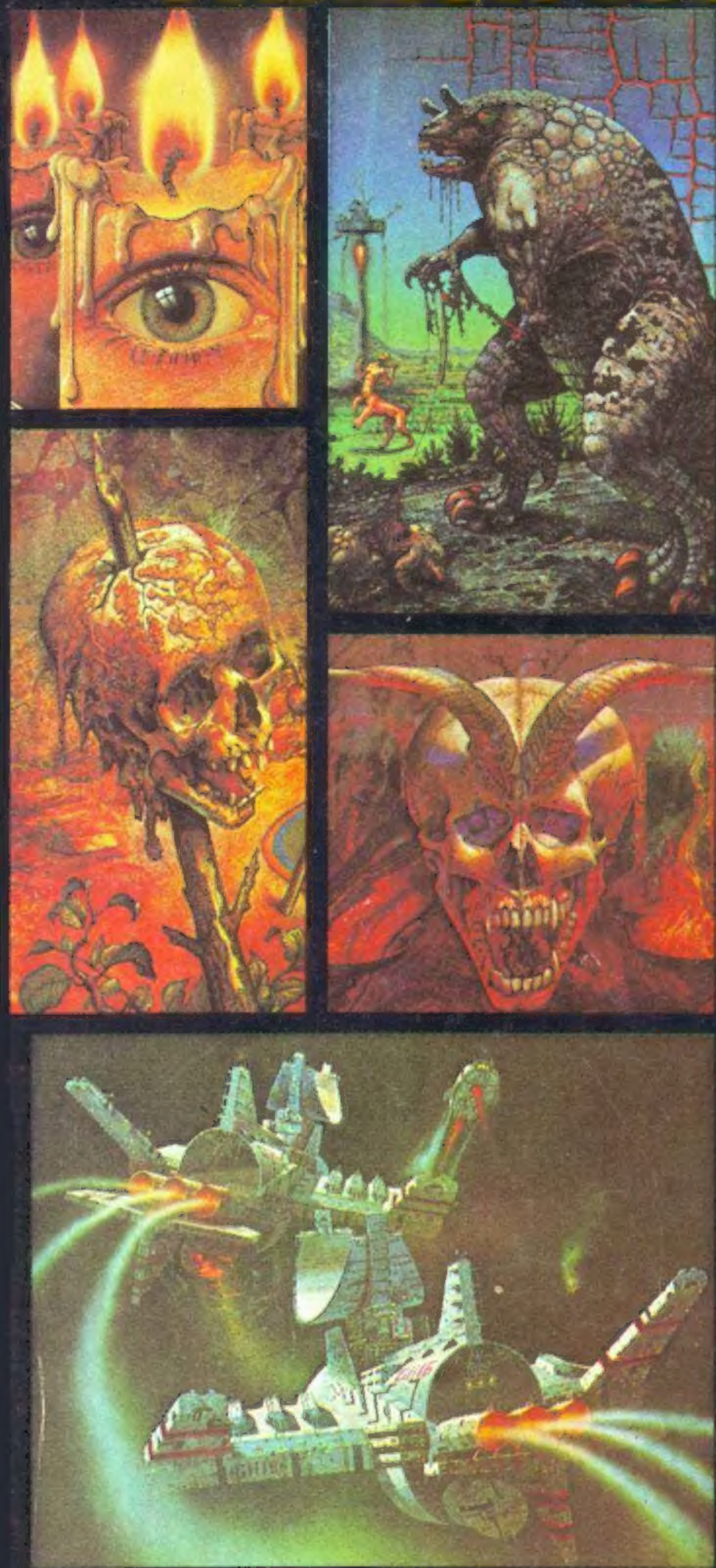
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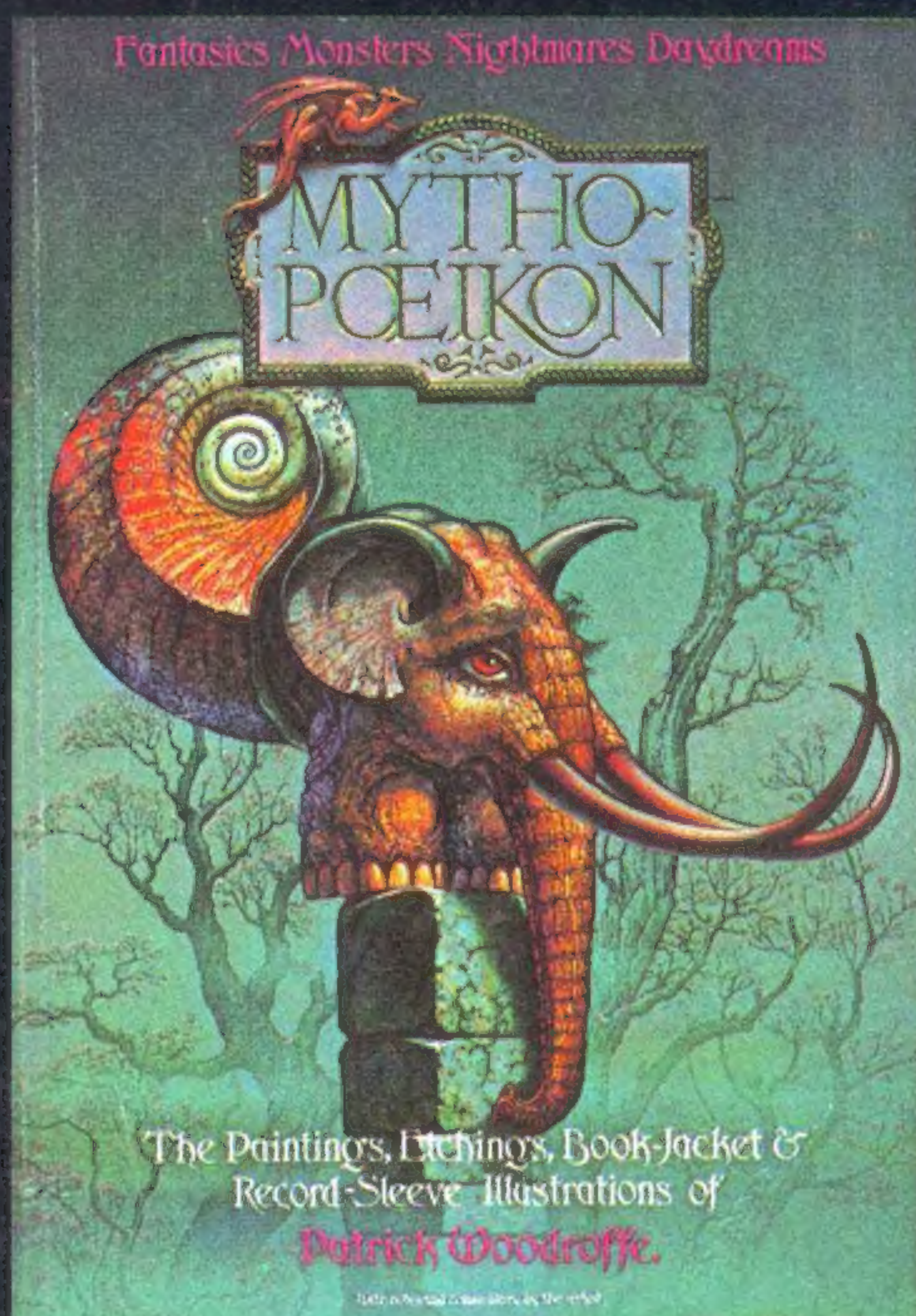
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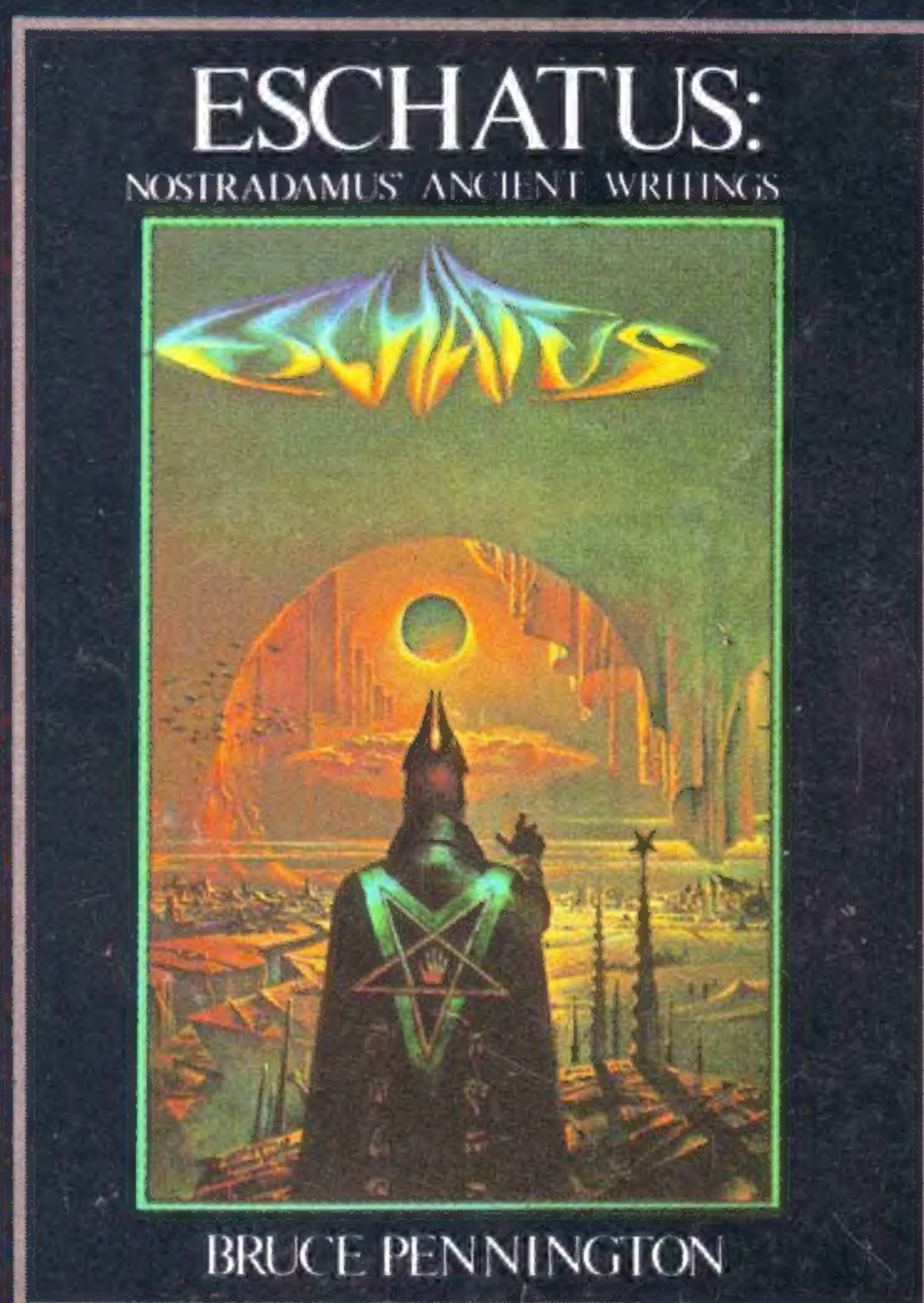
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1984

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TELEMETRY

"Joe Vaultz! I can't believe him!" "Alfredo Alcalá! There is no greater artist!" "Richard Corben stole the show!" "I am an Alex Nino junkie!" "Bermejo, Ortiz! I love their art!" 1984 readers sing their praises to America's and our favorite artists!

4

THE LAST WAR

Those wily British had a secret; one they kept for eighty years. It seems they really were invaded by Martians back in '92 just as H. G. Wells' described in his ode, "The War of the Worlds." But why were they telling us now? Ah, that was their big surprise!

5

IDI AND ME

I really expected Armageddon to be a big deal, what with the buildup it was accorded in the press, and the play it received on the pulpits of the world. So what happens? Blink your eyes and you missed the whole show!

21

MEGILLAH

Well, the United States was gone. The East/West altercation called The Big Sendoff had turned the home of the brave into 48,000 continuous impact craters. The equivalent of four tons of TNT had been dropped on every man, woman and child in the country!

31

MUTANT WORLD

It was the dream that got Dimento into this kettle of fish. If he hadn't dreamt about that overendowed harlot doing those terrible but delectable perversions upon his body, he never would have followed her into that trap, and wound up in this stewpot!

43

MUHAMMAD

Muhammad Reptillicus was making his comeback. His forty-second comeback in as many years. There was no doubt that he was the greatest pugilist of all time. But somehow, he had lost his confidence, after little Sally Star-slammer kicked living shit out of him!

51

OGRE

Ah, Byrna! The lovely, overly-endowed Byrna, with lips like cherry wine and breasts the size of overripe muskmelons. More than all else, the hideous Dumog wanted to taste of her ample fruits. But Dumog was an ogre. And Byrna belonged to the vile prince!

59

LULLABY

Despite his noble heritage, Niles was drafted. He didn't take at all well to the regimentation of military life. They harassed him over his unorthodox sex drive. They cast aspersions upon his royal lover. Is it any wonder he deserted and fled home to his mother?

67

BOYS' CAMP

Oh, sure! We could have fought the Druuls, if we had a notion to. But what was the use? They were taller, handsomer, blonder. They were also seven million years more advanced than us. Naturally, their invasion of Earth went off without a hitch!

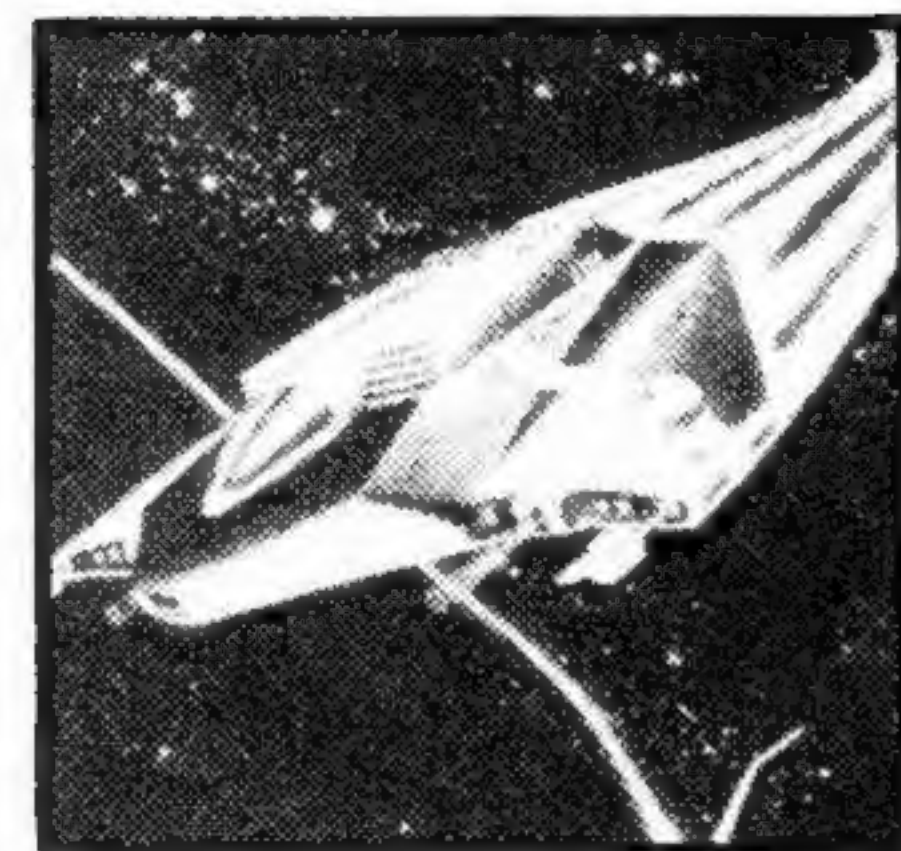
73

REX HAVOC

The Earth had a problem. By the end of 1978, monsters, the undead and other paranormal beasts had become so numerous that it was nearly impossible to walk the streets without being molested by a tingler or a blob or some other wriggly groatie!

81

incoming telemetry



"THE WORLD OF 1984 IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!"

Warren has done it again! Cover-to-cover art by **Corben, Maroto, Nino, Bermejo, Ortiz, Nebres** and **Wood**. And never has any of them looked **better!** The art was powerful and engrossing. The scripts stylish, intelligent and entertaining.

"Last of the Really Great, All-American Joy Juice" was a bit on the salty side, but provided the best possible opener. "The Saga of Honeydew Melons" had an appropriate title and interesting characters. "Once Upon Clarissa" gave us a glimpse of where it all may be heading in years to come. **Wally Wood's** "Quick Cut" makes us realize what we miss when he's not gracing **Warren's** pages. **Rich Corben's** "Mutant World" was the highlight. "The Saga of Xatz and Xotz" and "Bugs" were both refreshing interruptions. **Jim Stenstrum**, in "Faster Than Light," gave us a memorable character in Professor Elias Newton Zong, and a script to match. The action packed into the pages of "Angel" provided welcome adventure. And the mature and tasteful stories were only outdone by **Corben's** classic cover.

The world of **1984** is truly out of this world. I'm yours until 2084, at least!

GENE GOMES
New Orleans, La.

It was utter delight to see **Alex Nino's** work appearing in your magazine. When I saw his name on the contents page, I expected great things. But **two** stories, no less. Jeez, I can't thank you enough.

Despite **Nino's** work, it was **Richard Corben** who stole the show. "Mutant World" was a familiar **Corben** epic with a difference. Aside from the fact that it contained no nudity, artistically "Mutant World" featured the best opening page I have ever seen **Corben** do. He said more with his splash panel than most stories say in twelve pages.

And while **Corben's** story may have been the best, it was **Jim Stenstrum** who made the whole book worthwhile. His illustration for his own "Faster Than Light" was a touch of genius. It set just the right mood; was light and whimsical. I couldn't help but smile along with the story from that point on.

DAVID MIDDLETON
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Your new magazine is a breath of fresh air. I purchase all of the **Warren** magazines and find **1984** the most uninhibited and profound.

I was shocked into insensibility to see every page of the magazine filled with comics instead of the usual overly-heavy dose of kiddie ads. It was an extremely pleasant surprise which I hope you will continue.

I found the magazine extremely well-rounded, with the stories commenting nicely on various aspects of the fall of mankind. Yet, each was executed with a contagious air of good humor and contained the kind of food for thought found all too infrequently in magazines published today.

J. GENTILE
Saratoga Springs, Wash.



I love your artwork. The whole book is super!

NEAL SCOTT
Conway, Pa.

Eat your heart out, **Heavy Metal**! **1984** is now!

CARMEN CONTRERAS
San Diego, Calif.

I've been an **Alex Nino** junkie ever since I stumbled upon his work in the color comics. For me, "Once Upon Clarissa" (that bittersweet star of the issue) and "Momma Can You Hear Me" were like orgasmic isles in the quaint but pleasant sea of ecstasy.

ROD SILFER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Oh, my god! Hang on to **Rudy Nebres**. He's the most dynamic artist to emerge since the dawn of comic books.

JEREMY LACE
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

The best story in **1984** #1 was "Faster Than Light." Great humor. Great art. And not a trace of the usual dose of **Warren** sexist crap which I have come to know and loathe.

RENEE FRASER
Redwood City, Calif.

Warren fans, myself included, have clamored for a science fiction magazine for years. Apparently, it took the phenomenal success of **Star Wars** and **Close Encounters** to convince **Jim Warren** of the viability of such a publication. It's about time!

That ambitious editorial on the inside cover of issue #1, certainly made it sound as though the millennium was at hand. Unfortunately, the contents of your premiere issue were far from the goals embodied in that none-too-humble statement. Bluntly stated, **1984** was clumsily juvenile. But what the hell. At least it's here!

Now, if you would cut down on the gratuitous profanity and tighten up on the scripting, the folks at **Heavy Metal** might even have something to worry about.

ED O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

There's too much sex and profanity in **1984** for a science fiction magazine. Didn't anybody ever tell you people that science fiction is supposed to be clean?

MITCHELL BULLOCK
Culver City, Calif.

Joe Valtz! I can't believe him. Not since the early days of **Richard Corben** have I seen such lavish airbrush work. I don't know where he came from. But don't let him go back there!

CATHY LYLE
Clinton, N.C.

In my opinion, there is no artist greater than **Alfredo Alcala**. I was so pleased to find his magnificent work in the pages of **1984**. Please, please feature much, much more of his decorative art.

TERESE ARENDS
Teague, Texas

Ever since he began illustrating **Warren's** series, **The Rook**, I've loved **Luis Bermejo's** art. Give him more whimsical scripts like "Faster Than Light." This is a side of his talent we all-too rarely see.

BARBARA WILMER
Cranberry, W. Virginia

Send all letters to: **1984 MAGAZINE, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 East 32nd Street, N.Y. N.Y., 10016**

The LAST WAR...

THE TIME: **NOW**.
THE PLACE: HER MAJESTY'S
GOLDEN ISLES.

I SAY, BATTERSHAM,
THOSE MENTAL DEGENER-
ATES UP AT PARLIAMENT
HAVEN'T GONE AND DECLARED
WAR ON ANYONE TO-
DAY, HAVE THEY?

DASHED IF
I KNOW, FROTHIN-
GAY. WHY DO YOU
ASK?

OH... I JUST
THOUGHT IT WOULD
EXPLAIN THAT RATHER
LARGE **MISSILE** HEADED
OUR WAY.

MISSILE!? HA
HA HA! HAD A BIT
OF THE **NIP** AGAIN,
EH, FROTHINGAY!?

PEHAPS
IT'S NOTHING
MORE
THAN AN
ELEPHANTINE
FIREFLY,
OLD BOY
UNLEASHED
BY IRATE
JAPANESE
FILM-
MAKERS!

HA HA HA!
BATTERSHAM, WHAT
A **DASHED** SENSE OF
HUMOUR!

URKKK!

YOU KNOW,
FROTHINGAY, YOU
MIGHT HAVE SOME-
THING WITH THAT
MISSILE THEORY
OF YOURS.

I'M NOT SO
SURE ANY LONGER,
BATTERSHAM. THAT
WASN'T AN **EXPLOSION**,
BUT RATHER THE
SHOCK WAVE OF A
TREMENDOUS
IMPACT.

IT'S AS IF
WE HAVE BEEN
STRUCK SQUARELY
BY SOMETHING FALL-
ING FROM THE
BLEAKNESS OF
SPACE.

OUTERSPACE?
DON'T BE **DAFT**,
FROTHINGAY! IT WAS
OBVIOUSLY THE FRENCH!
THEY'RE BEHIND THIS
DASTARDLY SCHEME.
THEY'VE HAD IT IN
FOR US FOR QUITE
SOME TIME NOW.

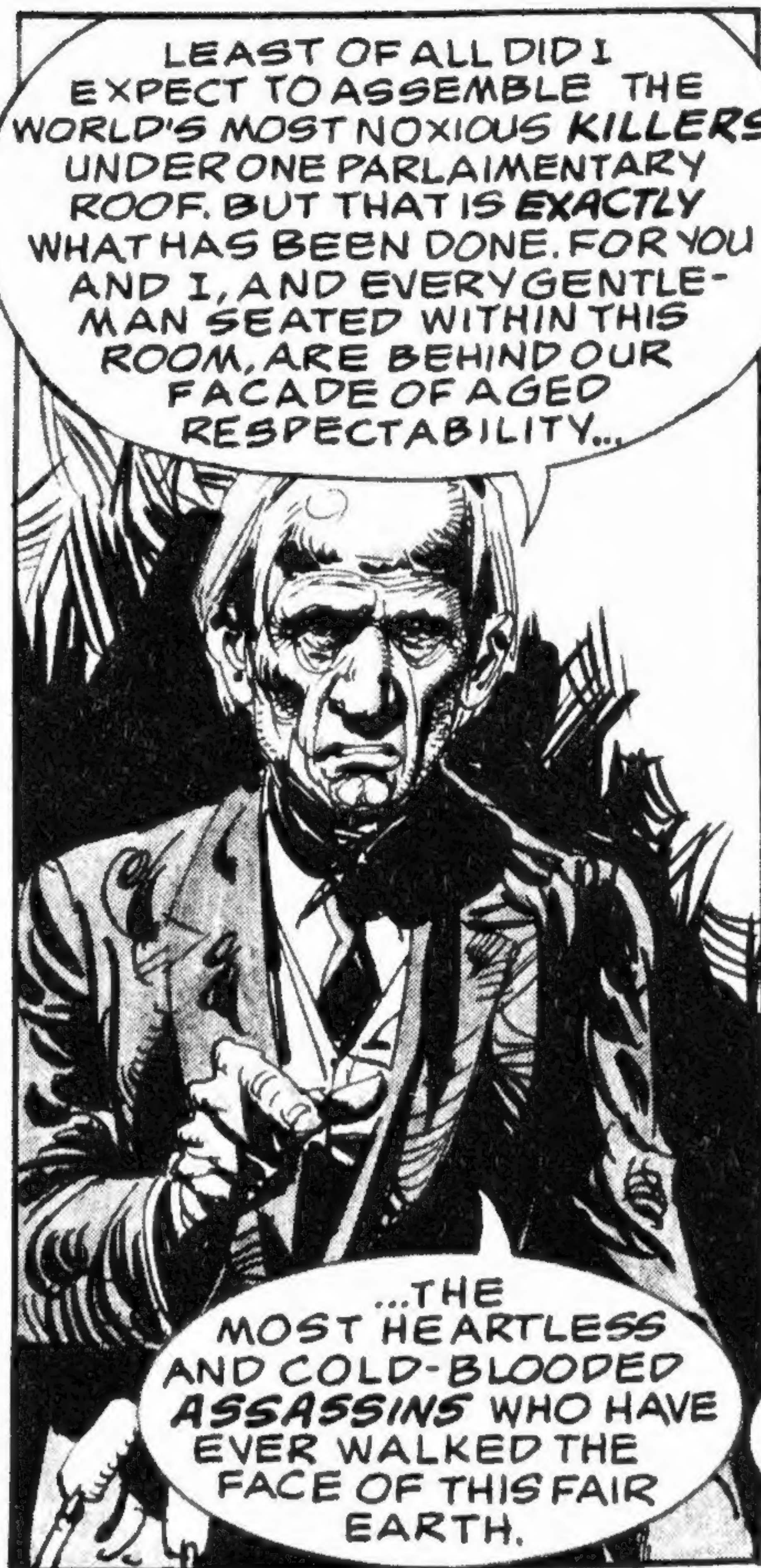
SOMEHOW,
BATTERSHAM, I
DON'T THINK THE **FRENCH**
ARE RESPONSIBLE.

GAAAA!
I SAY, FROTHINGAY,
IT IS A BIT OF THE **STICKY**
WICKET, ISN'T IT!?



ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES, NO DOUBT YOU ARE SURPRISED, BEWILDERED, PERHAPS EVEN **AWED** AT HAVING BEEN INVITED HERE TODAY, AS RESPECTED GUESTS OF HER MAJESTY, ELIZABETH.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I, TOO AM OVERAWED. NEVER DID I EXPECT TO BE CALLING UPON GREAT BRITAIN'S POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC **ADVERSARIES**, AS WELL AS HER HONORABLE **ALLIES** TO UNITE IN THIS DIRE HOUR OF **NEED**.



LEAST OF ALL DID I EXPECT TO ASSEMBLE THE WORLD'S MOST NOXIOUS **KILLERS** UNDER ONE PARLAIMENTARY ROOF. BUT THAT IS **EXACTLY** WHAT HAS BEEN DONE. FOR YOU AND I, AND EVERY GENTLEMAN SEATED WITHIN THIS ROOM, ARE BEHIND OUR **FACADE** OF AGED **RESPECTABILITY**...

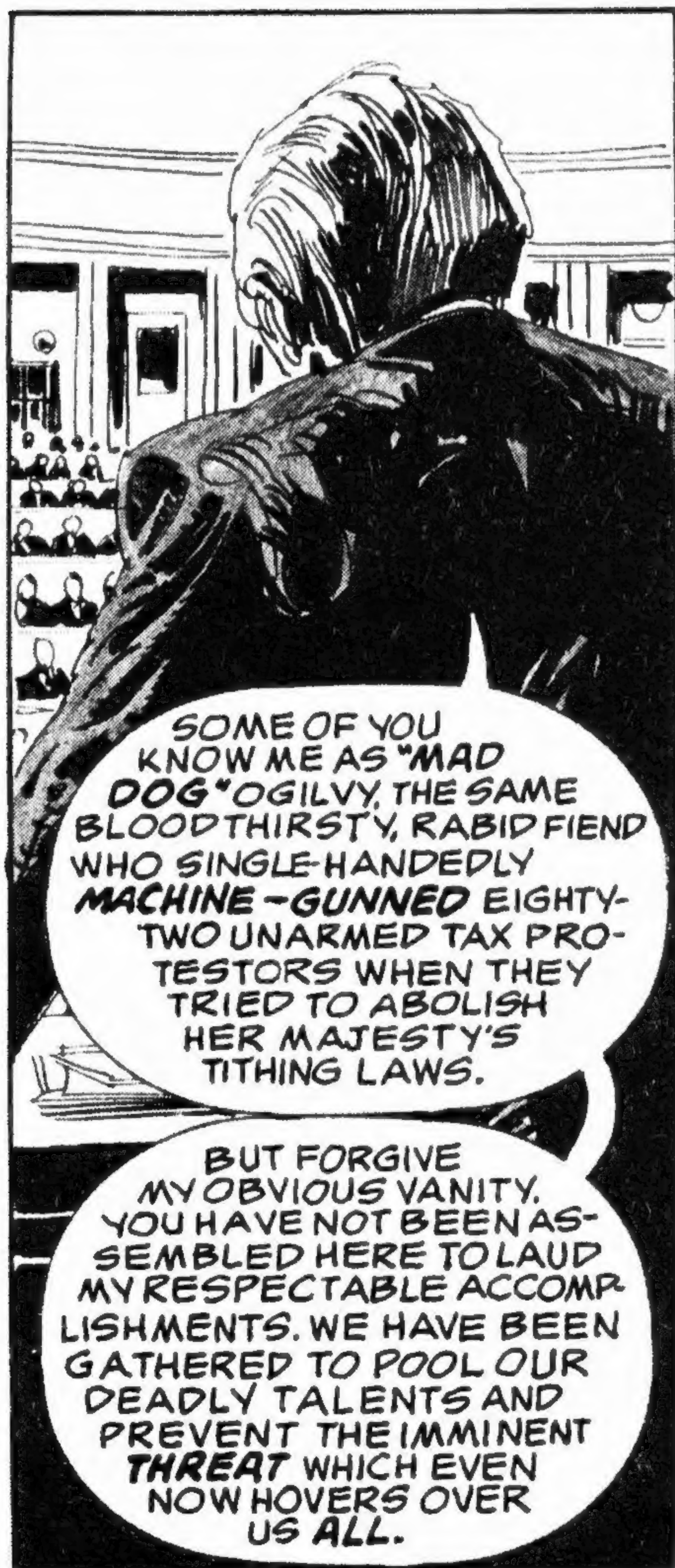
...THE MOST **HEARTLESS** AND **COLD-BLOODED ASSASSINS** WHO HAVE EVER WALKED THE **FACE** OF THIS FAIR **EARTH**.



AH, **YES!** THE **INNOCENT** STARES OF **PROPER INDIGNATION**. COME, COME, GENTLEMEN. THERE IS **NO NEED** FOR **PRETENSE** **HERE**. EACH OF US IS **WELL-AWARE** OF THE **ROLE** OF OUR **ADMIRABLE** COLLEAGUES. WHAT SORT OF **SPIES** WOULD WE BE IF WE WERE **NOT?**

I READILY ADMIT THAT I, **HIERONYMUS OGLIVY**, AM, BEHIND THIS **PRESENTABLE** **PRETENSE** OF THE **COMMONWEAL'S** **PRIVATE** ACCOUNTANT, THE **HEAD** OF **BRITAIN'S** **SECRET LIQUIDATION** **FORCE**...

...THAT **BRANCH** OF OUR **UNDERCOVER** **SERVICES** CHARGED WITH **SWIFT** AND **CERTAIN** **ELIMINATION** OF **POLITICAL** **PAINS** IN **HER MAJESTY'S** **ARSE!**



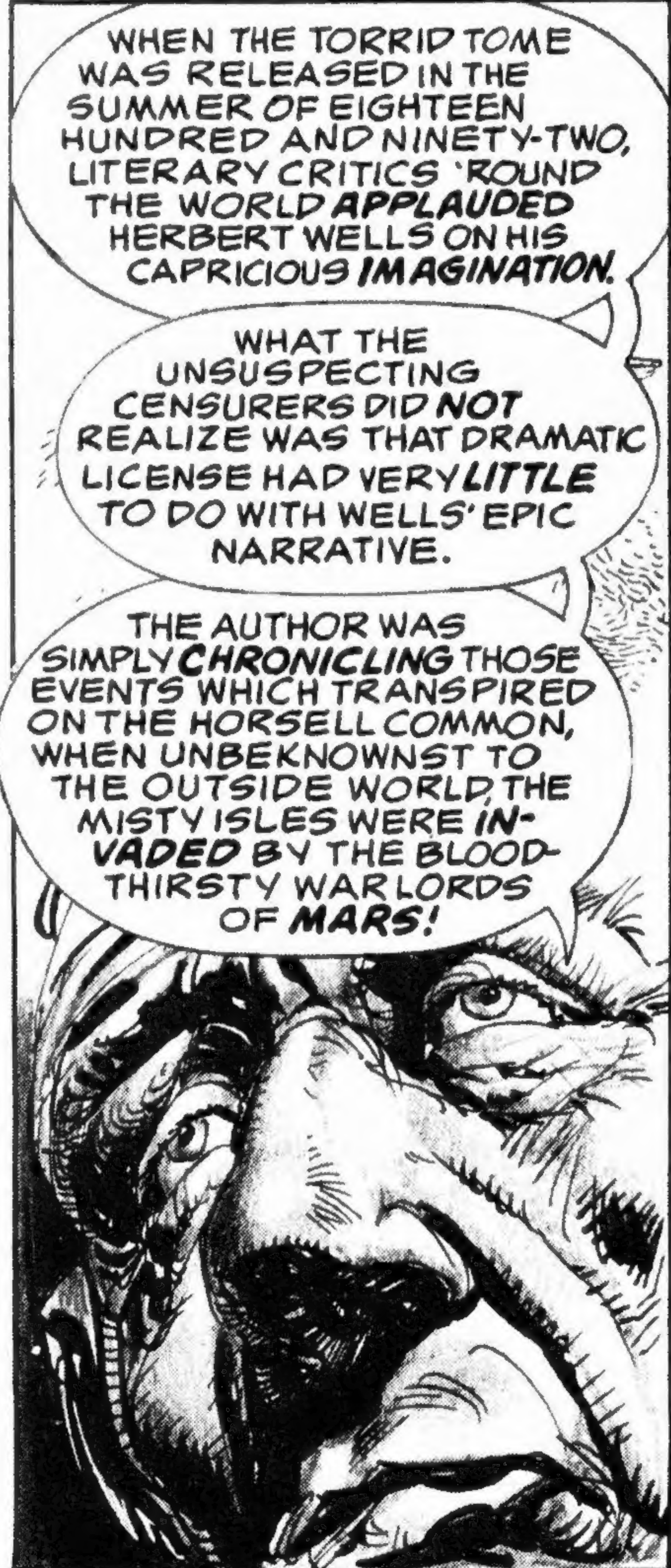
SOME OF YOU KNOW ME AS **"MAD DOG" OGLIVY**, THE SAME **BLOODTHIRSTY**, **RABID FIEND** WHO **SINGLE-HANDEDLY** **MACHINE-GUNNED** **EIGHTY-TWO** **UNARMED** **TAX** **PROTESTORS** WHEN THEY TRIED TO **ABOLISH** **HER MAJESTY'S** **TITHING** **LAWS**.

BUT **FORGIVE** MY **OBVIOUS** **VANITY**. YOU HAVE NOT BEEN **ASSEMBLED** **HERE** TO **LAUD** MY **RESPECTABLE** **ACCOMPLISHMENTS**. WE HAVE BEEN **GATHERED** TO **POOL** OUR **DEADLY** **TALENTS** AND **PREVENT** THE **IMMINENT** **THREAT** WHICH EVEN NOW **HOVERS** OVER US **ALL**.



THE **MAJORITY** OF YOU, I AM **SURE**, ARE **FAMILIAR** WITH **H. G. WELLS'** **CLASSIC** **TREATISE**, THE **APOCALYPTICAL** **"WAR OF THE WORLDS!"**

FOR THE **BENEFIT** OF OUR **FRENCH** **FRIENDS** AND OTHERS **UNFAMILIAR** WITH **RUDIMENTARY** **LITERATURE**, IT IS THE **FANCIFUL** **TALE** OF OUR **NEIGHBORS** FROM **MARS** AND HOW THEY **DAMN** **NEAR** **TOOK** OVER OUR **WORLD**.



WHEN THE **TORRID** **TOME** WAS **RELEASED** IN THE **SUMMER** OF **EIGHTEEN HUNDRED** AND **NINETY-TWO**, **LITERARY** **CRITICS** 'ROUND THE **WORLD** **APPLAUDED** **HERBERT** **WELLS** ON HIS **CAPRICIOUS** **IMAGINATION**.

WHAT THE **UNSUSPECTING** **CENSURERS** DID **NOT** **REALIZE** WAS THAT **DRAMATIC** **LICENSE** HAD **VERY LITTLE** TO DO WITH **WELLS'** **EPIC** **NARRATIVE**.

THE **AUTHOR** WAS **SIMPLY** **CHRONICLING** THOSE **EVENTS** WHICH **TRANSPIRED** ON THE **HORSELL** **COMMON**, WHEN **UNBEKNOWNST** TO THE **OUTSIDE** **WORLD**, THE **MISTY** **ISLES** WERE **INVADED** BY THE **BLOOD-THIRSTY** **WARLORDS** OF **MARS!**



...of the **WORLDS!**





YES, MY FELLOW MERCENARIES, I UNDERSTAND YOUR **SKEPTICISM**. BUT I **ASSURE** YOU, **MARTIANS** ARE VERY MUCH **FACT**. EVEN NOW, THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO LAY WASTE TO OUR BELOVED HOME-**LAND**.

WHY, YOU UNDERSTANDABLY ASK, HAS THE ENGLISH CROWN UNTIL NOW **SUPPRESSED** THE EXISTENCE OF THESE RANCOROUS FIENDS?

CALL IT **WHIMSY**. CALL IT **GOOD HUMOUR**. CALL IT GREAT BRITAIN'S PERVERSE LITTLE **JOKE** ON A GULLIBLE HUMANKIND. YOU WILL RECALL THAT WE **DID REVEAL ALL...** WITHIN WELLS' TREATISE, WHICH YOU PREFERRED TO LABEL AS MERE **IMPROBABLE FICTION**.



IF I SAY SO MYSELF, OUR CITIZENS HAVE BEEN RATHER GOOD SPORTS ABOUT IT ALL THESE YEARS, KEEPING **MUM** ON OUR "NATIONAL SECRET".

TO DISPELL YOUR LINGERING DOUBTS I HAVE BROUGHT FORTH THE NECESSARY **PROOF** NEEDED TO SUBSTANTIATE MY EXTRAVAGANT **CLAIMS...**

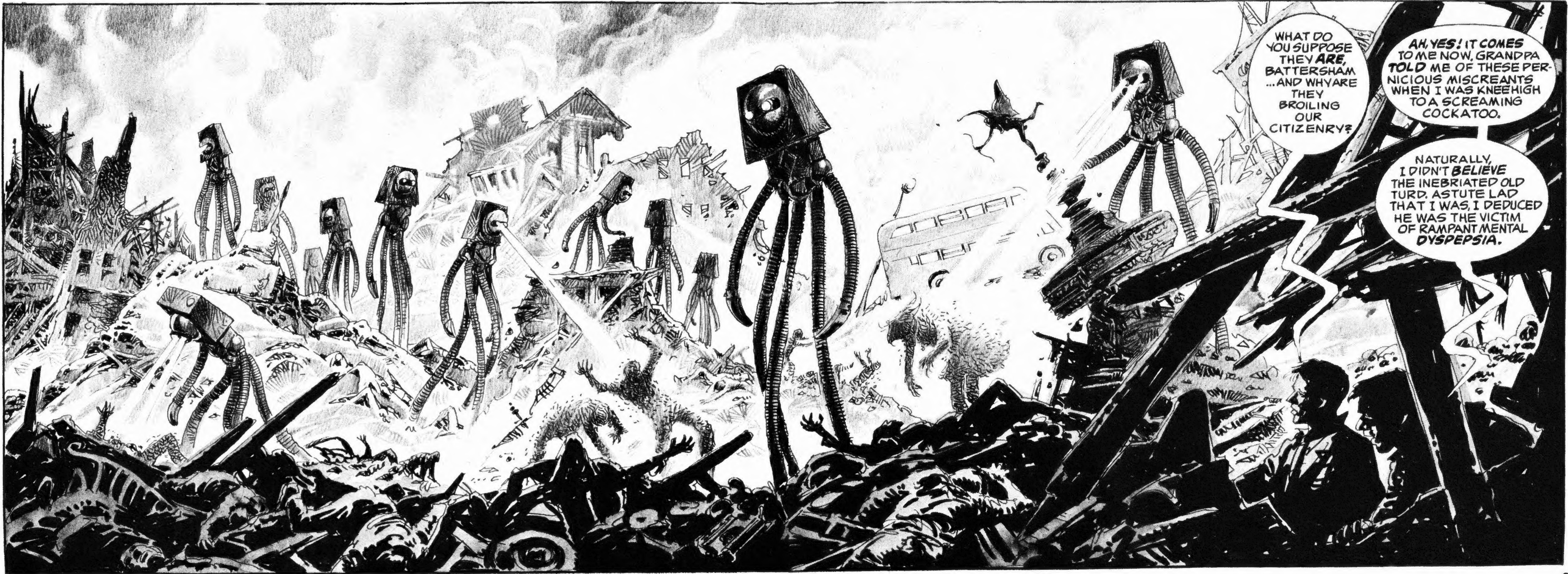
BUT NOW WE FIND WE MUST **SHARE** OUR KNOWLEDGE, FOR THE **MARTIANS** THEMSELVES ARE ABOUT TO **REVEAL** THEMSELVES. AND THERE IS **LITTLE** WE CAN DO TO KEEP IT A SECRET.



I GIVE YOU ONE OF THE ACTUAL **WAR MACHINES** UTILIZED BY THE MARTIANS ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT SO LONG AGO, WHEN THE ASSIDUOUS LITTLE DEVILS TRIED TO **ANNEX** ALL OF BRITAIN.



IT HAS BEEN IN MY GOVERNMENT'S HANDS THESE MANY YEARS **HIDDEN** AWAY FROM THE PRYING EYES OF OUTSIDERS.



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY ARE, **BATTERSHAM** ...AND WHY ARE THEY BROILING OUR CITIZENRY?

AH, YES! IT COMES TO ME NOW, GRANDPA TOLD ME OF THESE PER-**NICIOUS MISCREANTS** WHEN I WAS KNEEHIGH TO A SCREAMING COCKATOO.

NATURALLY, I DIDN'T **BELIEVE** THE INEBRIATED OLD TURD. ASTUTE LAD THAT I WAS, I DEDUCED HE WAS THE VICTIM OF **RAMPANT MENTAL DYSPEPSIA**.



FURTHER... TO
DISPELL THE
MOST PERSISTANT OF
YOUR DOUBTS...



... I PRESENT
TO YOU THE **BODY**
OF AN AUTHENTIC
MARTIAN, TAKEN
FROM THE HORSELL
COMMON... MORE
THAN FOUR SCORE
YEARS AGO...

... **PICKLED**,
NATURALLY, IN
ANCIENT BUT AFFABLE
PRESERVATIVES.

GASP!
MEIN
GOTT!
IMPOSSIBLE!
NO!
MY
GOD!
SHEEEE-IT!



THIS LONG-CONCEALED
EVIDENCE, PLUS ONE
ADDITIONAL AND INESCAPABLE
FACT, HAS PROMPTED MY
GOVERNMENT TO CALL THIS
EMERGENCY GATHERING.

WE ARE
OF THE OPINION
THAT THE EARTH IS
IN IMMINENT
PERIL.



THIS **PHOTOGRAPH**,
TAKEN AT THE MOUNT
WAPSHOT OBSERVATORY
ONLY THIS MORNING...

... IS THE **FIRST**
SIGHTING OF A HURL-
ING **MARTIAN PROJECTILE**
ON AN INALTERABLE
COURSE TOWARDS
EARTH!



CERTAINLY
YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO LEAVE ME IN THIS
PERPLEXED STATE
OF IRRESOLUTION,
BATTERSHAM.

TELL ME
WHAT IT WAS
THAT YOUR PROGENITOR
HAD TO SAY ABOUT THESE
DISINGENIOUS ROGUES.

I HOPE YOU WILL NOT
TAKE **OFFENSE**, FROTHINGAY,
BUT BEFORE I VENTURE FURTHER
ELUCIDATION, I MUST ASCERTAIN
WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE A LOYAL
CITIZEN OF THE ENGLISH CROWN,
WITH NO TAXES IN ARREARS.

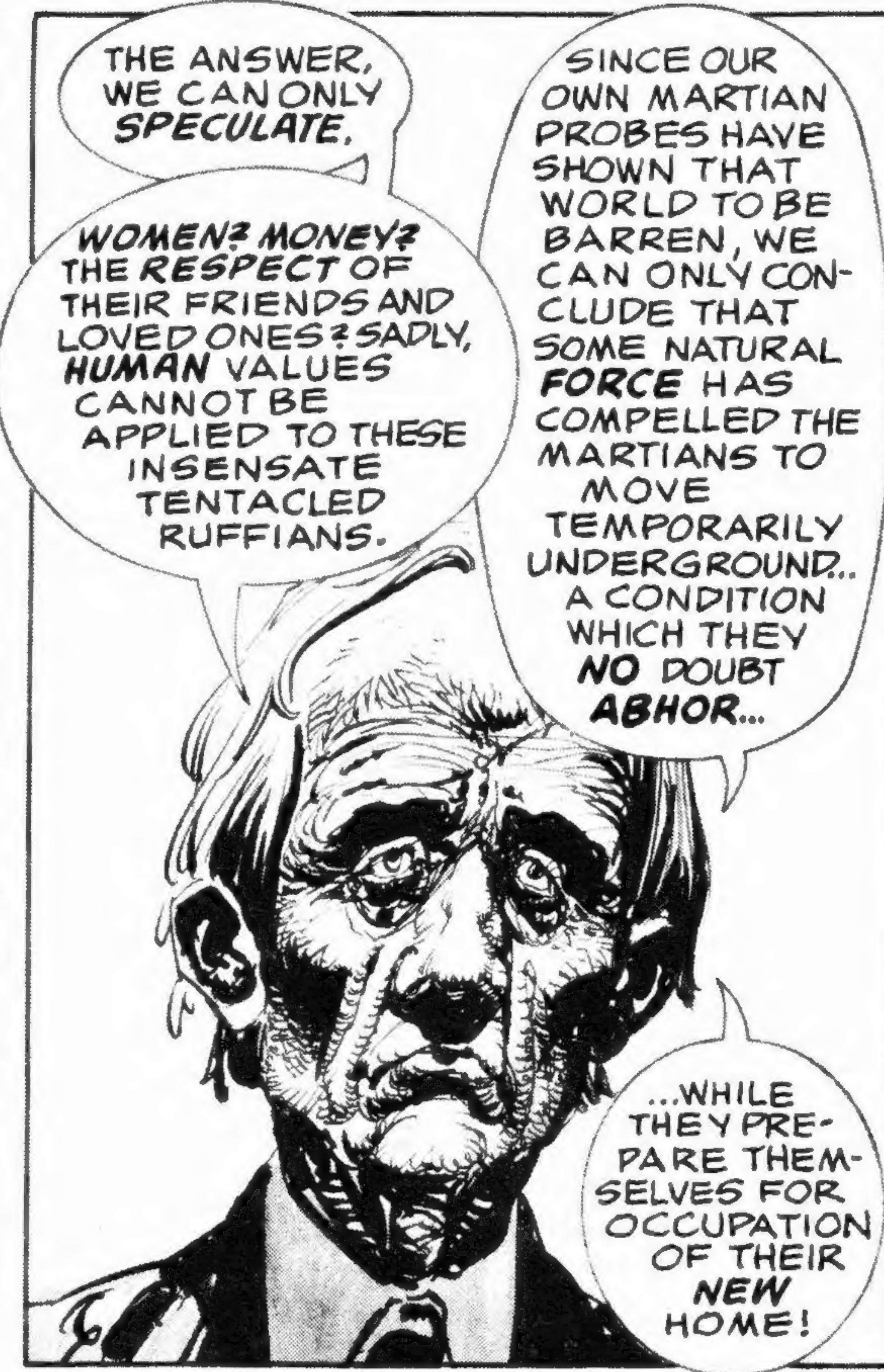


TO ALL BUT OUR FRENCH FRIENDS, IT MUST BE STARKLY OBVIOUS THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO BE INVADED BY EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS. YET ONE GNAWING QUESTION REMAINS.

WHY?

WHY WOULD MARTIAN ENTITIES WISH TO OCCUPY OUR HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT...

...WHEN IN FACT, THEY WERE REPELLED IN THEIR FIRST ABORTIVE ATTEMPT BY NOTHING MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN OUR OWN BOUNTIFUL MICROBES.

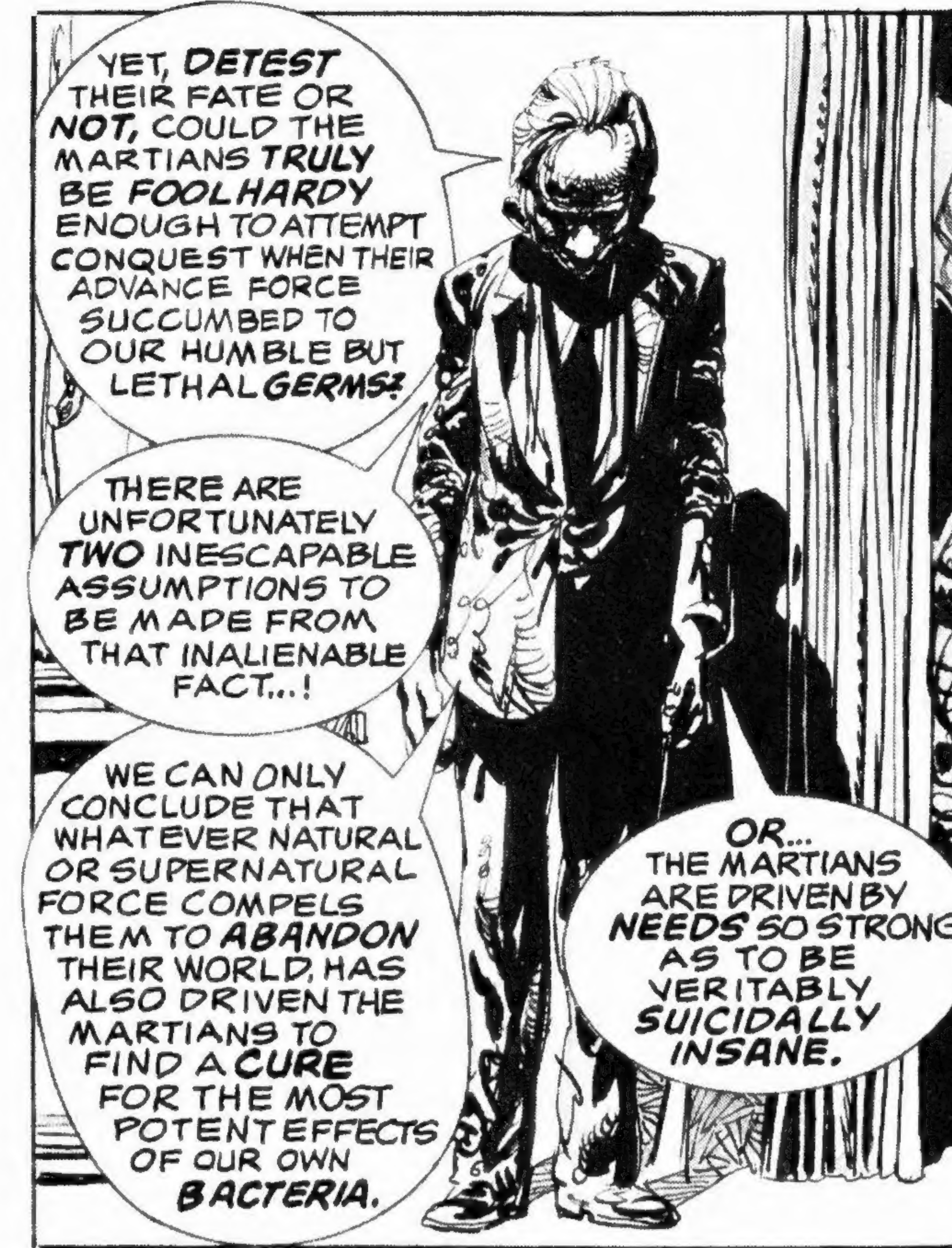


THE ANSWER, WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE.

WOMEN? MONEY? THE RESPECT OF THEIR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES? SADLY, HUMAN VALUES CANNOT BE APPLIED TO THESE INSENSATE TENTACLED RUFFIANS.

SINCE OUR OWN MARTIAN PROBES HAVE SHOWN THAT WORLD TO BE BARREN, WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT SOME NATURAL FORCE HAS COMPELLED THE MARTIANS TO MOVE TEMPORARILY UNDERGROUND... A CONDITION WHICH THEY NO DOUBT ABHOR...

...WHILE THEY PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR OCCUPATION OF THEIR NEW HOME!

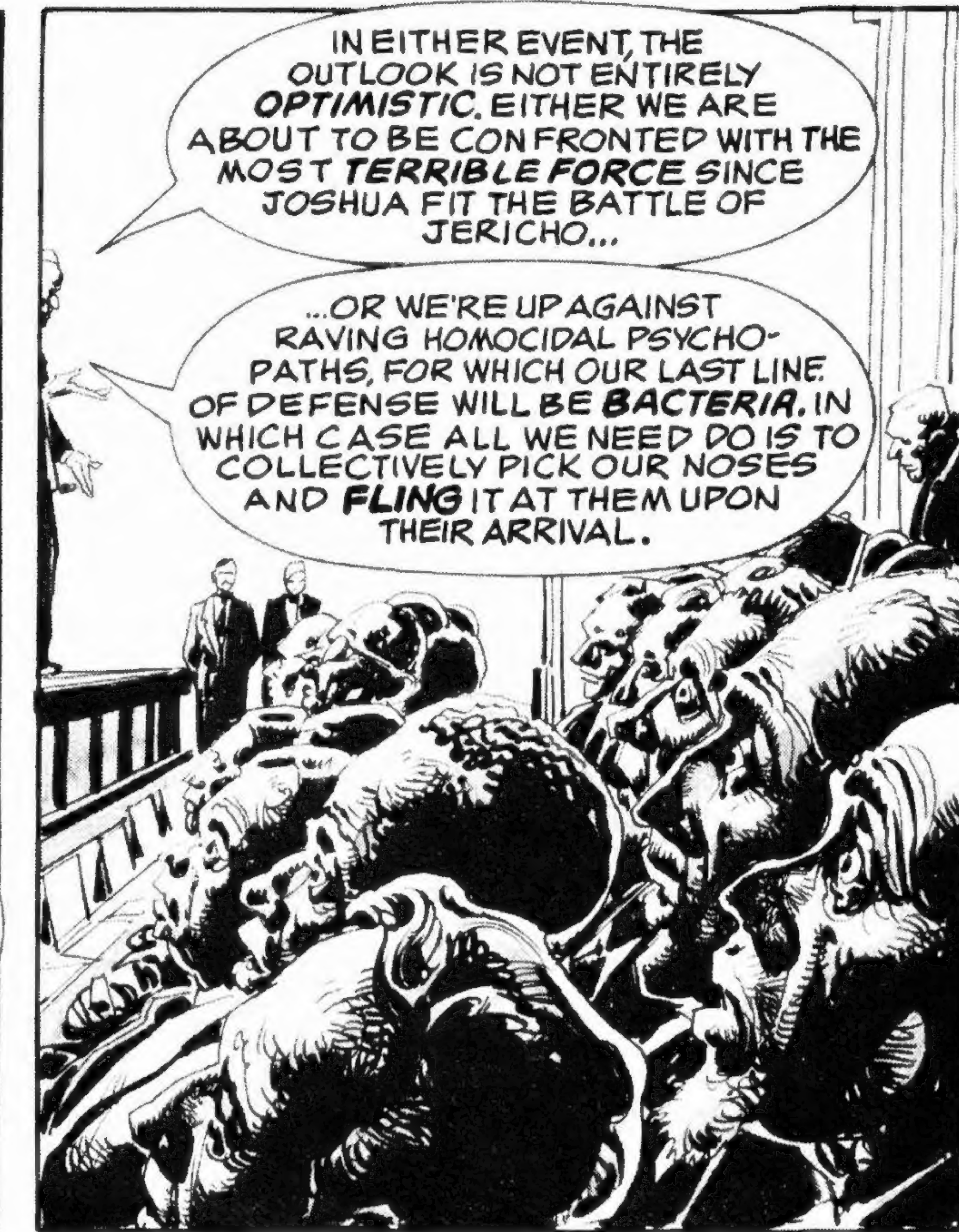


YET, DETEST THEIR FATE OR NOT, COULD THE MARTIANS TRULY BE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT CONQUEST WHEN THEIR ADVANCE FORCE SUCCEumbed TO OUR HUMBLE BUT LETHAL GERMS?

THERE ARE UNFORTUNATELY TWO INESCAPABLE ASSUMPTIONS TO BE MADE FROM THAT INALIENABLE FACT...!

WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT WHATEVER NATURAL OR SUPERNATURAL FORCE COMPELS THEM TO ABANDON THEIR WORLD, HAS ALSO DRIVEN THE MARTIANS TO FIND A CURE FOR THE MOST POTENT EFFECTS OF OUR OWN BACTERIA.

OR... THE MARTIANS ARE DRIVEN BY NEEDS SO STRONG AS TO BE VERITABLY SUICIDALLY INSANE.



IN EITHER EVENT, THE OUTLOOK IS NOT ENTIRELY OPTIMISTIC. EITHER WE ARE ABOUT TO BE CONFRONTED WITH THE MOST TERRIBLE FORCE SINCE JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICO...

...OR WE'RE UP AGAINST RAVING HOMOCIDAL PSYCHOPATHS, FOR WHICH OUR LAST LINE OF DEFENSE WILL BE BACTERIA, IN WHICH CASE ALL WE NEED DO IS TO COLLECTIVELY PICK OUR NOSES AND FLING IT AT THEM UPON THEIR ARRIVAL.

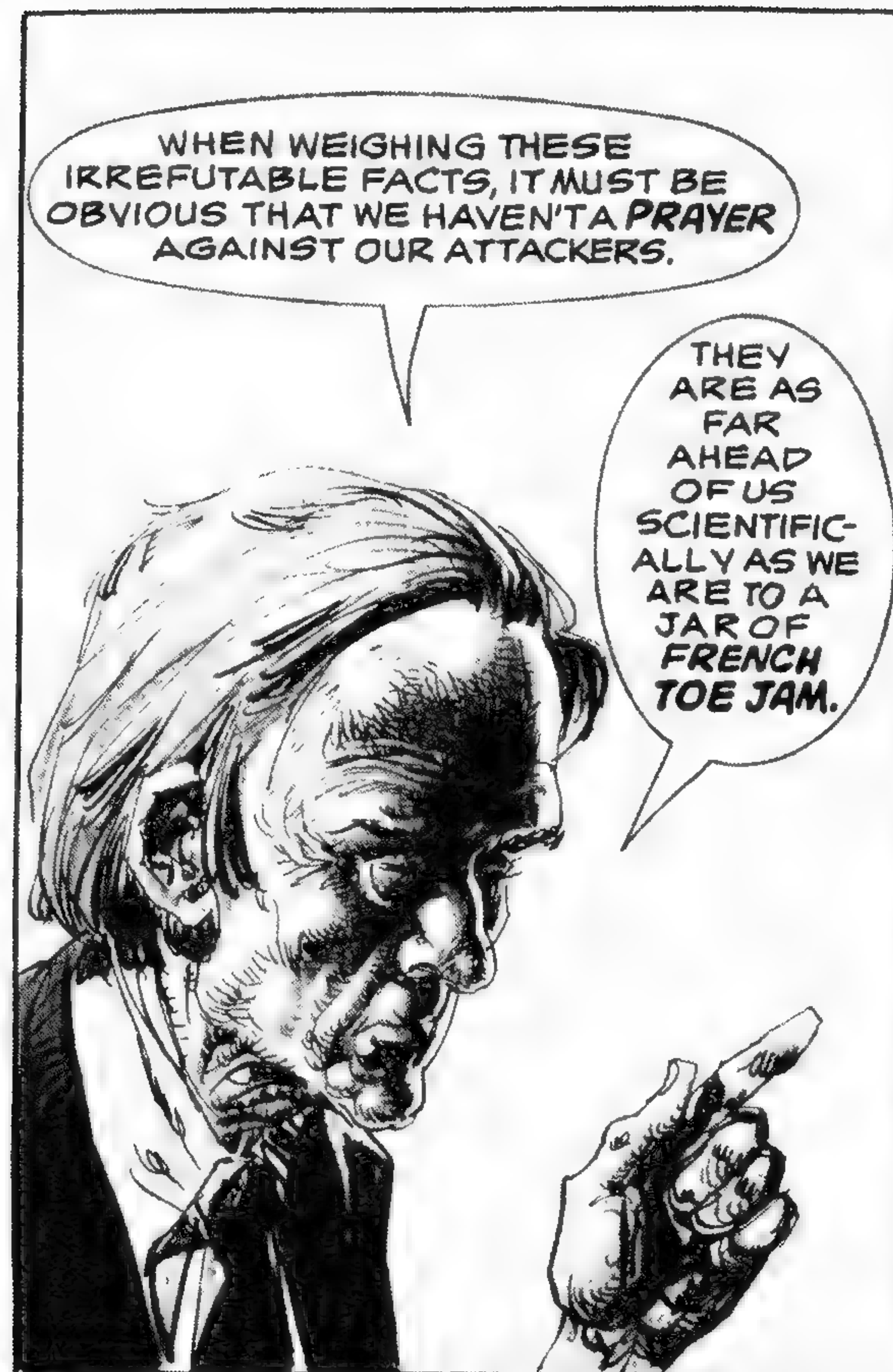


YOU KNOW BLOODY WELL I'M A LOYAL ENGLISHMAN, YOU BLITHERING IMBECILE. WE SERVED IN THE FIFTIETH INDIAN PARACHUTE BRIGADE TOGETHER.

BUT WHAT BLOODY DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHETHER I AM AN AUTOCHTHONOUS TOMMY OR NOT?

I FEAR THAT I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD, FROTHINGAY, THE OLD SCOUNDREL SWORE ME TO SECRECY. I CAN REVEAL THE TRUTH TO NAUGHT BUT A BLUE-BLOODED ENGLISHMAN.

I QUITE UNDERSTAND, BATTERSHAM. I'M AS BLUE-BLOODED AS THEY COME!



WHEN WEIGHING THESE IRREFUTABLE FACTS, IT MUST BE OBVIOUS THAT WE HAVEN'T A PRAYER AGAINST OUR ATTACKERS.

THEY ARE AS FAR AHEAD OF US SCIENTIFICALLY AS WE ARE TO A JAR OF FRENCH TOE JAM.



ALL THAT WE HAVE LEARNED, WE HAVE TAKEN FROM THEM.

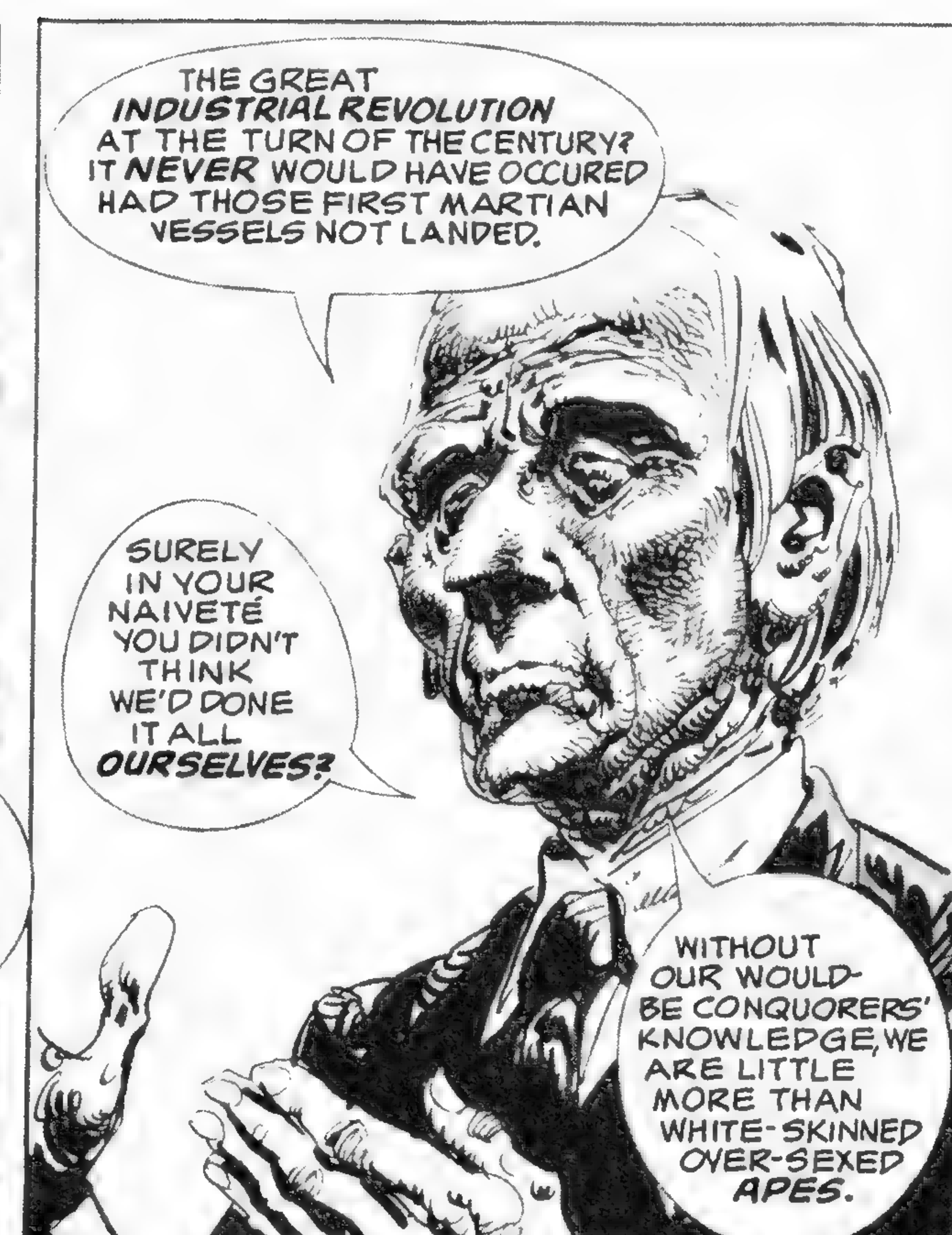
UNTIL THEY INADVERTANTLY LEFT US THEIR SHIPS AND FIGHTING MACHINES TO STUDY, WE WERE A RACE OF TECHNOLOGICAL CORNHOLES.



MY GOVERNMENT, OF COURSE, CONFISCATED THE MACHINES...AND OUR SCIENTISTS TORE THEM APART, EXAMINING THEIR MINUTEST DETAILS TO ASCERTAIN WHAT MADE THEM TICK.

THEN WE REAPPLIED THE PRINCIPLES WE'D UNCOVERED AND BUILT AUTOMOBILES AND AEROPLANES AND FLUSH TOILETS, WHICH NATURALLY, THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS QUICK TO COPY.

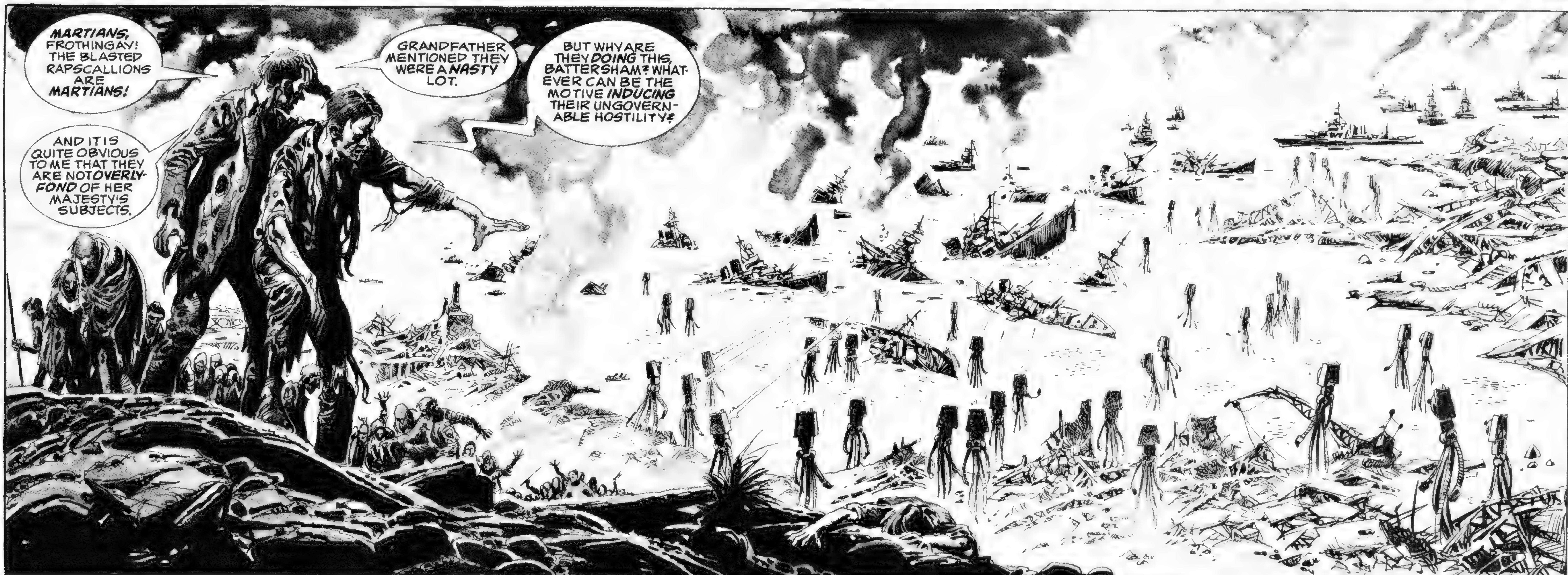
WE HAVE FILLED THE EARTH WITH DEVICES BASED ON ADVANCED MARTIAN SCIENCES.



THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY? IT NEVER WOULD HAVE OCCURED HAD THOSE FIRST MARTIAN VESSELS NOT LANDED.

SURELY IN YOUR NAIVETÉ YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D DONE IT ALL OURSELVES?

WITHOUT OUR WOULD-BE CONQUORERS' KNOWLEDGE, WE ARE LITTLE MORE THAN WHITE-SKINNED OVER-SEXED APES.

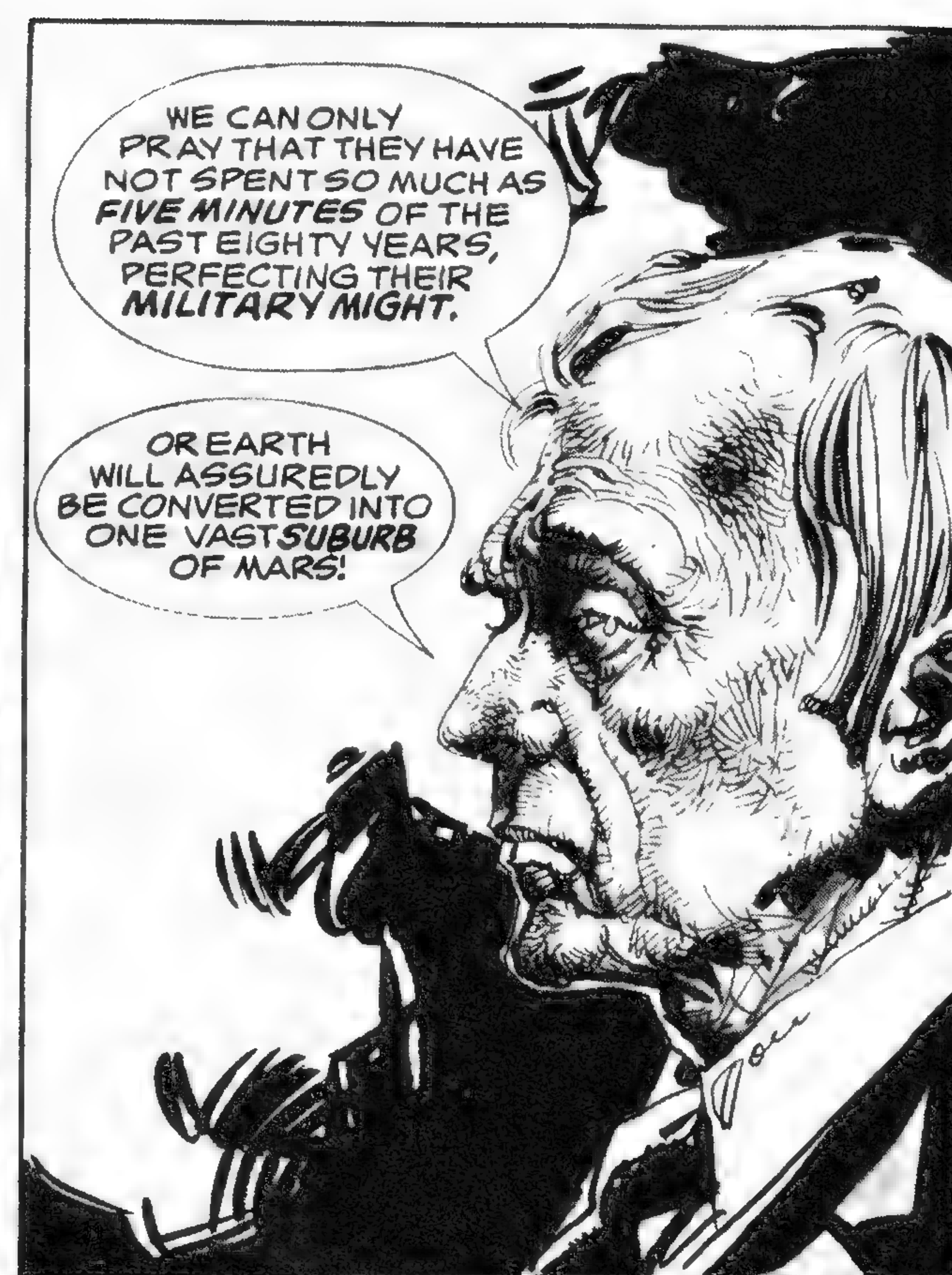
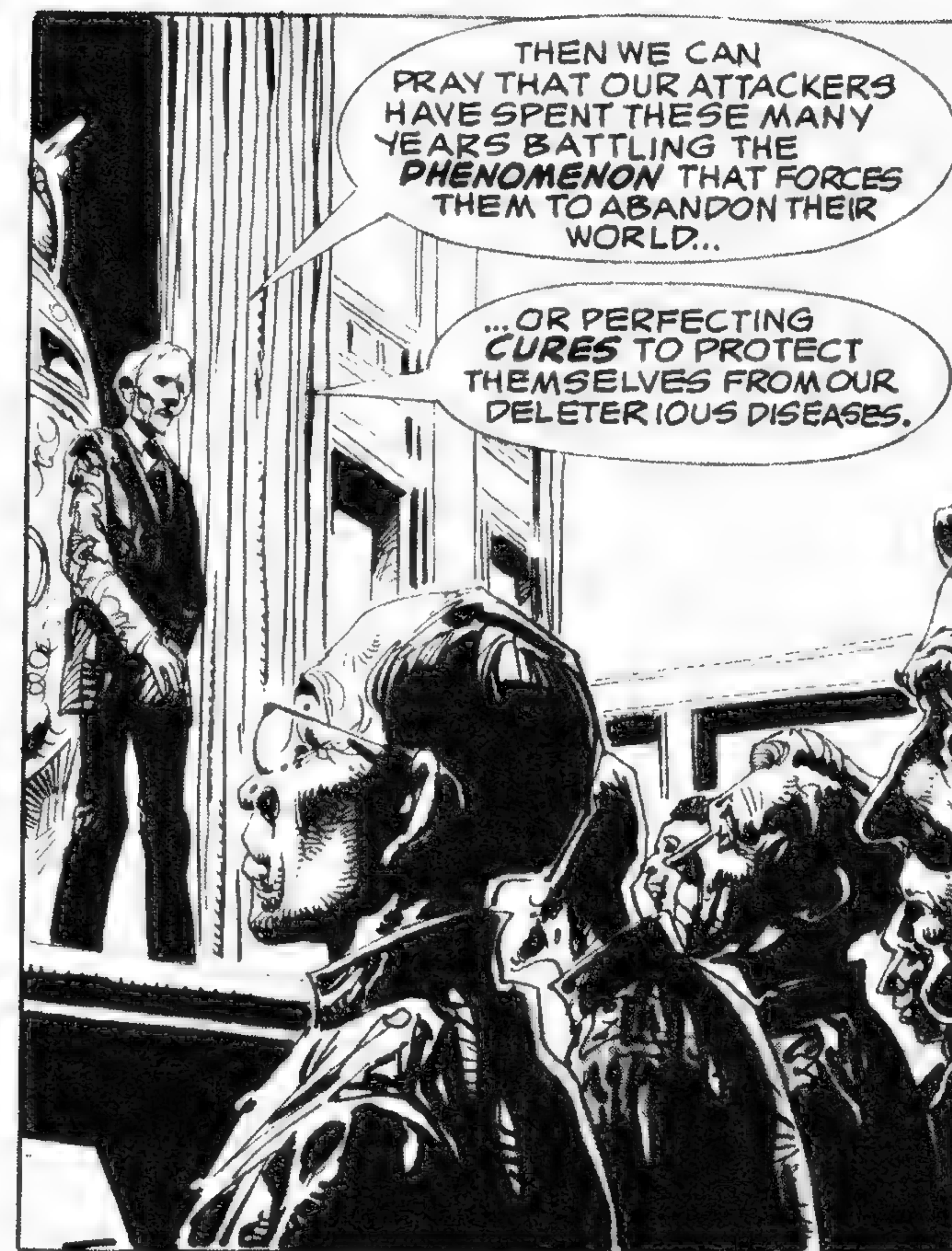
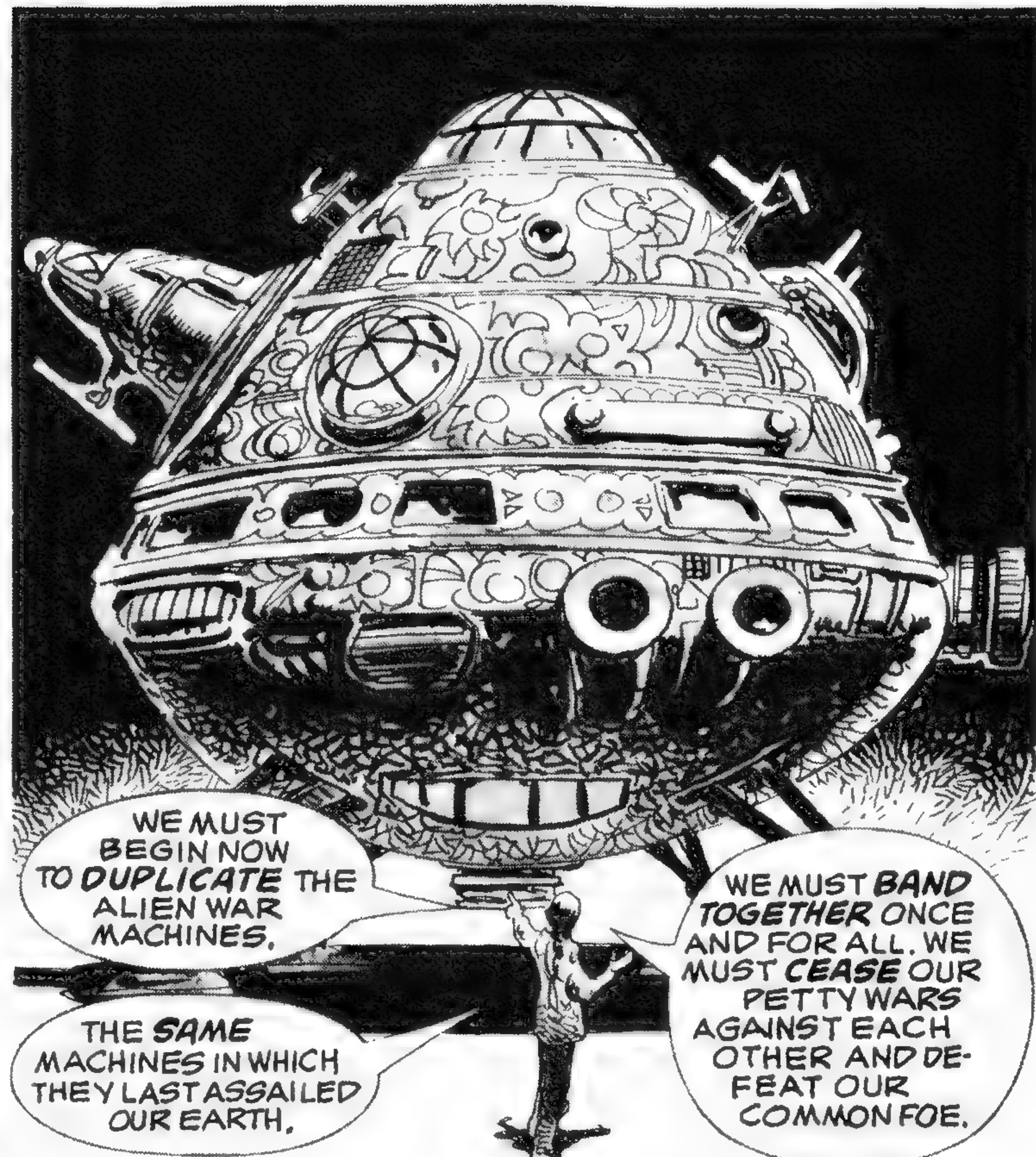
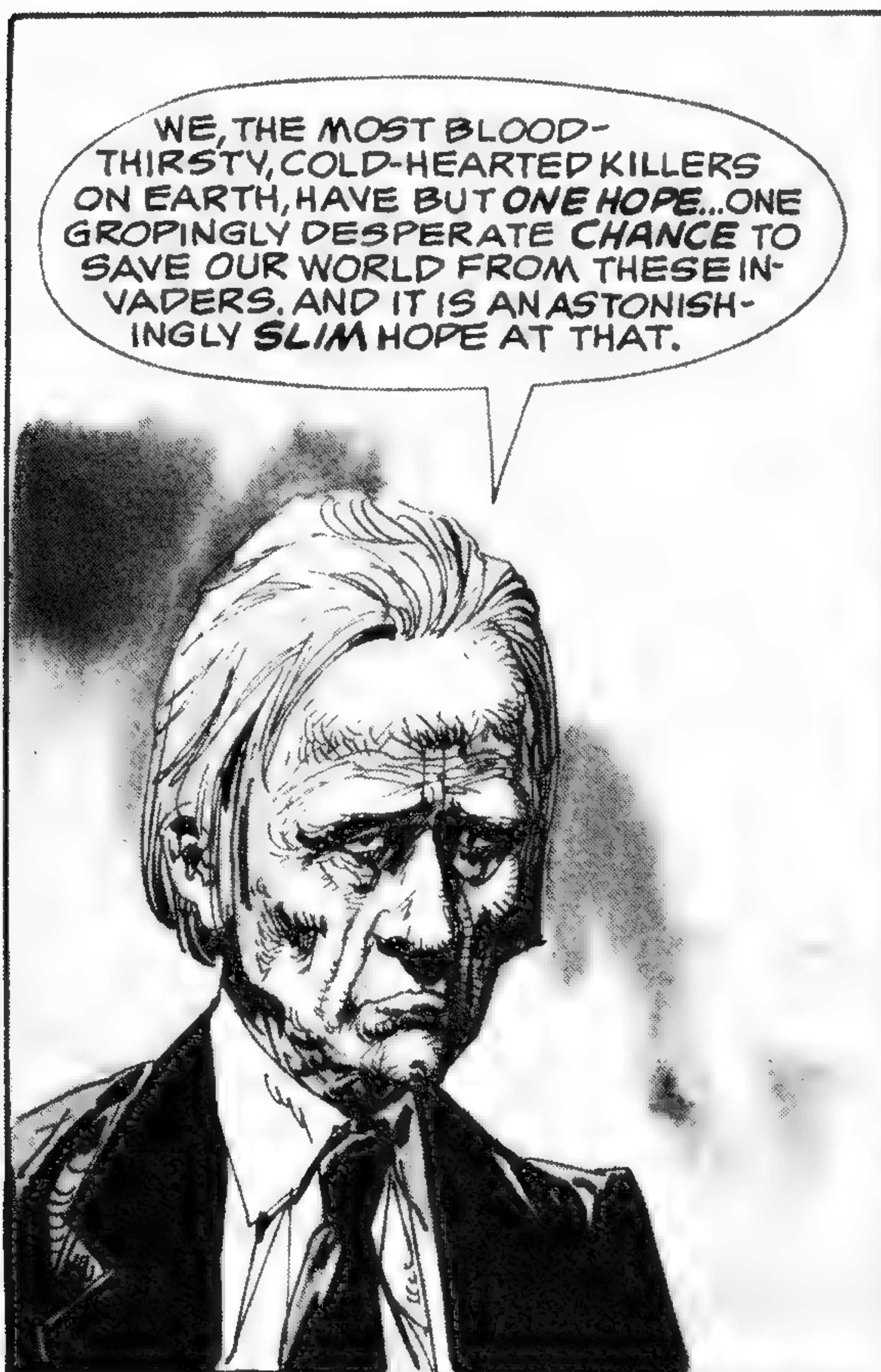


MARTIANS, FROTHINGAY! THE BLASTED RAPSCALLIONS ARE MARTIANS!

AND IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS TO ME THAT THEY ARE NOT OVERLY FOND OF HER MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.

GRANDFATHER MENTIONED THEY WERE A NASTY LOT.

BUT WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS, BATTERSHAM? WHAT EVER CAN BE THE MOTIVE INDUCING THEIR UNGOVERNABLE HOSTILITY?





AH, YES!
IT IS SUDDENLY
MANIFESTLY
COMPREHENSIBLE
TO ME, BATTERSHAM.

THE BLIGHTERS
WITHIN THOSE CUMBER-
SOME CONVEYANCES ARE
NOT MARTIANS AT ALL... BUT
THE **SAVIORS** OF FREE-THINKING
ENGLISHMEN EVERYWHERE...!
THE **CHAMPIONS** OF A DOWN-
TRODDEN HUMANITY...! THE
CONSPICUOUS **DE-**
FENDERS OF VENER-
ABLE MATE EARTH!

YOU REALIZE,
OF COURSE, WHAT
THIS **MEANS**, FROTHIN-
GAY...! **TODAY** WE
HUMBLE MARS.
TOMORROW WE
TACKLE THE
UNIVERSE!

IT IS THE
CAVALRY TO
THE RESCUE, EH,
BATTERSHAM!
UTILIZING THE
MALEVOLENT BLACK-
GUARD'S OWN
ABOMINABLE AC-
COUTREMENTS
AGAINST THEM!

MY WORD,
FROTHINGAY, WE'RE
SIMPLY GOING TO BE
HELL TO LIVE WITH!

SHE HANGS LIMPLY IN THE HEAVENS, LIFELESS AND COLD. SAVE FOR A FEW FEEBLE STIRRINGS THE LAST OF HER SONS IS GONE.



WHATTAYA THINK, RAGNORD? IT'S AWFULLY QUIET DOWN THERE.

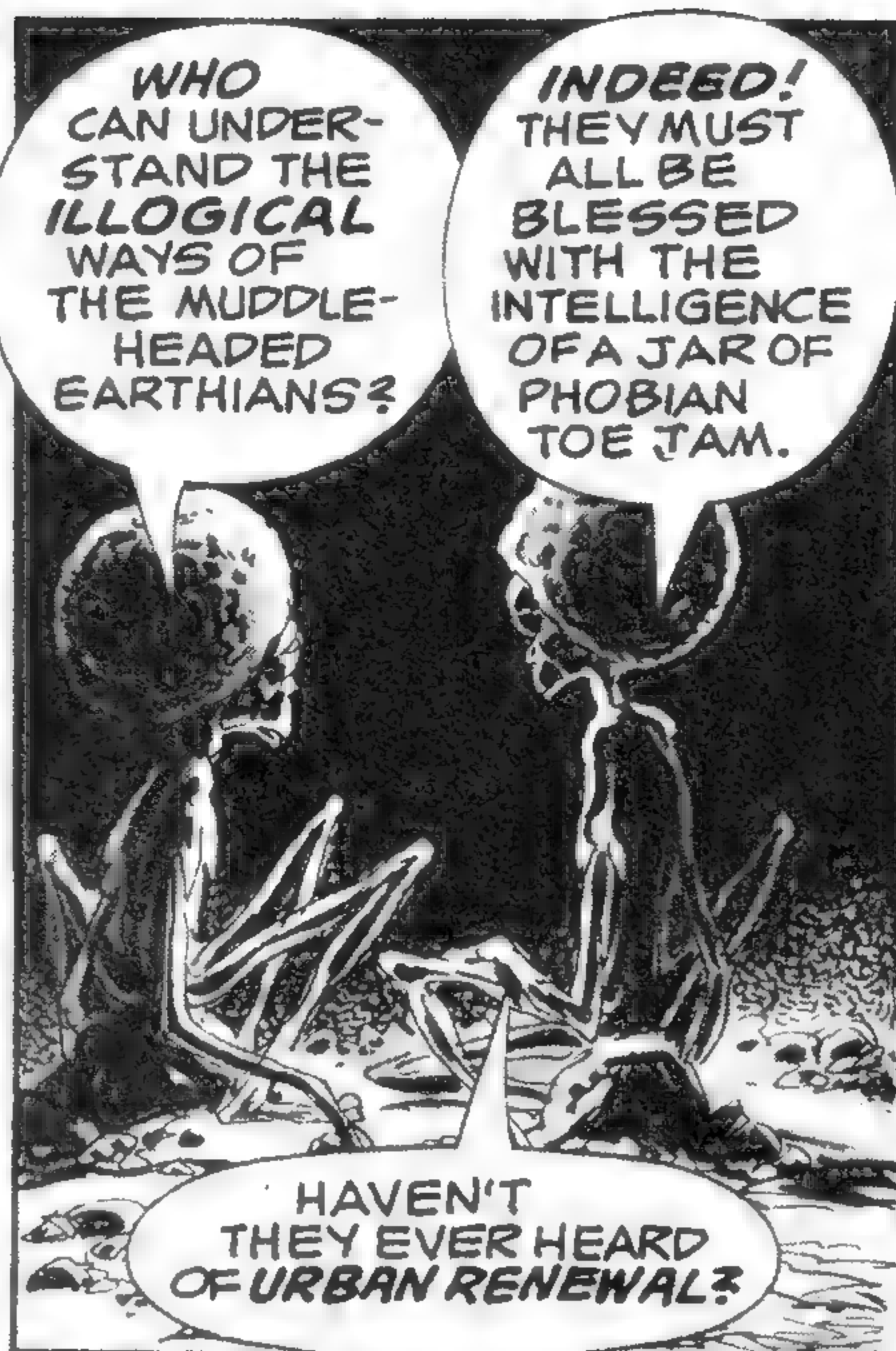
I FEAR THE WORST, ZORBB... THAT OUR BROTHERS HAVE AGAIN BEEN SABOTAGED.

BUT WHY, RAGNORD? TO WHAT UNFATHOMABLE AVAIL?



WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THE ILLOGICAL WAYS OF THE MUDDLE-HEADED EARTHIAN?

INDEED! THEY MUST ALL BE BLESSED WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF A JAR OF PHOBIAN TOE JAM.



HAVEN'T THEY EVER HEARD OF URBAN RENEWAL?

HERE WE OFFER THEM INEXPENSIVE LABOR, CHEAPER THAN UNION RATES, TO DEMOLISH THEIR ARCHAIC CITIES... AND THIN OUT THEIR EXCESSIVE POPULATION!

AND ALL WE ASK IN EXCHANGE IS A LITTLE WHOLESOME CARBON MONOXIDE... AND A PLACE TO HANG OUR TATTERED HATS!

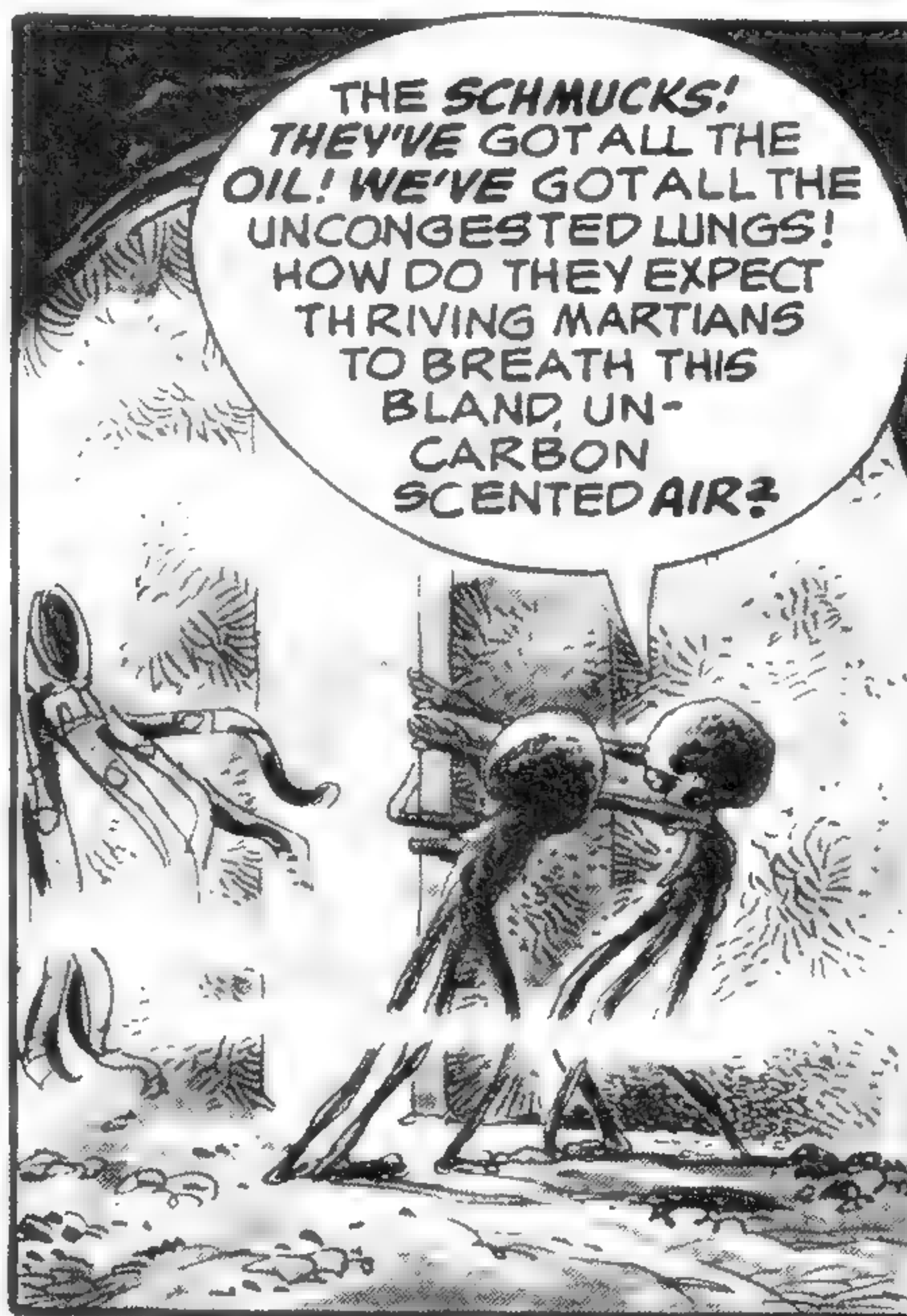
I MEAN... JEEZ! THEY MANUFACTURE IT BY THE SHIT-LOAD EVERY TIME THEY TURN ON THEIR AUTO-MOBILES.



WHY DO THEY THINK WE GAVE THEM THOSE FOSSIL BURNERS IN THE FIRST PLACE? YAWN!



THE SCHMUCKS! THEY'VE GOT ALL THE OIL! WE'VE GOT ALL THE UNCONGESTED LUNGS! HOW DO THEY EXPECT THRIVING MARTIANS TO BREATHE THIS BLAND, UN-CARBON SCENTED AIR?



WE'VE WAITED ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY REVS* FOR THE ATMOSPHERE OVER THEIR CITIES TO BE SWEETENED SUFFICIENTLY FOR OUR DISCERNING TASTES.

AND WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR OUR CO-HABITATION, THEY TURN US OUT LIKE BEZONIAN VAGABONDS!



* APPROXIMATELY EIGHTY YEARS.

OH, WELL, ZORBB! YAWN! IT LOOKS LIKE WE GO BACK INTO HIBERNATION. IN ANOTHER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY REVS WE'LL TRY AGAIN.



BY THAT TIME THEY'LL REALLY HAVE GUNKED UP THE AIR.

IT'LL BE LIKE LIVING INSIDE THE EXHAUST SYSTEM OF A '58 EDESEL!

AH! I CAN SMELL IT NOW! THE NECTARIOUS AROMA OF ECSTASY!



I REALLY EXPECTED **ARMAGEDDON** TO BE A BIG DEAL, Y'KNOW. WHAT WITH ALL THE BUILDUP IT WAS ACCORDED IN THE PRESS FOR ALL THOSE COUNTLESS YEARS. THE PLAY IT RECEIVED IN THE BIBLE: I MEAN, A WHOLE **CHAPTER** FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...! AND THE WAY IT WAS BUILT UP ON THE PULPITS OF THE WORLD, BY FIRE-SPOUTING PREACHERS, WARNING US THAT IF WE DIDN'T STOP COVETING OUR NEIGHBOR'S GOODS AND SLIPPING IT TO HIS WIFE ON THE SLY, THE WRATH OF THE BE-NEVOLENT ALMIGHTY WOULD COME RAININ' DOWN ON OUR CHICKEN HEADS.

SO WHAT HAPPENS? THE END OF THE WORLD COMES AND GOES. **PFFFT!** JUST LIKE THAT. BLINK YOUR EYES AND YOU MISSED THE WHOLE FUCKING SHOW. NO DEVILS. NO DEMONS. NO ANGELIC SCOURGES FLAMING FROM THE HEAVENS. SHIT! WE DIDN'T EVEN GET THE PROMISED **ANTI-CHRIST**. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WANT TO COUNT **IDIAMIN**, WHO WAS SO ILLITERATE ANYWAY, HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE TERM **MEANT**.

IN A WAY, OLD **IDI** IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHAPE THE WORLD'S IN NOW. **IDI** AND **ME!** ME? I'M **DOG-MEAT JONES**, SUPER-JOCK SPY AND ALL-AROUND SWEETHEART OF A GUY. I WAS UNDERGROUND WHEN THE GREAT FIREWORKS CAME; IN A SECRET LAB HEADQUARTERS, AS HOKEY AS IT SOUNDS, AT THE BASE OF EGYPT'S FAMED SPHINX, ME AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS FROM **D.D.T.*** GOT TOGETHER AND PLAYED SORT OF A **JOKE** ON **IDI** AMIN. WE JUMBLED AROUND HIS CHROMOSOMES AND TRANSFORMED THE FORMER GORILLA-FACED LEADER OF UGANDA INTO THIS HEAVENLY IMAGE OF WHITE ANGLO-SAXON FEMININITY.

WE GOT THE FEELING, THOUGH, THAT **IDI**'S COUNTRYMEN DIDN'T **APPRECIATE** OUR SENSE OF HUMOR. THEY **NUKED** HOLY SHIT OUT OF US AND STARTED THE LATE, GREAT THIRTY-SECOND WAR THAT **CHAR-BROILED** THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF OLD MUDBALL EARTH. **IDI** AND I BOTH **SURVIVED** BUT SIX MONTHS LATER, THE VISION INCARNATE THAT WAS **IDI** AMIN HAD ME WISHING THAT I WAS RIGHT ALONG SIDE MY CRISPLY COOKED COMPADRES, STOKING THE FIRES OF HELL.

*AMERICA'S SUPER-SECRET COVERT ORGANIZATION, THE **DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS**. SEE LAST ISSUE'S WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO **IDI** AMIN!

IDI and ME

IDI! IDI! IDI! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT THROUGH THAT THICK BUT BEAUTIFUL SKULL OF YOURS? YOU HAVE **NO MORE** HOMELAND.

AFTER YOUR PEOPLE STARTED THE **WAR**, WE RETALIATED AND LEFT A CRATER THE SIZE OF THE **MOON** WHERE UGANDA USED TO BE.

YOU KNOW, THESE AM REALLY NICE **BAZOOMS!** IN DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCE, **IDI** BE GREAT **ADMIRER** OF YOU CRAFTSMANSHIP!


HMMMMM! IF **IDI**'S BOYS ALL BE DEAD, IT BE AWFUL HARD FOR THEM TO COME UP WITH REMEDY FOR **IDI**'S **CONDITION!**

WHAT'S THIS? IS THE GREAT BUT EXASPERATED **IDI** AMIN ACTUALLY WARMING UP ENOUGH TO PAY HIS ARCH-CAPITALIST FOE A **COMPLIMENT?**

DON'T LET IT GO TO YOU LECHEROUS HEAD! WAS **CLEVER** PLOY OF AMERICAN MEAT-DOG SLIME TO TAKE AWAY **IDI**'S GIANT ONE-EYED **DINGUS...**

...BUT **IDI** STILL **CUT OUT** YOU HEART WHEN WE GET TO **IDI**'S BELOVED HOMELAND!

I THINK YOU'RE CATCHIN' ON!



BUT
WHAT IDI
DO?
WHERE IDI
GO TO GET
BACK LONG
LOST
MANHOOD?

HMMMMM!
MAYBE MEATDOG
HAVE HIDDEN CURE
SOMEWHERE!

WHAT
DO Y' THINK, ID,
THAT I'VE
GOT YOUR
JOYSTICK
STASHED
AWAY IN A
BURIED JAR
SOMEPLACE?

THOUGHT
HAD CROSSED
IDI'S FERTILE
MIND!

'BOUT
THE ONLY
HOPE YOU'VE
GOT, M'MAN, IS
T'FIND YOUR-
SELF A **SWEET**
YOUNG THING WITH
AN INORDINATE
PASSION FOR
THE FAIRER
SEX.

THAT, OR
PRAY TO THE GREAT
GODS OF WANTON
LUST THAT THOSE
WONDEROUS CLINICS
OF **COPENHAGEN**
HAVEN'T BEEN
BOMBED INTO
IRREPARABLE
OBLIVION!

COPEEHAGEE,
EH? AM THAT NOT
PLACE WHERE **WEENIE**
DOCTORS DO SEXY
CHANGE?

YOU **GOT IT,**
ID. SEXUAL "CUT
AND PASTE" CAPITAL
OF THE WORLD!

OKAY!
THAT WHERE
WE GO! RIGHT
AFTER WE GET
IDI BIG JUICY
STEAK FOR
LUNCH!

OH CHRIST!
THE FUNCTIONAL RE-
TARD **NEVER**
LEARNS!

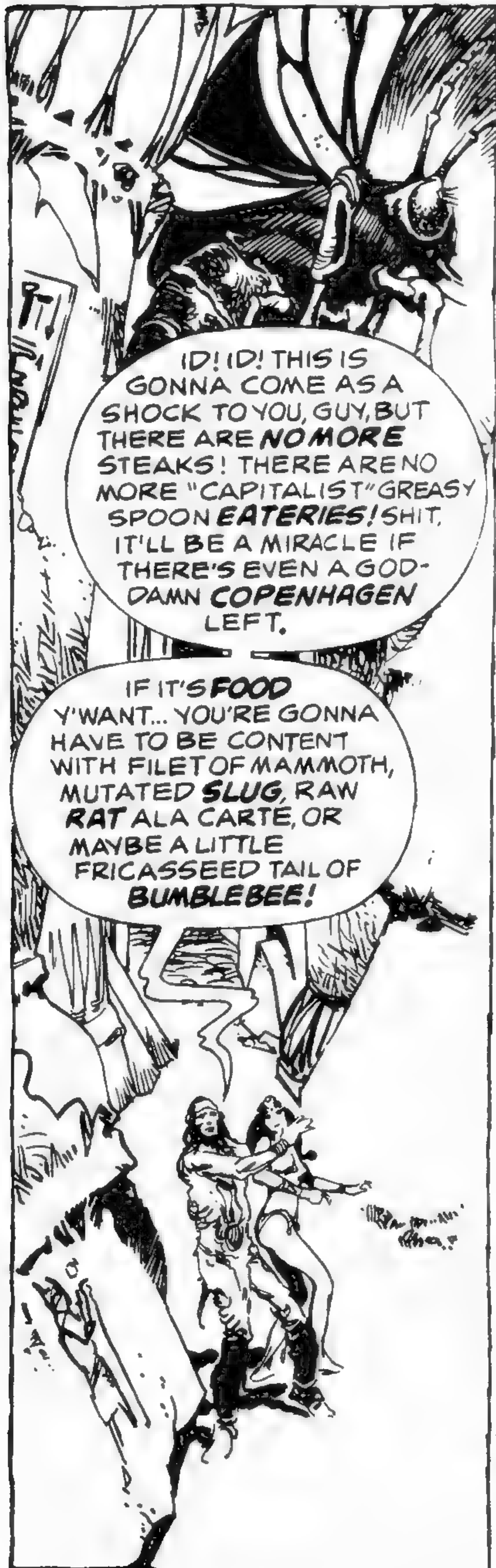


WHAT
MATTER? AM
SOMETHING
WRONG?

WRONG!? SHIT, NO, IDI.
WHAT COULD BE WRONG? THE
WORLD'S A SMOLDERING BALLOF DOG-
SHIT, WE MAY BE THE LAST TWO HUMANS
LEFT ALIVE... NOT COUNTING THE MILLION
OR SO BURNED UP, BURNED OUT, HALF-
CRAZED SLIME-MUTES... AND WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE EARTH'S CITIES WON'T
BE HABITABLE FOR THE NEXT
THREE HUNDRED
THOUSAND YEARS...!

EVERYTHING'S
HUNKY DORY
WE'LL JUST PULL
OVER AT THE NEXT
GOLDEN ARCHES
AND LOAD UP FOR
OUR TREK TO
THE DANISH
BORDER.

WHAT AM MATTER
FROM YOU? YOU GOT ROCKS
FOR YOU BRAIN? IDI SAY HIM
WANT **STEAK**, NOT GREASY
SPOON CAPITALIST
DOGMEAT!



ID! ID! THIS IS
GONNA COME AS A
SHOCK TO YOU, GUY, BUT
THERE ARE **NOMORE**
STEAKS! THERE ARE NO
MORE "CAPITALIST" GREASY
SPOON **EATERIES!** SHIT,
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF
THERE'S EVEN A GOD-
DAMN **COPENHAGEN**
LEFT,

IF IT'S **FOOD**
Y'WANT... YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO BE CONTENT
WITH FILET OF MAMMOTH,
MUTATED **SLUG**, RAW
RAT A LA CARTE, OR
MAYBE A LITTLE
FRICASSEED TAIL OF
BUMBLEBEE!



BUT...IF
YOU WANT TO
BEGIN YOUR LONG,
LONELY JOURNEY
BEFORE YOU IN-
DULGE IN THESE
LUNCHEON
DELIGHTS, **FEEL**
FREE, M'MAN...!
COPENHAGEN'S
2000 MILES
DUE NORTH!

WITH A
LITTLE LUCK
AND THE SLIME-MUTES
WILLING, YOU SHOULD
BE THERE SOME-
TIME BEFORE
CHRISTMAS...

...1999!

AM
THAT WAY NORTH?

ER... NO, ID,
NORTH IS IN BACK OF
YOU.



HMMMMM!
MAYBE YOU WANT
TAG ALONG! JUST
IN CASE **IDI** CONFUSED
BY SIGNS!

NAW... YOU
GO AHEAD. I'VE
BEEN ON THESE
MARATHON HIKES
BEFORE.



IDI HEAR THERE
AM LOTS WILD **WOMEN** IN
COPEEHAGEE.

AH! I'LL TAKE
MY CHANCES WITH THE
SLIME-MUTES. LEGEND
HAS IT THAT ONCE YOU'VE
SAMPLED THEIR LASCIVIOUS
BUT SLUSHY CHARMS, YOU
NEVER WANT THAT HOKEY
STRAIGHT STUFF
AGAIN.



YOU BE **SORRY!** **IDI**
AM REAL GOOD TIME
GUY! YOU **WAIL** WITH **IDI**
IN COPEEHAGEE, BOY!

LISTEN, ID...!
THERE'S ONLY **ONE**
THING YOU CAN DO TO
PERSUADE ME TO COME
ALONG.

GAAAA!
SICK-MINDED CAPITALIST
PREVERT! **IDI** TOLD YOU!
IDI NOT **SWING** THAT
WAY!

WHAT COULD
BE MORE NATURAL?
LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE
A WOMAN, I'M A MAN.
WHY **DEPRIVE** YOUR-
SELF OF MY SCANDAL-
OUS SEXUAL PROWESS?

IDI NOT OF
FEMALE PERSUASION!
IDI ONE BIGGO HUNK'A
WELL-HUNG MAN, BOY!
AND YOU NOT **FOR-**
GET IT!

HAVE IT YOUR
WAY, **ID.** GIVE MY **RE-**
GARDS TO
DENMARK.



IDI!
LOOK
OUT! IT'S
A GIANT
RAT-
MUTE!

OKAY,
BOY! **IDI**
AM **GOING!**
YOU SEE!
IDI AM--!



AND ME WITH
NOTHING BUT THESE
KILLER HANDS TO
DEFEND MY-
SELF! **SHEEEEEIT!**

SORRY ABOUT
THIS, WILLARD. BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA
HAVE TO **BREAK** YOUR
GRACEFUL BUT
HAIRY NECK!



GAD, SHE
WENT DOWN **EASY.**
REMINDS ME OF THIS
SPREAD-EAGLED
HAIR-PIE I USED
TO BE MARRIED
TO.

YOU'RE GONNA
MAKE ONE HELLUVA
BARBEQUE, BABE.
TOO BAD OL' **ID'S**
GONNA **MISS**
THE **FEAST.**

SPEAKIN'
OF **ID...!** WHERE
IS THAT
GUY?

ID!

ID...!?



IDI
AM HERE!
IDI AM...ER...
JUST
LOOKING
FOR REALLY
BIG ROCK
TO BASH IN
UGLY RAT-
SLIME'S
FACE!

RIGHT, ID. AND
I WAS JUST PRACTICIN'
THE **SHIMMY** WITH GENTLE
BEN HERE. LISTEN. Y'THINK
Y'CAN MAKE YOURSELF
USEFUL AND AT LEAST
CLEAN THE BLAMED
THING?

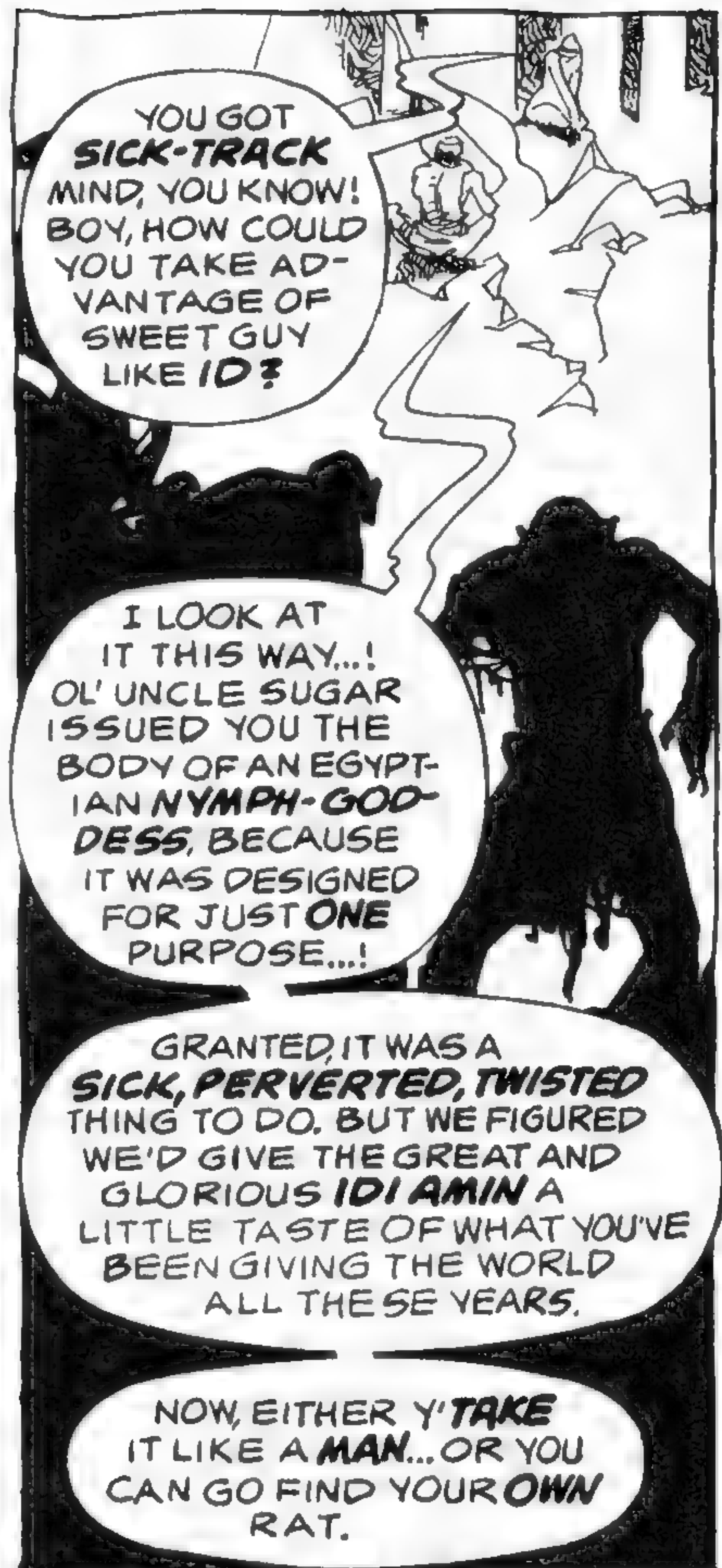
IT NOT **FAIR!** IT
JUST NOT **FAIR!**

THOSE ARE MY
TERMS, M'MAN. IT'S
MY RAT, AND IF YOU WANT
ANY, I GET A LITTLE **FEELY-
GRAB!**

SEEMS LIKE A
FAIR EXCHANGE TO
ME. **RATMEAT** FOR THE
LIBIDINOUS BODY OF
IDI AMIN.

IDI WOULD LIKE TO!
BUT IDI NOT GOOD AT
DOMESTICS! IDI WATCH
YOU, THOUGH! AND
DONT FORGET, MARINATE
IDI'S SHARE IN CHATEAU
DE ROTHSCHILD
'29!

GIVE
ME
STRENGTH.



YOU GOT
SICK-TRACK
MIND, YOU KNOW!
BOY, HOW COULD
YOU TAKE AD-
VANTAGE OF
SWEET GUY
LIKE ID?

I LOOK AT
IT THIS WAY...!
OL' UNCLE SUGAR
ISSUED YOU THE
BODY OF AN EGYPT-
IAN **NYMPH-GOD-
DESS**, BECAUSE
IT WAS DESIGNED
FOR JUST ONE
PURPOSE...!

GRANTED, IT WAS A
SICK, PERVERTED, TWISTED
THING TO DO. BUT WE FIGURED
WE'D GIVE THE GREAT AND
GLORIOUS **IDI AMIN** A
LITTLE TASTE OF WHAT YOU'VE
BEEN GIVING THE WORLD
ALL THESE YEARS.

NOW, EITHER Y'TAKE
IT LIKE A **MAN**... OR YOU
CAN GO FIND YOUR **OWN**
RAT.



ER...IDI THINK
HIM NOT WANT
FIND RAT JUST NOW!
SEEMS AWFULLY
CROWDED
WITH **HUNTERS!**

**SLIME-
MUTES!**

SHIT.
THERE GOES
THE
EVENING.



EEEEYAAAAH!
FOOD! IS HUMAN
FOOD!

KILL
FOOD!
EAT
FOOD!

SAVE
AHMED NICE
JUICY PIECE
OF GIRL
MEAT!



WITH **GORGEOUS** BODY LIKE THIS, ALL YOU THINK IS **FOOD**?

YOU **SICKO**, BOY! **MORE SICKO** THAN **IDI'S** **PREVERT MEATDOG** FRIEND!

BUT YOU NOT GET **IDI**, BOY! **UH UH!** **IDI** AM **SMART!** **IDI** AM **SLY!** **IDI** AM **TRICKY** AND ONE **SLIPPERY** **MOTHER!**

ALL **HIM** WANT DO IS **EAT**, TOO! BUT **HIM** HAVE **DIFFERENT** DISH IN MIND!



BUT **MOST** OF ALL, **IDI** AM **FAST**... ESPECIALLY IF IT MEAN STAYING OUT OF **STEWPOTS** OF MUTE-SLIMES!



IDI! GET YOUR-SELF A **ROCK**, GUY! **BASH** IN A COUPLE OF **SKULLS!**



WE GOT 'EM **LICKED** NOW, M'MAN! JUST **LOOK** AT 'EM ON THE **RUN!**



THAT'S THE WAY, **IDI!** **RIGHT ON**, GUY! THE **LIMPWADS** ARE AT OUR **MERCY!** JUST STAY AT MY **BACK!** IT'S YOU AND ME ALL THE WAY!

IDI?

UH... IDI...!?

C'MON, GUY! DON'T **FOOL** AROUND!

HIM **CRAZYMAN!** WHY HIM **TALK** TO SELF LIKE THAT? MAYBE HIM HAVE **FUZZROT** ON **BRAIN!**

MAYBE NOT GOOD IDEA WE **EAT** HIM **AFTER** ALL!

WE CUT OUT HIS **BRAIN** FIRST! TAKE OUT ALL **YUCKIE** **MOLD!**

BOY! IDI AM
SWIFT LIKE CHEETA!
IDI AM **FLEET** LIKE
WIND! **NOBODY** CATCH
FAST IDI, BOY! HIM
HAVE CORDYNATION OF
GREAT **BULL APE!**



**KREEGAH
BUNDOLO!**

IDI AM NATURAL
ATHLETE, BOY! AM WHAT
COME OF EATING **BREAKFAST**
FOR **CHAMPIONS!**

OOOOHPH!



HA! HA!
LOOK LIKE IDI
TRIP OVER **BIG**
TOE AGAIN!

HEY!
WHAT AM THIS
PLACE?

LOOK LIKE OLD TIMEY
SMUGGLER CAVE! IDI KNOW ALL
ABOUT **SMUGGLER** CAVE! THAT HOW
HIM GOT BE **TOPKICK** OF ALL **AFRICA**
... AND **UGANDA** IN
PARTICULAR!

IT LOOK LIKE
PRETTY GOOD **HIDEY**
PLACE. MAYBE IDI **STAY**
HERE UNTIL IT TIME
TO GO FOR **SEXY**
CHANGE!



HMMMM!
THAT **REMIND** ID...!
HOW IDI GET TO
COPEEHAGEE
WITHOUT PREVERT
MEATDOG
SPY?

NOW THAT HIM IN
STEWPTS OF MUTE-SLIMES
... HIM HAVE **HARD TIME** SHOW-
ING IDI WAY TO **SEXY-CHANGE**
CLINICS!



OH; SOB!!
WHY IDI NOT THINK
OF THAT
BEFORE?

OH, ID... FOR
SMART GUY, YOU
ONE **DUMBO**
FELLA...!

NOW YOU **NEVER**
GET BACK SUPER-SIZED
WURLITZER ORGAN! YOU
AM STUCK IN THIS
TERRIBLE BODY
FOREVER...!





HA HA HA!
DINNER!

WE
EAT
GOOD
TONIGHT,
BOY!

NO
MORE
RATS! NO
MORE
SLUGS!

COOKY UP
MANBURGERS!
WE EAT LIKE
KINGS!



AW, C'MON,
GUYS...! YOU DON'T
WANT ME. I'M ALL
GRISTLE AND BONE.
WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR
TEETH ARE JUST GONNA
FALL OUT TRYIN' TO
CHEW MY TOUGHASS
HIDE.

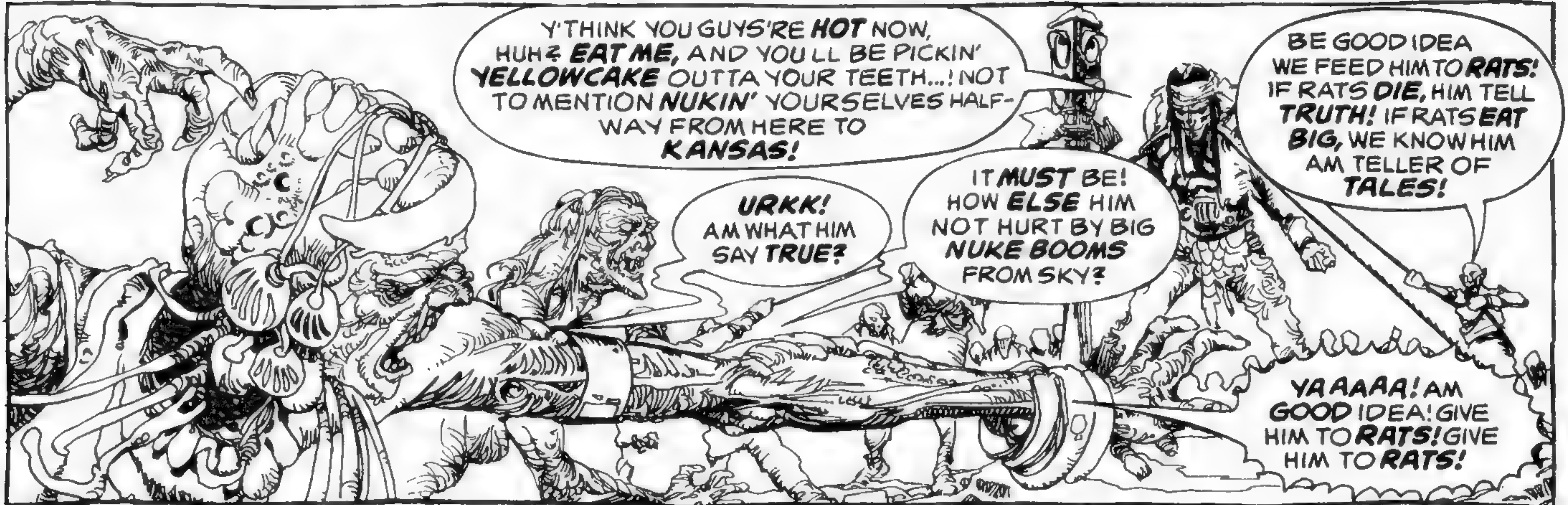


WITH LITTLE
GARLIC, WE MAKE
HIM **TASTY!**

YOU BE
BEST MEAT WE
HAVE SINCE BOMBS
GO **BLOOIE!**

NO MORE
GUCKY **SLIME-**
MEAT FOR US,
BOY!

OH, YEAH...! IF THAT'S
WHAT Y' THINK, HAVE I GOT A
SURPRISE FOR YOU! YOU MAY ALL
BE RADIATION-POCKED ON THE
OUTSIDE... BUT ME, UNDERNEATH
THIS BEAUTIFULLY-MUSCLED SUN-
BRONZED SKIN, IS ONE OOZING
MASS OF PULPY-RED RADIO-
ACTIVE **GORE!**



Y' THINK YOU GUYS'RE **HOT** NOW,
HUH? **EAT ME,** AND YOU'LL BE PICKIN'
YELLOWCAKE OUTTA YOUR TEETH...! NOT
TO MENTION **NUKIN'** YOURSELVES HALF-
WAY FROM HERE TO
KANSAS!

URKK!
AM WHAT HIM
SAY TRUE?

IT MUST BE!
HOW **ELSE** HIM
NOT HURT BY BIG
NUKE BOOMS
FROM SKY?

BE GOOD IDEA
WE FEED HIM TO **RATS!**
IF **RATS** DIE, HIM TELL
TRUTH! IF **RAT** SEAT
BIG, WE KNOW HIM
AM TELLER OF
TALES!

YAAAAA! AM
GOOD IDEA! GIVE
HIM TO **RATS!** GIVE
HIM TO **RATS!**



OH RATS! THIS
JUST ISN'T MY DAY
FOR MAKING FRIENDS
AND INFLUENCING
PEOPLE...!



HMMMMM!
MAYBE IT NOT TOO
LATE **SAVE MEAT-**
DOG SPY! IDI COULD
FIND BIG STICK AND
BEAT POO-POO
OUT OF MUTE-
SLIMES!

THEN MEATDOG
SPY BE ETERNALAST-
INGLY **GRATEFUL...**! MAY-
BE EVEN PICK UP **TAB**
FOR IDI'S SEXY CHANGE!

WHAT YOU THINK,
IDI... WE OUGHT GO **SAVE**
MEATDOG FROM MUTE-
SLIMES?

I DON'T KNOW,
MY SMART FRIEND! IT
AM **POSSIBLE** WE COULD
END UP IN STEWPOT,
TOO!



IN THAT CASE,
MAYBE WOULD BE
GOOD IDEA WE STAYED
HERE!

WE COULD SING
SONGS! **THAT** ALWAYS
NICE SAFE
ENDEAVOR!

THAT
SOUND LIKE
FUN! WHAT YOU
THINK WE SING **FIRST**,
KIDDO?

COULD SING
DITTY **MAMA** USED
TO WARBLE WHEN IDI
BABY!

NEVER **SPIT**
WHEN YOU'RE
COMIN' TO A
CORNER...!
NEVER
SPIT...!



NO!
IDI NOT **LIKE**
THAT SONG! IDI REMEMBERS
OLD-TIMEY **FAVORITE...**!

THE WORMS CRAWL IN...
THE WORMS CRAWL OUT...
THE WORMS PLAY **PINOCHLE**
ON YOUR **SNOUT...**!

HMMMMM!
THIS NOT MUCH
FUN AT ALL! IDI
WISHES HIM HAVE
NICE SLICKY
GIRLIE MAGAZINE,
THEN IDI COULD
PLAY WITH HIM
BIG--!

HA HA! THAT
AM **FUNNY!** FOR MINUTE
IDI **FORGET...**! HIM NOT
HAVE BIGGO FOOT-LONG
WING-WANG NO MORE!



IT AM HARD TO
AMUSE IDI SELF WITH-
OUT BIG MONSTER
TROUSER SNAKE!

MAYBE IDI
PLAY **HIDE AND SEEK**
GAME NEXT...!

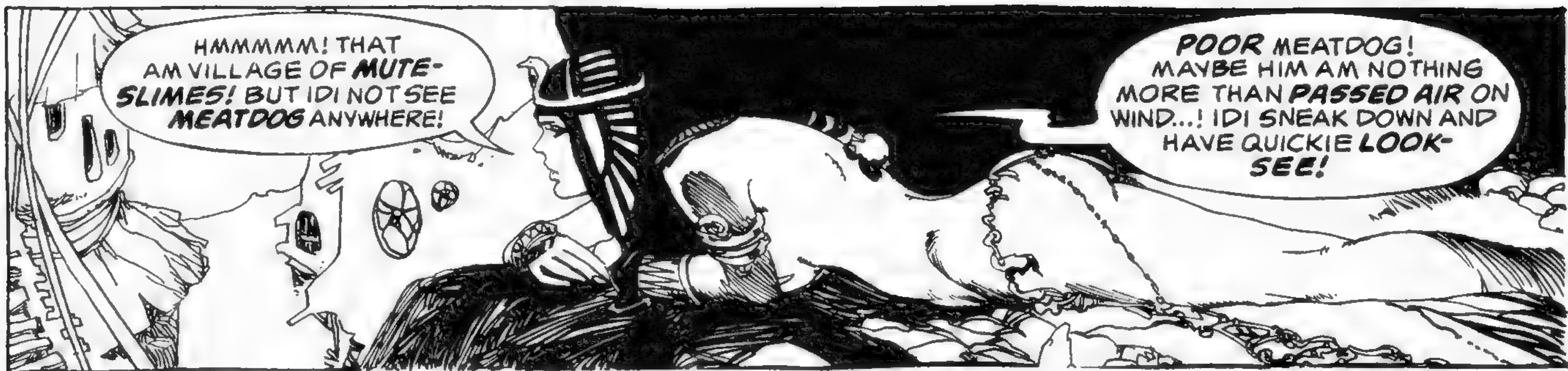
PEEK BOO!
I SEE YOU! **HA! HA!**
THAT AM **GOOD GAME!**
BUT IDI JUST NOT IN
MOOD!

BESIDES...!
IT **DARK** IN HERE!
AND IDI JUST REMEMBER
... HIM AM **'FRAID OF**
DARK!



IDI
AND **DARK**
THINGS
NEVER GET
ALONG
MUCH
GOOD!

MAYBE
WOULD BE **GOOD**
IDEA IDI **SAVE**
MEATDOG
AFTER ALL! HIM
AM **ONLY HOPE**
OF IDI EVER
GETTING KICK
OF **GIRLIE**
BOOKS
AGAIN!



HMMMMM! THAT AM VILLAGE OF MUTE-SLIMES! BUT IDI NOT SEE MEATDOG ANYWHERE!

POOR MEATDOG! MAYBE HIM AM NOTHING MORE THAN PASSED AIR ON WIND...! IDI SNEAK DOWN AND HAVE QUICKIE LOOK-SEE!



IDI NOT SEE MANY MUTE-SLIMES! MAYBE THEM FEEL SICKIE FROM EATING TOO MUCH OF MEAT-DOG!

YOU!!

COULD BETHEY COOK HIM TOO LONG! OR ADD TOO MUCH YUCHIE SPICES! IDI COULD HAVE TELL THEM, RAW MEAT AM BEST!

MMMMM-MMMMM! THAT REMIND IDI! HIM AM STILL HUNGRY! WOULD BE NICE IF ID FIND LEFT-OVER FOOT... OR JUICY GIZZARD MEAT...! EVEN ITTY FINGER TASTE YUMMY!

IDI HOPE MUTE-SLIMES NOT FIND IDI, THOUGH! IDI NOT MUCH FEEL LIKE BEING DESERT TONIGHT.



OH, NO! IDI AM COOKED NOW!

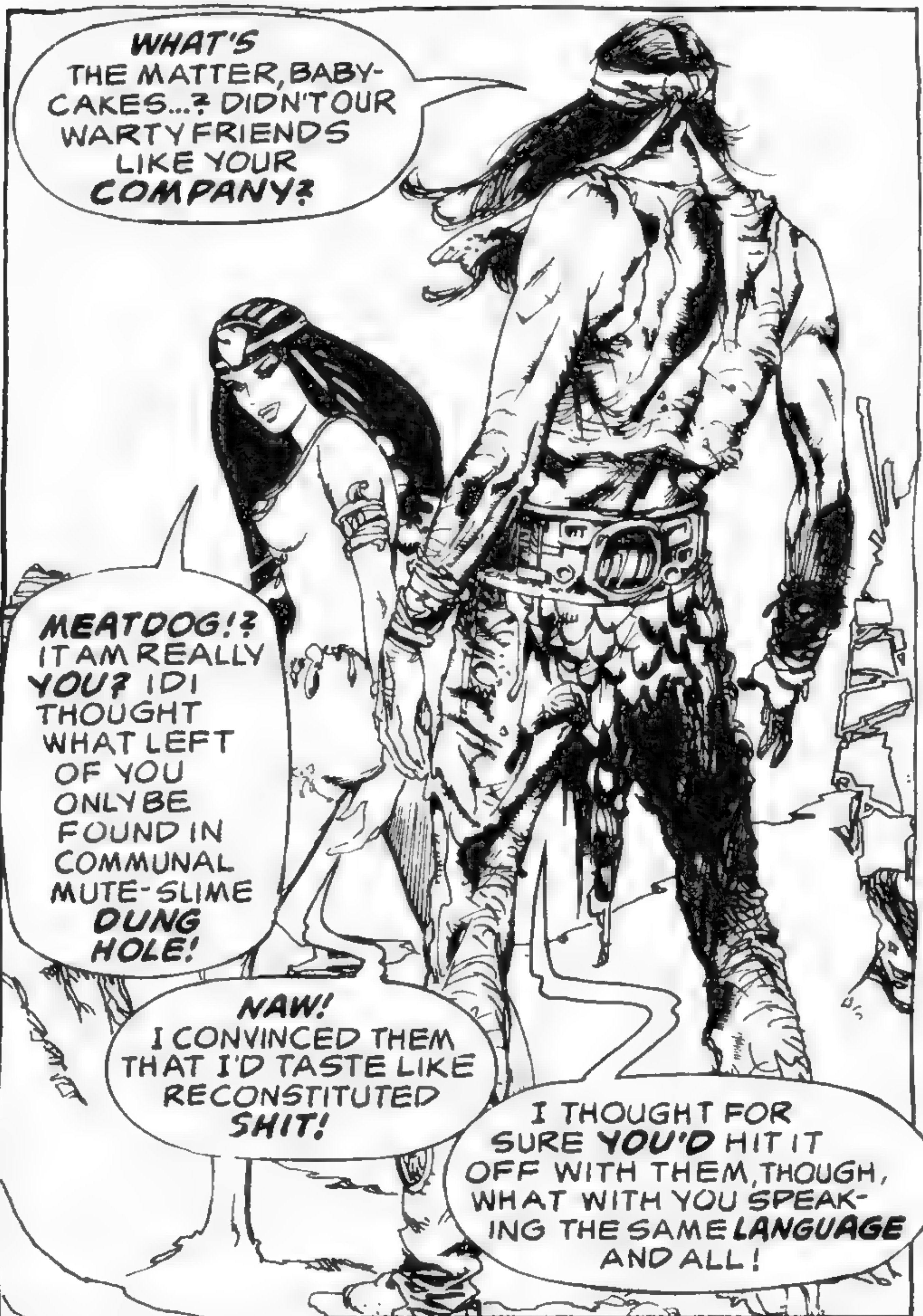
LOOK! SHE PRETTY! MUST HAVE NUKE MOLD ON BRAIN, TOO!

YOU AM FRIEND GIRL OF CRAZY FELLA!

TELL HER WENO WANT HER KIND!

YOU COME FIND HIM!?

GETHER OUT OF HAPPY, DECENT MUTE-SLIME VILLAGE BEFORE HER GIVE US DISEASE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY-CAKES...? DIDN'T OUR WARTY FRIENDS LIKE YOUR COMPANY?

MEATDOG!? IT AM REALLY YOU? IDI THOUGHT WHAT LEFT OF YOU ONLY BE FOUND IN COMMUNAL MUTE-SLIME DUNG HOLE!

NAW! I CONVINCED THEM THAT I'D TASTE LIKE RECONSTITUTED SHIT!

I THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU'D HIT IT OFF WITH THEM, THOUGH, WHAT WITH YOU SPEAKING THE SAME LANGUAGE AND ALL!

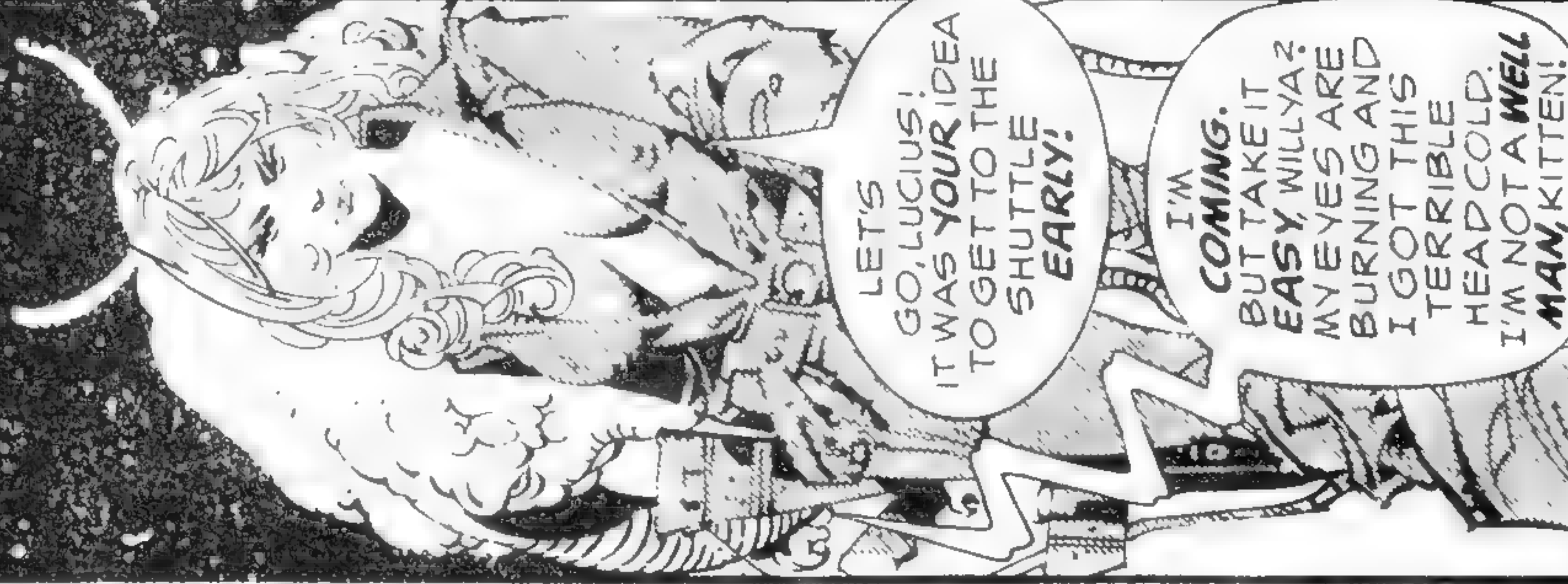


BUT I GUESS NO MATTER WHAT FORM YOU'RE IN...

... THE WORLD JUST ISN'T READY FOR IDI AMIN!

SO HOW BAD WAS IT?

WELL, AS BAD AS IT GETS THE EAST/WEST ALTER-CATION CALLED **THE BIG SENDOFF**, HAD TURNED THE HOME OF THE BRAVE INTO 48,000 CONTINUOUS IMPACT CRATERS.



LET'S GO, LUCIUS! IT WAS **YOUR** IDEA TO GET TO THE SHUTTLE **EARLY!**

I'M **COMING**. BUT TAKE IT **EASY**, WILL YA? MY EYES ARE BURNING AND I GOT THIS TERRIBLE HEAD COLD. I'M NOT A **WELL** MAN, KITTEN!

SURVIVORS? YOU TELL ME. THE EQUIVILANT OF 2000 HIROSHIMA-SIZE BOMBS WAS DROPPED ON EVERY WORLD CENTER OF ANY SIZE... SOMETHING LIKE **FOUR TONS** OF **TNT** FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON EARTH. AND WHAT TINY POPULATION MIGHT HAVE EXISTED FOR A SHORT TIME AFTER THE BOMBS FELL, DIED FROM THE **FALL OUT**, IN MORE AGONY THAN I CARE TO THINK OF.

MONDO

MEGLAH

REMARKABLY, SOME OF US **DID** ESCAPE. BRANIFF STILL HAD SOME SHUTTLES GOING TO THE MOON, EVEN ON **DOOMSDAY**, AND THOSE OF US WHO WERE SHARP ENOUGH TO CHECK OUR BAGGAGE EARLY GOT OUT JUST AHEAD OF THE MISSILES.

THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES DESCENDED ON THE MOON LIKE CONFUSED CONFETTI, CRACKING INTO MOUNTAINS, COLLIDING WITH EACH OTHER, PERHAPS TWELVE PERCENT OF THE SHUTTLES GOT INSIDE THE LUNAR **BIO-SPHERE**. AND TO FINAL SAFETY. WELL, NOT QUITE TO FINAL SAFETY.

I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT YOUR HEAD COLD! YOU'RE **ALWAYS** SUFFERING FROM **SOMETHING!** WHAT I **OUGHTA** DO IS KICK YOUR BUTT AND **REALLY** GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO WHINE ABOUT!

YOU'RE SO UNFEELING. HOW WOULD **YOU** LIKE TO ALL OF A SUDDEN BE TRANSFORMED INTO--!



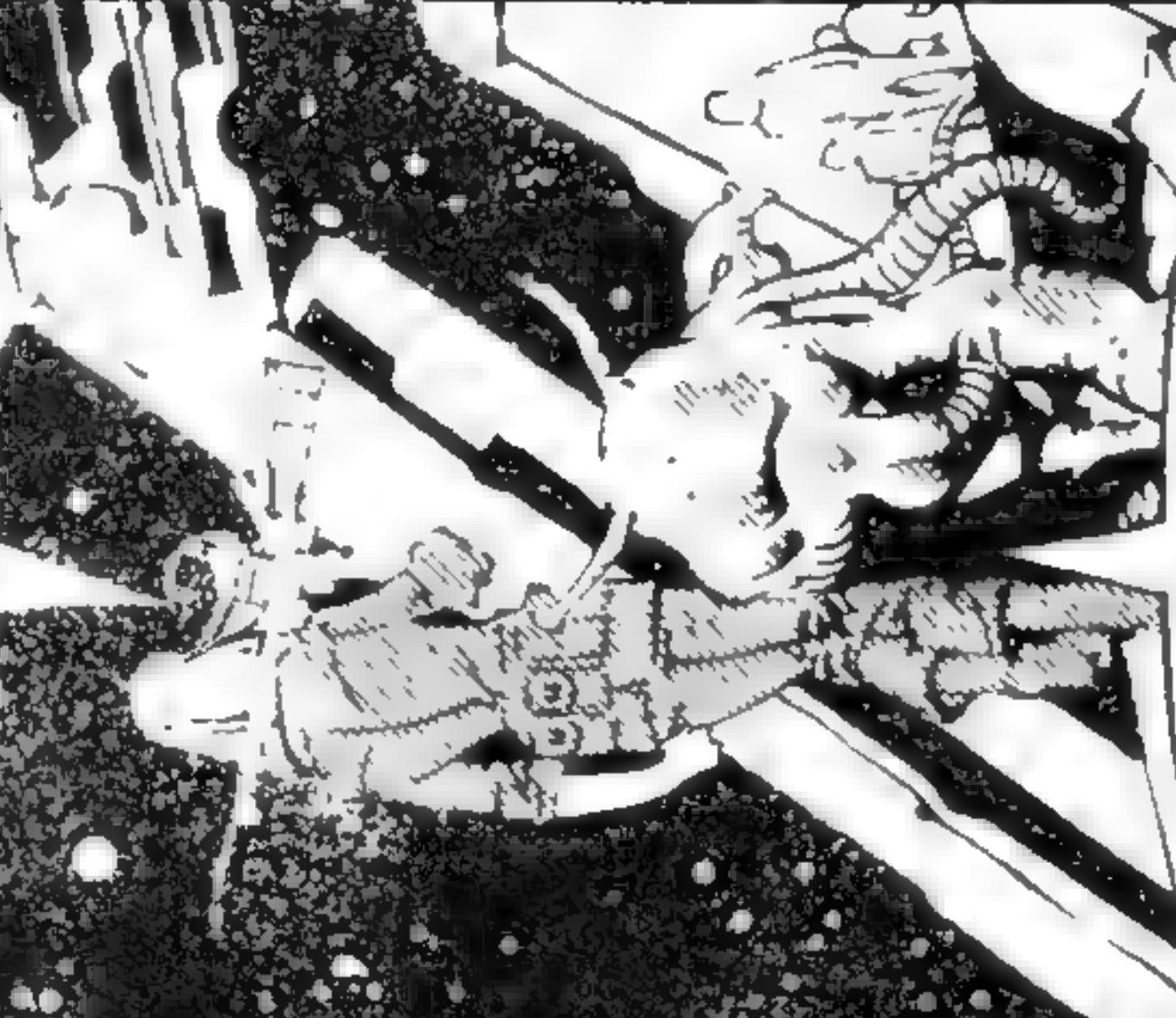
OH, JESUS. **HERE** WE GO AGAIN.

THERE WAS AN ESPECIALLY BIZARRE JOKER IN THE CARDS THAT CAUGHT EVERYBODY BY SURPRISE. PARTICULARLY THE **MALES**.

AN ORBITTING LUNAR **BIO-CHEMO LAB**. COUNTRY OF ORIGIN FORGOTTEN. ABANDONED FOR YEARS AND THOUGHT TO BE COMPLETELY INNOCUOUS WAS WHACKED OUT OF MOON ORBIT BY ONE OF THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES, SENDING IT **CRASHING** THROUGH THE **BIO-SPHERE**.

WE REALIZED QUICKLY THERE WERE PRODUCTS ABOARD THAT UNLEASHED WOULD **INFECT** THE ENTIRE LUNAR COLONY. BUT THERE WAS NO PLACE LEFT TO **RUN**. WE COULD ONLY GRIT OUR TEETH, AND WAIT TO SEE WHAT FATE HAD NOW DELIVERED OUR WAY IN A MONTH WE **KNEW**.

THIS BETTER BE **GOOD**, LUCIUS! I'VE PAID EVERY CENT WE HAVE TO GET ABOARD THIS FLIGHT.



IT'LL BE **TERRIFIC**, PRINCESS! NOBODY'S BEEN BACK TO EARTH SINCE THE WAR! **IMAGINE** WHAT TREASURES WE CAN **SALVAGE!**

IT WAS A SUB-PRODUCT OF A LARGER BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING PROJECT CALLED **ANTI-DNA**, THAT GOT US WHAT **ANTI-DNA** DID WAS TO **REARRANGE** QUITE A RANDOM THE DNA CODES OF HARMFUL BACTERIA, **MUTATING** THEM INTO SOMETHING HOPEFULLY MORE PRODUCTIVE AND BENEFICIAL.

BUT ALL THIS ACTIVITY HAD BEEN CAREFULLY MONITORED BY COMPUTERS IN THE VACUUM ENVIRONMENT OF SPACE AND ANTI-DNA WAS **NEVER** DESIGNED TO GO FLYING THROUGH A FERTILE OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE FILLED WITH **HUMAN BEINGS**.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE FINALLY GOING **BACK**. I WONDER IF WE'LL BE ABLE TO **RECOGNIZE** ANY PART OF IT.

I DUNNO, KITTEN. I **DUNNO**.



TO SHORTEN IT UP SOME, IT WAS ONLY THE **MALES** WHO WERE INFECTED. FIRST THING THAT HAPPENED WAS OUR **SPERM COUNT** DROPPED TO NOTHING. THEN OUR **OPPOSABLE THUMBS** DROPPED OFF. THEN, WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG YOU CAN SEE THE RESULTS FOR YOURSELF.

MANY OF US MEN WHO COULD STILL FUNCTION REASONABLY WELL, HOOKED UP WITH THE **WOMEN** WHO WERE COMPLETELY UNAFFECTED BY THE ANTI-DNA (THOUGH I **STILL** PROFESSE IT MADE THEM **DUMBER**). THE WOMEN AFFORDED US **PROTECTION** IN A PRACTICALLY LAWLESS SOCIETY AND WE LENT THEM OUR **BRAINS**.



LADIES AND, WELL, YOU KNOW... THAT IS THE **EARTH** YOU NOW SEE ON THE VIEWSCREEN. SAY HELLO TO IT. WE'LL BE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE THERE IN **FIFTEEN YEARS!**

I LATCHED ONTO **KITTEN** MY EX-WIFE. I KNEW SHE WOULD BE UNDERSTANDING OF MY PREDICAMENT AND POUR OVER ME WITH **PITY** AND **SYMPATHY**. AS IT HAPPENED, SHE COULD NOT EVEN REMEMBER **WHICH** EX HUSBAND I WAS UNTIL I MENTIONED THE HONEY-COLORED **JAGUAR TYPE-E** I GAVE HER FOR A WEDDING PRESENT. SHE WAS **MERCENARY** EVEN THEN.

EVERYBODY PLEASE REMAIN SEATED. WE WILL BE LANDING ON EARTH WITHIN THE HOUR!

HOME AGAIN! HOORAY! HOORAY!

THAT'S ZELDA. SHE THINKS HER **FAMILY** WILL BE THERE TO GREET HER.

I THINK WE'RE **ALL** IN FOR SOME MAJOR SURPRISES.



SO HOW BAD WAS IT?

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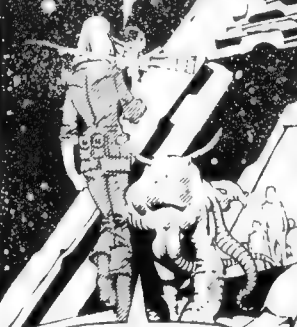
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FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE BIG SENDOFF, THE EARTH HAD COOLED OFF ENOUGH FOR THE FIRST TENTATIVE SHUTTLES TO RETURN TO IT. I SAY TENTATIVE, BECAUSE THESE FIRST SHIPS BACK WERE STRICTLY FOR SCOUTING PURPOSES, TO FIND THE BEST AREA SUITABLE FOR REHABILITATION BE- FOR EVERYBODY ELSE CAME DOWN.

BUT IT WAS NECESSARY THAT KITTEN AND I BE AMONG THE VERY FIRST BACK TO EARTH. WE GOT OUR DOUGH TOGETHER AND MANAGED TO BRIBE THE HEAD OF FLIGHT CONTROL HIMSELF. NOT UNTIL LATER DID WE FIND OUT EVERYBODY ELSE ON THAT FIRST FLIGHT HAD DONE THE SAME THING!

OCTAVIA IS HERE.

WHAT? HOW? THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC FLIGHT!

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



IT IS OCTAVIA! AND SOME OF HER BULLDYKES ARE WITH HER! PROBABLY PULLING A SALVAGE OPERATION HERSELF!

WELL, SHE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF MY WAY. I'M LOOKING FOR A WAY TO EXCUSE TO BUST HER CHOPS SINCE SHE LET HER GIRLS ROUGH YOU UP THAT TIME.



I'M STILL HURTIN' FROM THAT KITTEN.

OH, SHUT UP!

THE SAFEST LEAST RADIO-ACTIVE SPOT WE COULD FIND TO LAND WAS IN AN AREA IN THE PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA. GEIGER COUNTERS WERE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO COULD AFFORD THEM. WE HAD NO CASH LEFT, BUT I PROMISED KITTEN MY NOSTRILS WERE PARTICULARLY SENSITIVE TO RADIATION LEVELS AND THAT A GEIGER COUNTER WASN'T NECESSARY.

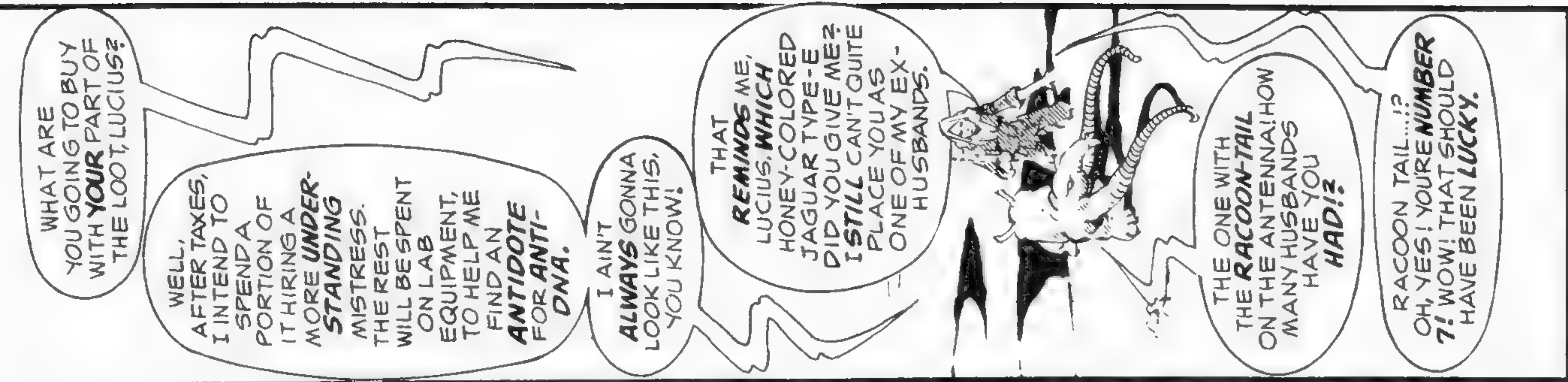
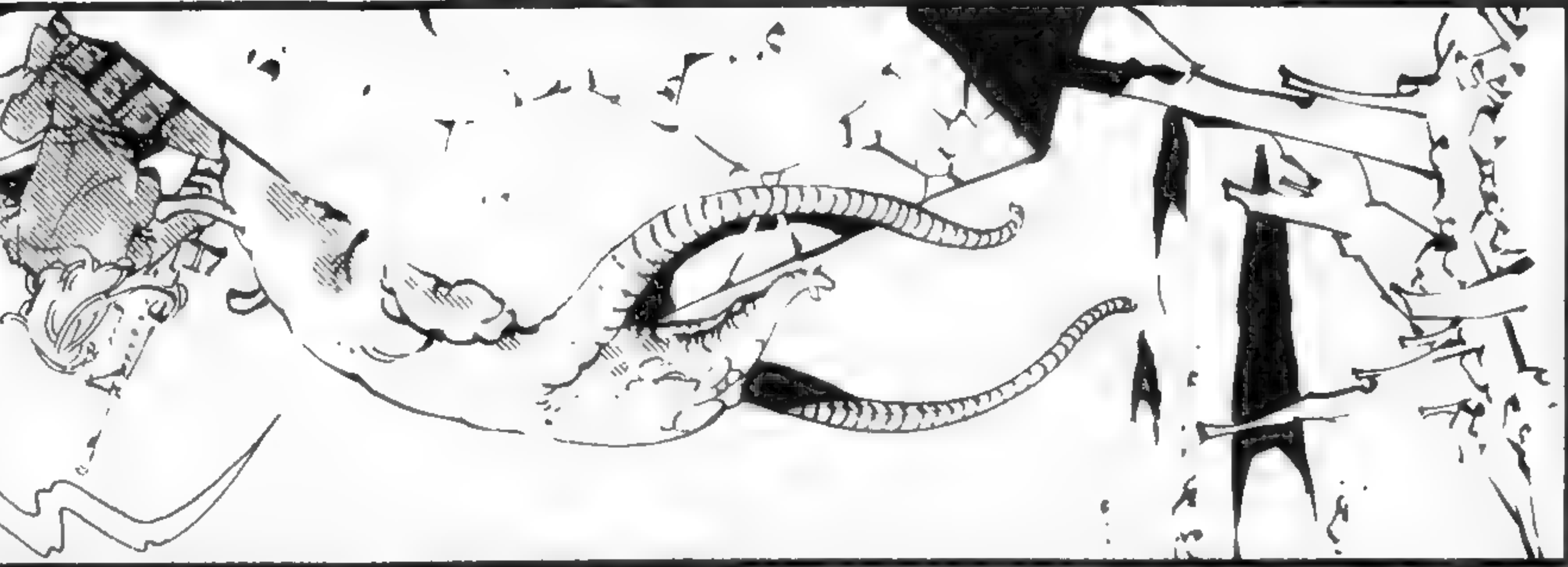
IT WAS A BIG LIE, OF COURSE. I'D PREVIOUSLY TOLD HER MY NOSE WAS SENSITIVE TO GOLD AND RARE METALS, BUT PUT TO THE TEST I COULDN'T HAVE FOUND HER GOLDEN MOLAR WITH A DENTAL CHART.



HM? YOU MEAN RADIATION? NO, UH, I DON'T SMELL A THING.

OKAY THEN, GO SIC'EM. GET THEM JEWELS AND GOLD AND PLATINUM AND SILVER AND EASY-TO-CARRY CHINA SERVICE SETS.

EASY YOU'RE SLOBBERING ON MY HIND-QUARTERS.



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HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

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EASY. YOU'RE SLOBBERING ON MY HIND-QUARTERS.

LET'S SEE, **FORT KNOX** IS IN **KENTUCKY**, RIGHT? HOW CLOSE IS THAT TO **SASKATCHEWAN**?

SPITTING DISTANCE. IF YOU ATTACH THE SPIT TO AN **ICBM**, WE'LL GET IT **ALL** IN TIME, SWEETCAKES. THE FABULOUS SNOUT IS HOT ON THE ROUTE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BUY WITH **YOUR** PART OF THE LOOT, LUCIUS?

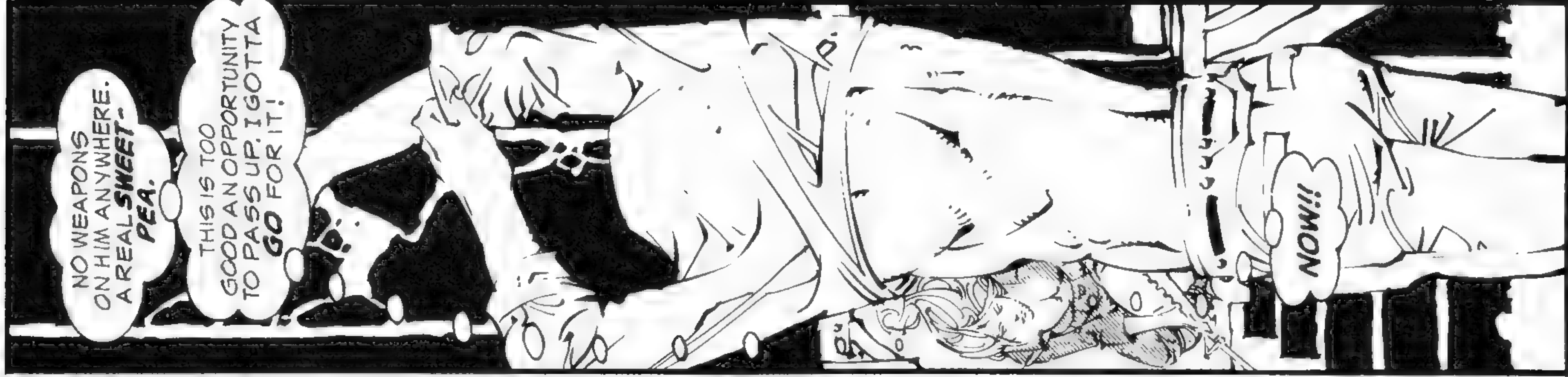
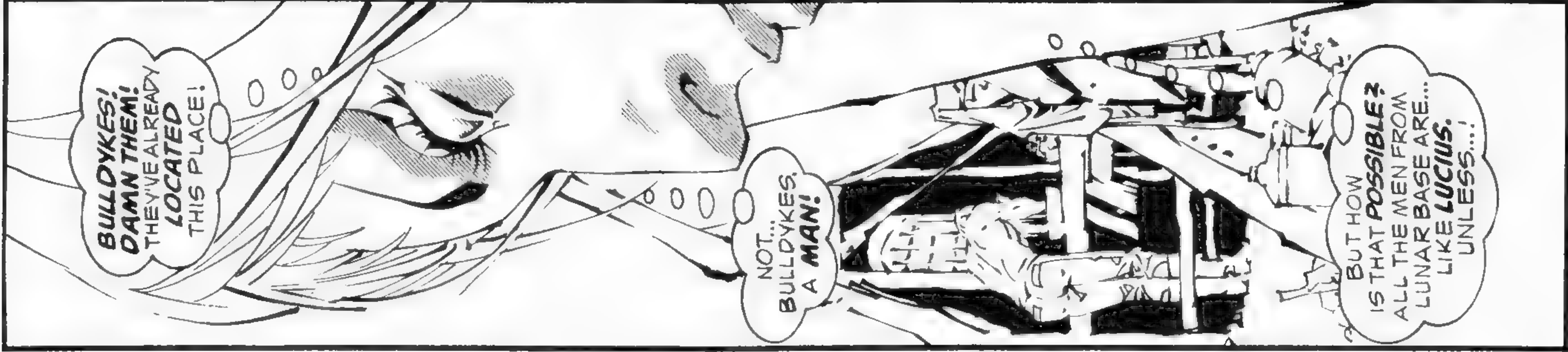
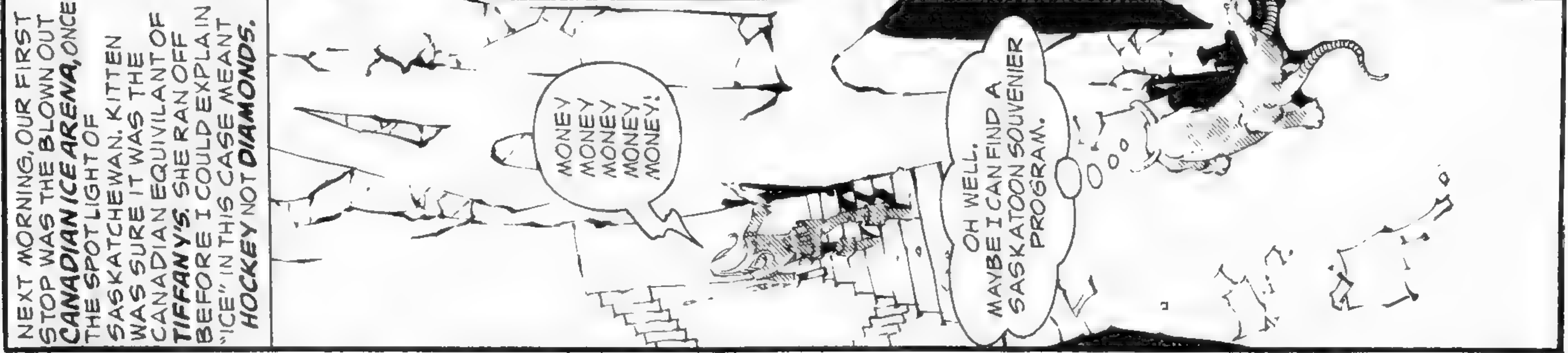
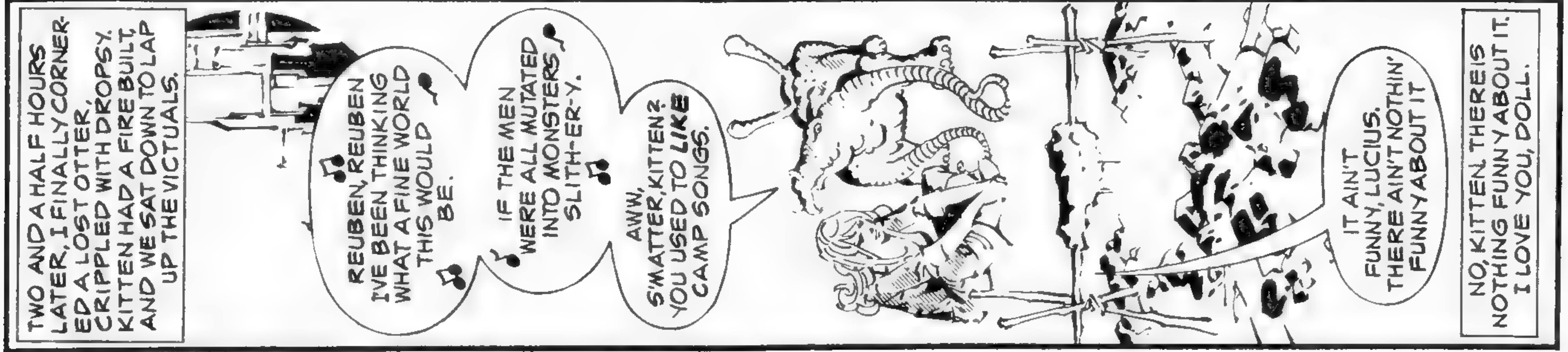
WELL, AFTER TAXES, I INTEND TO SPEND A PORTION OF IT HIRING A MORE **UNDERSTANDING** MISTRESS. THE REST WILL BE SPENT ON LAB EQUIPMENT, TO HELP ME FIND AN **ANTIDOTE** FOR **ANTI-DNA**.

I AIN'T ALWAYS GONNA LOOK LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW!

THAT REMINDS ME, LUCIUS. WHICH **HONEY-COLORED JAGUAR** TYPE-E DID YOU GIVE ME? I **STILL** CAN'T QUITE PLACE YOU AS ONE OF MY EX-HUSBANDS.

THE ONE WITH THE **RACCOON-TAIL** ON THE ANTENNA! HOW MANY HUSBANDS HAVE YOU **HAD**?

RACCOON TAIL...? OH, YES! YOU'RE **NUMBER 7**! WOW! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN **LUCKY**.





LUCIUS, I'LL COOK YOUR MISERABLE CARCASS IN **WHALE-SHIT!** WE'VE SPENT THE **WHOLE DAY** LOOKING FOR PRICELESS TREASURES, AND HAVEN'T TURNED UP A SUBWAY TOKEN! IT'S **ALMOST DARK!**

HOW ABOUT THAT? HEY, WHAT SAY WE CAMP HERE TONIGHT AND GET A FRESH START IN THE MORNING. I'LL CATCH US SOME **GAME!**

THINK YOU CAN **MANAGE** IT?

A **PRIZE RETRIEVER** LIKE ME? WATCH ME SMOKE, KIDDO!



TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER, I FINALLY CORNERED A LOST OTTER, CRIPPLED WITH DROPSY. KITTEN HAD A FIRE BUILT, AND WE SAT DOWN TO LAP UP THE VICTUALS.

REUBEN, REUBEN I'VE BEEN THINKING WHAT A FINE WORLD THIS WOULD BE.

IF THE MEN WERE ALL MUTATED INTO MONSTERS, SLITH-ER-Y.

AWW, S'MATTER, KITTEN? YOU USED TO LIKE CAMP SONGS.

IT AIN'T FUNNY, LUCIUS. THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' FUNNY ABOUT IT

NO, KITTEN. THERE IS NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT. I LOVE YOU, DOLL.



NEXT MORNING, OUR FIRST STOP WAS THE BLOWN OUT **CANADIAN ICE ARENA**, ONCE THE SPOT LIGHT OF SASKATCHEWAN. KITTEN WAS SURE IT WAS THE CANADIAN EQUIVILANT OF **TIFFANY'S**. SHE RAN OFF BEFORE I COULD EXPLAIN "ICE" IN THIS CASE MEANT **HOCKEY NOT DIAMONDS**.

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY!

OH WELL. MAYBE I CAN FIND A SASKATOON SOUVENIR PROGRAM.



THE BIG VAULTS ARE ALWAYS DOWNSTAIRS! ...EH? **NOISE...** RUSTLING COMING FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR...



BULLDYKES! DAMN THEM! THEY'VE ALREADY **LOCATED** THIS PLACE!

NOT... **BULLDYKES. A MAN!**

BUT HOW IS THAT **POSSIBLE?** ALL THE MEN FROM LUNAR BASE ARE... LIKE **LUCIUS**. UNLESS...



NO WEAPONS ON HIM ANYWHERE. A REAL **SWEET-PEA**.

THIS IS TOO GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PASS UP. I GOTTA **GO** FOR IT!

NOW!!



HIT THE FLOOR, SWEET-PEA! DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO USE ROUGH-STUFF!

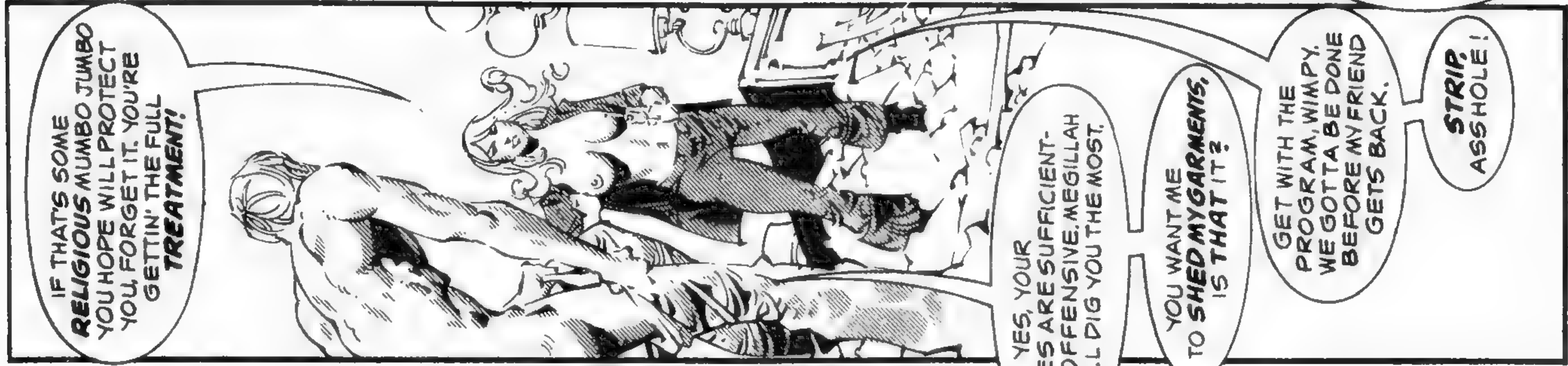
MEGILLAH, MAINTAIN ME! I HAVE FOUND A SAUCY BITCH FOR YOU!

YES, YOUR VIBES ARE SUFFICIENTLY OFFENSIVE. MEGILLAH WILL DIG YOU THE MOST.

YOU WANT ME TO SHED MY GARMENTS, IS THAT IT?

GET WITH THE PROGRAM, WIMPY. WE GOTTA BE DONE BEFORE MY FRIEND GETS BACK.

STRIP, ASSHOLE!



IF THAT'S SOME RELIGIOUS MUMBO JUMBO YOU HOPE WILL PROTECT YOU, FORGET IT. YOU'RE GETTIN' THE FULL TREATMENT!



JESUS! A MAN! AND WITH OPPOSABLE THUMBS! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

I WAS JUST TRYING TO FIND OUT.

SHIT! I MIGHT'VE GUESSED.



AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...

ALARM! ALARM!

SOUNDS ALMOST MERCIFUL.



LUCIUS, WE CAN'T LET THEM HAVE HIM! THEY'LL EAT THE POOR SHMO ALIVE!



BODA-BODA-BODA!

HE'S MINE, BROWNHOLES!



DOW BDOW DOW!

I CAUGHT A BIG BULLDYKE COMING THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR UNDER THE STAGE, AND SNAPPED HER HEAD OFF AS SHE PEEPED UP ANOTHER ONE WAS BEHIND ME, AND ABOUT TO BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON ME, WHEN THE KITTEN APPEARED FROM NOWHERE, AND FIRED THREE OFF INTO HER BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



HIT THE FLOOR, SWEET-PEA! DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO USE ROUGH-STUFF!

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SO I SEE. WELL, LISTEN...! OCTAVIA AND HER BULLDYKES ARE HERE LOOKING AROUND. IF THEY FIND A MAN HERE, ALL HELL'S GONNA BREAK LOOSE!



AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON....!

ALARM! ALARM!

SHIT! I MIGHT'VE GUESSED



LUCIUS, WE CAN'T LET THEM HAVE HIM! THEY'LL EAT THE POOR SHMO ALIVE!

SOUNDS ALMOST MERCIFUL.



THE FIRST TWO BULLDYKES EXPLODED INTO THE ARENA, SPINNING, SCANNING THE AUDITORIUM QUICKLY AND PROFESSIONALLY. BY THE TIME THEY SPOTTED KITTEN IN THE RAFTERS, SHE'D ALREADY PUNCHED THEIR TICKETS.

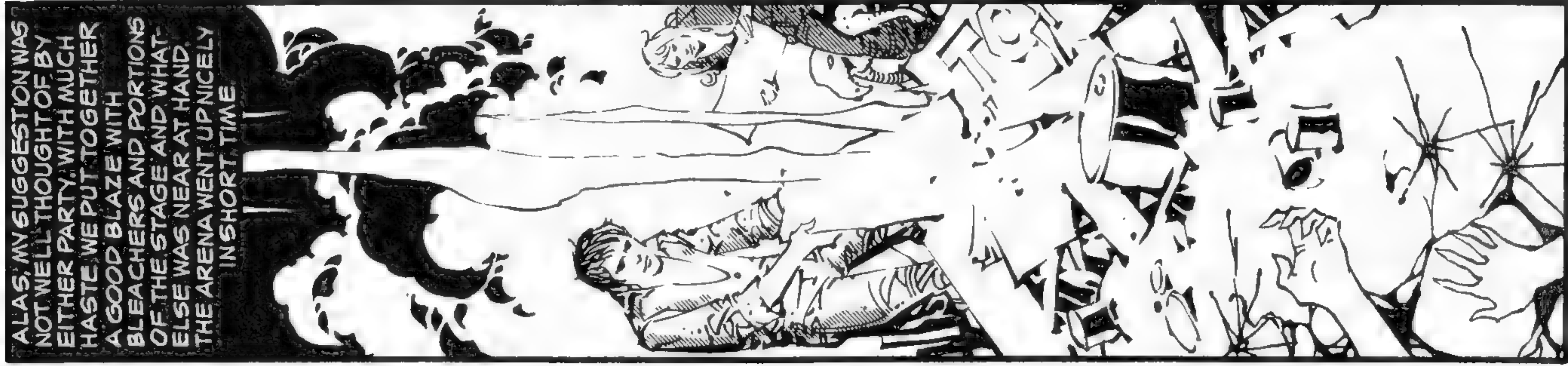
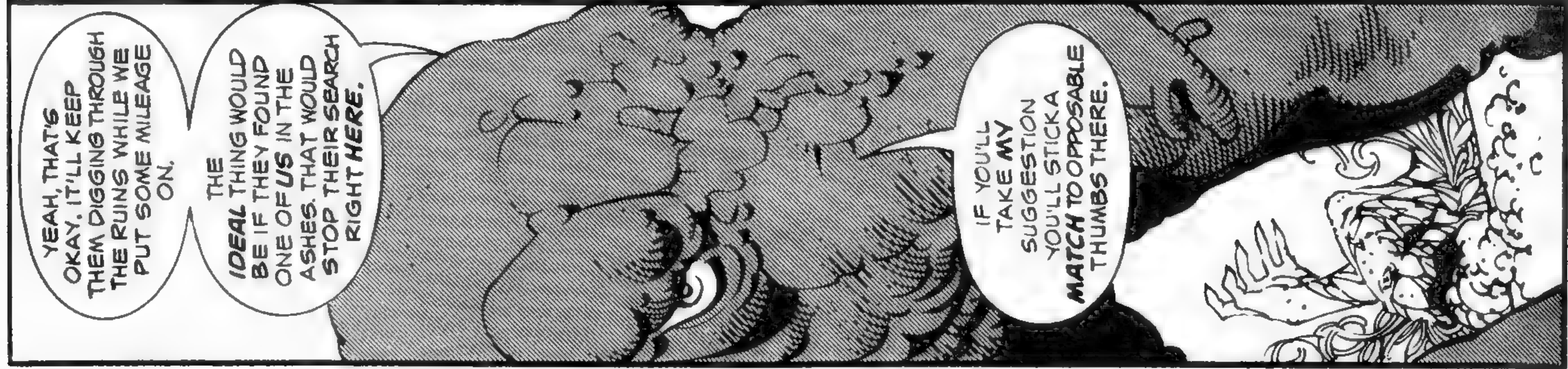
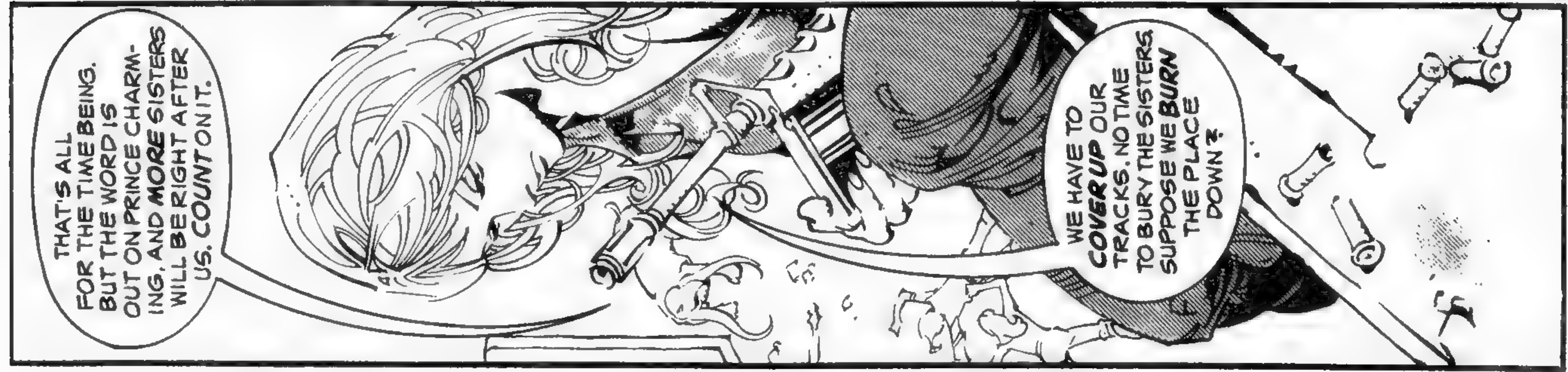
BODABODA BODABODA!

HE'S MINE, BROWNHOLES!



I CAUGHT A BIG BULLDYKE COMING THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR UNDER THE STAGE, AND SNAPPED HER HEAD OFF AS SHE PEEPED UP. ANOTHER ONE WAS BEHIND ME, AND ABOUT TO BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON ME, WHEN KITTEN APPEARED FROM NOWHERE, AND FIRED THREE OFF INTO HER BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

DOW BDOW DOW!



THAT'S ALL FOR THE TIME BEING. BUT THE WORD IS OUT ON PRINCE CHARMING, AND **MORE SISTERS** WILL BE RIGHT AFTER US. **COUNT ON IT.**

YEAH, THAT'S OKAY. IT'LL KEEP THEM DIGGING THROUGH THE RUINS WHILE WE PUT SOME MILEAGE ON.

THE **IDEAL** THING WOULD BE IF THEY FOUND ONE OF **US** IN THE ASHES. THAT WOULD STOP THEIR SEARCH RIGHT **HERE.**

WE HAVE TO **COVER UP** OUR TRACKS. NO TIME TO BURY THE SISTERS. SUPPOSE WE **BURN** THE PLACE DOWN?

IF YOU'LL TAKE MY SUGGESTION YOU'LL STICK A **MATCH** TO OPPOSABLE THUMBS THERE.

ALAS, MY SUGGESTION WAS NOT WELL THOUGHT OF BY EITHER PARTY. WITH MUCH HASTE WE PUT TOGETHER A GOOD BLAZE WITH BLEACHERS AND PORTIONS OF THE STAGE AND WHAT-ELSE WAS NEAR AT HAND. THE ARENA WENT UP NICELY IN SHORT TIME.

WHEN WE WERE SURE THE PLACE WOULD GO UP, WE TOOK OFF AS FAST AND AS FAR AS WE COULD. WE WERE MAKING GOOD TIME UNTIL MELVIN MILQUETOAST TWISTED HIS ANKLE AND WE HAD TO LAY UP FOR THE NIGHT. WE ALL CRAMMED IN TO AN INDUSTRIAL SEWAGE TUNNEL. AND AS IF THE AIR WASN'T ALREADY THICK ENOUGH, OPPOSABLE THUMBS HAD TO SPREAD HIS LIPS AS WELL.

WHY MUST THIS **DISEASED** ANIMAL BE WITH US? IT IS HARD FOR ME TO **BREATHE!**

SAY, BUB, IT'S A **CONDITION**, NOT A DISEASE! YOU EVER HAVE **ACNE?** WELL, IT'S BASICALLY THE SAME THING.

HEY, KITTEN. TELL THIS BIRD OFF, WILL YA?

BUT KITTEN WAS SOME-PLACE ELSE... OUT OF PLACE, OUT OF TIME. I SAW THE WAY SHE WAS LOOKING AT HIM, AND I GOT A CHOKING SOMEWHERE IN THIS BRUTISH NECK OF MINE. IT WAS THE SAME WAY SHE LOOKED AT ME, SO SO LONG AGO.

WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

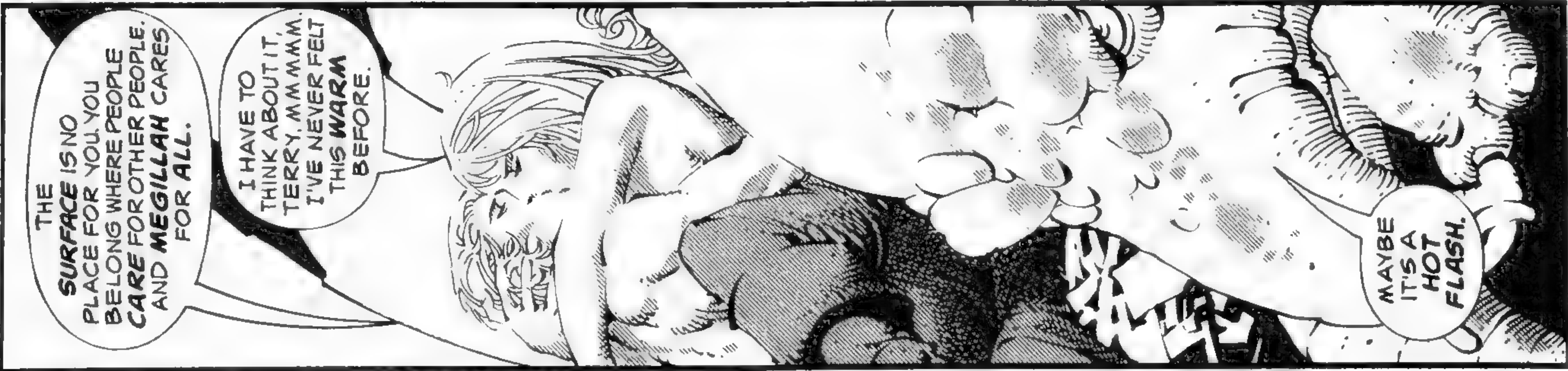
MY NAME IS TERRY. I COME FROM THE **CAVERN CITY...**! A SECRET UNDERGROUND REFUGE, WHICH GREAT **MEGILLAH** COMMANDED THOSE WHO WERE LOYAL TO CONSTRUCT BEFORE THE BIG SEND OFF, TO ESCAPE THE RAIN OF DEATH HE FORE TOLD WOULD COME.

MEGILLAH IS SUCH A **GAS**. HE KNOWS SIMPLY **EVERYTHING!**

WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY? IT WAS ALL OVER FOR KITTEN THEN. THE CARESS OF A MAN'S ARMS AGAIN, THE PRESSING OF HIS BODY AFTER TEN YEARS, AND KITTEN WAS BLINDLY, HOPELESSLY IN LOVE.

I LOVE YOU SO, KITTEN. I WANT YOU TO COME TO CAVERN CITY WITH ME, AND **DEVOTE** YOURSELF TO MEGILLAH, TO BASK FOR ETERNITY IN HIS **LUMINESCENT HEAVINESS.**

MMMMMM!



THE
SURFACE IS NO
PLACE FOR YOU. YOU
BELONG WHERE PEOPLE
CARE FOR OTHER PEOPLE.
AND MEGILLAH CARES
FOR ALL.

I HAVE TO
THINK ABOUT IT,
TERRY. MM MMM.
I'VE NEVER FELT
THIS WARM
BEFORE.

MAYBE
IT'S A
HOT
FLASH.

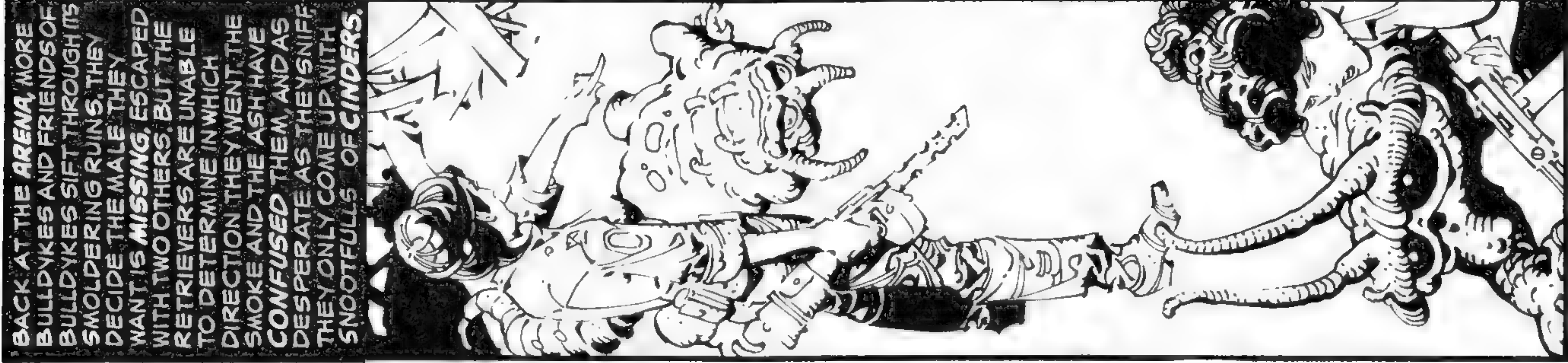


I LOVE
YOU, KITTEN.
I LOVED YOU FROM
THE FIRST MOMENT
I LAID EYES ON
YOU BACK AT THE
ARENA. YOU
MUST RETURN WITH
ME TO THE
CAVERN CITY.

I LOVE
YOU TOO, TERRY.
I LOVE EVERY
GLORIOUS,
WONDERFUL
PART OF
YOU.

YOUR
EYES ARE LIKE
LIMPID POOLS.
YOUR BREASTS ARE
LIKE TWO RIPE
CASABA
MELONS.

SHIT!
GET SERIOUS
WILLYA?



BACK AT THE ARENA, MORE
BULLDYKES AND FRIENDS OF
BULLDYKES SIFT THROUGH ITS
SMOLDERING RUINS. THEY
DECIDE THE MALE THEY
WANT IS MISSING, ESCAPED
WITH TWO OTHERS. BUT THE
RETRIEVERS ARE UNABLE
TO DETERMINE IN WHICH
DIRECTION THEY WENT. THE
SMOKE AND THE ASH HAVE
CONFUSED THEM, AND AS
DESPERATE AS THEY SNIFF,
THEY ONLY COME UP WITH
SNOOTFULS OF CINDERS.



BLAGGH!
IF YOU TWO INSIST
ON BRINGING UP THE
HUMIDITY IN HERE
WITH ALL YOUR PATTY-
FINGERS AND KISSY-
FACE, I'M GOING
OUTSIDE! I'D
RATHER FACE A
THOUSAND BULL-
DYKES THAN WATCH
YOU SWEAT ON
EACH OTHER.

TERRY
WILL OPEN
THE OUTSIDE
LOCK FOR
YOU.



BE
CERTAIN TO
STAY OUT OF
THE MOONLIGHT,
AND IF YOU SEE ANY-
BODY COMING STAY
DOWNWIND OF
THEM.

SHIT!
I NEED SOME
WATERHEAD
TO TELL ME
THAT?

TERRY
IS JUST TRYING
TO BE HELPFUL,
LUCIUS. WHY ARE
YOU FLYING OFF
THE
HANDLE?



THE NIGHT AIR WAS PLEAS-
ANT AND COOL AND THERE
WAS A LIGHT BREEZE. THE
MOON WAS FULL, AND
THOUGH IT NEVER ALL CLICK-
ED TOGETHER IT WAS AN
ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL
NIGHT. I NEVER NOTICED
IT. FOR ME, IT WAS THE
DARKEST NIGHT SINCE
THE DAWN OF TIME. FOR
THAT NIGHT, I KNEW I HAD
LOST KITTEN FOR GOOD.

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MOST OF THE NEXT MORN-
ING WAS SPENT PADDING
ABOUT THE AREA, LOOKING
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GARBAGE CANS. ANYPLACE
WHERE KITTEN'S LOVER BOY
MIGHT HAVE SKITTERED TO,
SEEMS HE VANISHED DURING
THE NIGHT POOR THING.

IT'S NO
USE, KITTEN.
ROMEO HAS
SPLIT.

MAYBE HE
WAS **KIDNAPPED!**
WHISKED AWAY BY
GNOMES TO WORK
FOREVER IN THE
FAIRY MINES. A
TOO GRACIOUS
END TO A **DANGER-**
OUS CORNBALL.

LUCIUS,
IF
YOU'VE **HARMED**
THAT POOR
KID--!

OH, RIGHT!
NOW HE'S A KID.
LAST NIGHT HE
WAS YOUR **EVERY-**
THING, THE MAN
OF YOUR
DREAMS!

IF YOU'D
BEEN AS CONCERNED
ABOUT OUR **PREDICAMENT**
AS YOU WERE ABOUT
REACHING AN **ORGASM**
EVERY THREE MINUTES,
YOU'D HAVE REALIZED
THE SORT OF FRIVOLOUS
RISKS YOU WERE TAKING
WITH OUR LIVES...
MY LIFE!

I'VE
GOT TO **FIND**
HIM, LUCIUS.
I CAN'T LET IT
END THIS WAY.
PLEASE
HELP.

LOOK.
I'LL SHOW YOU
SOMETHING I
FOUND. MAYBE...
MAYBE IT'S WHAT
YOU'RE **LOOKING**
FOR.

YOU KNOW
WE COULD STILL
HAVE A SENSATIONAL
OPERATION GOING.
AND THIS MORNING
WHEN I WOKE UP,
GUESS WHAT?

MY
HEAD COLD
WAS
GONE!

HOLD IT
THERE OR YOU'RE
GOING TO WALK
RIGHT OVER IT.
WOMEN ARE SUCH
DODOS.

DAMN YOU,
KITTEN. YOU'RE SO
FUCKING PROMISCUOUS!
ANYTHING WITH TWO
LEGS CAN GET YOU
TO LUBRICATE!

AND WHAT'S
WRONG WITH THAT?
IT'S NOT TOO OFTEN
I COME **ACROSS**
ANYTHING WITH
TWO LEGS!

NOW STAY
PUT, AND WAIT
FOR ME TO
COME BACK!

AND I
AIN'T NO **GODDAMN**
DOMESTIC YOU CAN
ORDER AROUND!
WERE **PARTNERS**, MISSY--
AND IF YOU WANNA CALL
THAT OFF, THAT'S **FINE**,
THAT'S **OKAY**... BUT
DON'T YOU **DARE** TALK
DOWN TO ME LIKE,
THAT!

LUCIUS,
I'M SORRY. YOU
KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN
IT THAT WAY.

WHY DON'T
YOU COME
WITH
ME?

MOST OF THE NEXT MORNING WAS SPENT PADDING ABOUT THE AREA, LOOKING UNDER ROCKS AND IN GARBAGE CANS. ANYPLACE WHERE KITTEN'S LOVER BOY MIGHT HAVE SKITTERED TO. SEEMS HE VANISHED DURING THE NIGHT POOR THING.

IT'S NO USE, KITTEN. ROMEO HAS SPLIT.

MAYBE HE WAS **KIDNAPPED!** WHISKED AWAY BY GNOMES TO WORK FOREVER IN THE FAIRY MINES. A TOO GRACIOUS END TO A **DANGEROUS** CORNBALL.

LUCIUS, IF YOU'VE **HARMED** THAT POOR KID--!

OH, RIGHT! **NOW** HE'S A KID. LAST NIGHT HE WAS YOUR **EVERYTHING**, THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS!

I'VE GOT TO **FIND** HIM, LUCIUS. I CAN'T LET IT END THIS WAY. PLEASE HELP.

LOOK. I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING I FOUND. MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S WHAT YOU'RE **LOOKING** FOR.

IF YOU'D BEEN AS CONCERNED ABOUT OUR **PREDICAMENT** AS YOU WERE ABOUT REACHING AN **ORGASM** EVERY THREE MINUTES, YOU'D HAVE REALIZED THE SORT OF FRIVOLOUS RISKS YOU WERE TAKING WITH OUR LIVES... **MY LIFE!**

YOU KNOW WE COULD STILL HAVE A SENSATIONAL OPERATION GOING. AND THIS MORNING WHEN I WOKE UP, GUESS WHAT?

MY **HEAD COLD** WAS GONE!

HOLD IT THERE OR YOU'RE GOING TO WALK RIGHT OVER IT. WOMEN ARE SUCH **DODOS**.

DAMN YOU, KITTEN. YOU'RE SO **FUCKING PROMISCUOUS!** ANYTHING WITH TWO LEGS CAN GET YOU TO LUBRICATE!

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NOW **STAY PUT**, AND WAIT FOR ME TO COME BACK!

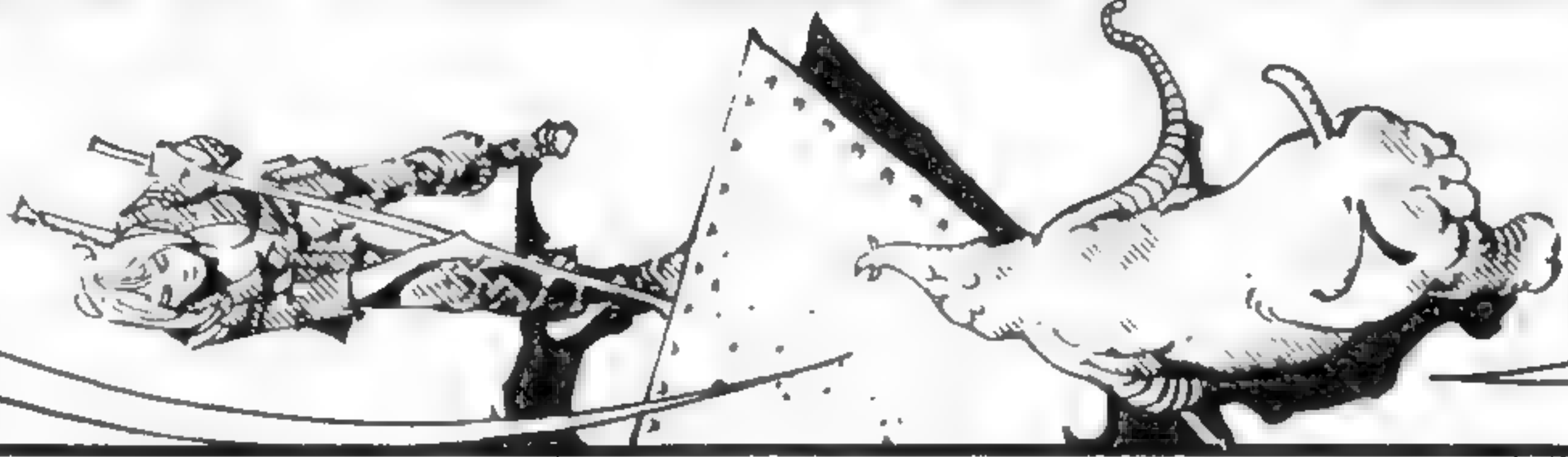
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LUCIUS, I'M SORRY. YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY.

WHY DON'T YOU COME **WITH** ME?

UH, NO, I DON'T THINK SO. MY SINUSES ACT UP A STORM BELOW SEA LEVEL.

BESIDES I GOT TOO MUCH TO DO UP HERE. I GOTTA KEEP WORKING ON THAT ANTIDOTE, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN CHECKED MY SCHEDULE FOR THIS AFTERNOON.



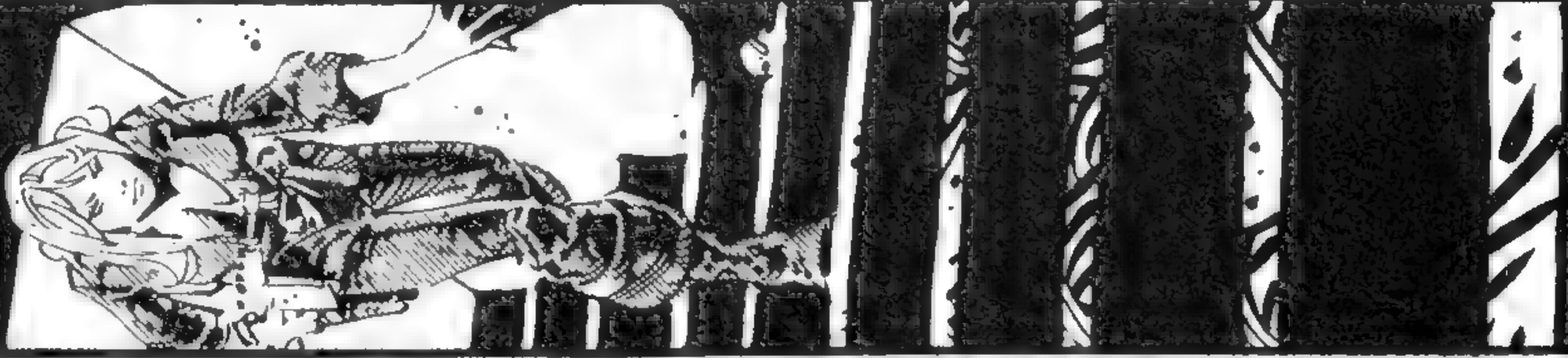
MAYBE I'LL JUST GO BACK TO THE SPACESHIP.

LUCIUS, THIS AIN'T GOODBYE. I'M COMING BACK FOR YOU. I MEAN THAT.

YEAH, THAT'D BE OKAY, TOO, AND IF YOU DON'T, WELL, WE'LL STILL BE PALS! NOTHING WILL CHANGE THAT!

S'LONG, KITTEN. :CHOKES: IT'S BEEN A LOT OF LAUGHS.

DOWN SHE WENT THEN, DOWN A BLACK STONE STAIRCASE TOWARD AN UNFATHOMABLE DESTINATION IN SEARCH OF HER CREAMPUFF. I DIDN'T WATCH HER LONG, AND SHE NEVER LOOKED BACK.



SHE FOLLOWED THE DE-SCENT SHAFT FOR AS LONG AS IT WENT. AT THE END WAS A LARGE METAL DOOR, WHICH KITTEN OPENED, AND SUDDENLY THE CAVERN CITY SPANG FULL BLOOM BEFORE HER.

BUILDINGS LIKE CHROMIUM STALAGMITES SHOT UP TOWARD A BRILLIANT LUMINOUS CEILING. APPROX-IMATING SUNLIGHT. COMPLEX SYSTEMS OF SKYWAYS CONNECTED THE SPIRES, AND ALL OVER WAS THE LOW WHIRR OF ELECTRICITY PROPELLING THE MONORAILS, CHARGING THE MACHINES, RUNNING EVERY PART OF THE SELF-CONTAINED STAINLESS STEEL MEGAPOLIS.



THIS IS IT! THE CAVERN CITY! I HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD BE SO AWESOME!

IT'S SO ALIEN. I MUST BE ON MY GUARD.

LOOK! IT'S THE SAUCY BITCH MEGILLAH HAS REQUESTED!

LET US HOPE THIS ONE WILL GET HIS HOLY ROCKS OFF!

HELLO! WELCOME! HOW DO YOU DO! MAY I INTRO-DUCE MYSELF? I AM YOUR ASSIGNED ESCORT! LET US GO TO THE HOUSE OF MEGILLAH, WHERE IT'S HIP! IT'S FAB! ITS GEAR!



HOLY JUMPIN' JALLAMUS!

DIG IT!

DIG IT!

AND AT THE HIP, FAB AND GEAR, HOUSE OF MEGILLAH.



BLONDE TEASE! MEGILLAH HAS CHOSEN YOU!!

DIG IT!

DIG IT!

DIG IT!

WHAT KINDA KOOKIE PARADE IS THIS?

DISARM HER! BUT BE GENTLE! MEGILLAH WILL NOT WANT HER BLEMISHED!



BROTHER TERENCE HAS DONE WELL. THIS CHICK HE'S LURED IS REAL GONE!

HOT STUFF!

YOU CRAZY MOTHER-FUCKERS BETTER KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!

WHAT A DELICIOUSLY FOUL MOUTH SHE HAS, TOO! MEGILLAH WILL SMILE ON US ALL TODAY!

GET DOWN WITH MEGILLAH!

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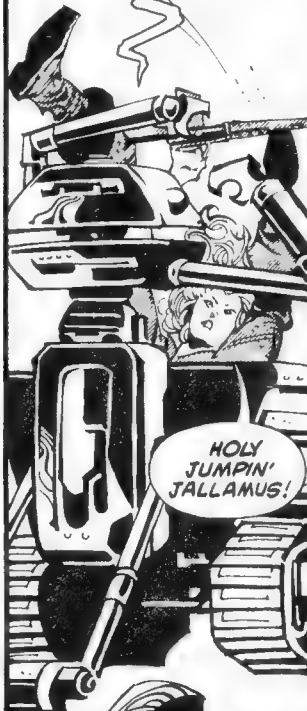
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GET DOWN WITH MEGILLAH!



YOU ARE **CONFUSED**, LITTLE SISTER. LET ME **HIP** YOU.

WE ARE THE DEVOTED OF **MEGILLAH**, THE GREAT **TASTELESS** ONE, THE GOD OF **CHEAP THRILLS**, WHO KNOWS THE **UNSPEAKABLE** FOUR-LETTER WORD AND WHO PROMISED TO **SPEAK** IT COME THE ARMAGGEDON.

MEGILLAH GUIDES OUR LIVES, FASHIONS THE FOOD WE GROW, INJECTS THE **ELECTRONS** THAT RUN OUR MACHINES. WE **DIG** MEGILLAH, AND **OBEY** THE COMMANDS OF THE ONE TRUE FAR-OUT GOD.

HEAVY IS HIS WORD!

HEAVY IS HIS WORD!

EVERY YEAR AS A TOKEN OF OUR DEVOTION, WE SPRING A **SURPRISE SACRIFICE** FOR HIM, OFFERING OVER A BIG **BREASTED TOOTSY** FOR HIM TO SQUEEZE.

IS THAT ALL HE WANTS? A FAST **PIECE??** HERE! BREASTS DON'T COME ANY BIGGER THAN **THESE!**

REMARKABLE! OUR FIRST **WILLING** CANDIDATE!

DON'T YOU KNOW YOU MUST **DIE** FIRST BEFORE YOU CAN COUPLE WITH MEGILLAH?

LISTEN, WHEN YOU GET AS LITTLE AS I DO, YOU TAKE IT ANYWAY YOU CAN **GET** IT!

DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE! ONE OF YOU OLD BAGS RUN CUT FOR **MEGILLAH!**

"PATIENCE, LITTLE SISTER. FIRST YOU MUST BE **PREPARED** FOR YOUR OTHER-WORLD ENCOUNTER WITH THE PROFANE ONE. YOU MUST BE **WASHED**, CLEANED OF LICE AND DISEASE, AND ANY **OBJECTIONABLE TATTOOS** REMOVED."

BUT DURING THIS SEEING AS HOW CO-OPERATIVE YOU ARE BEING, I SEE NO REASON YOU CANNOT HAVE YOUR **FREEDOM** HERE. IS THAT AGREEABLE WITH YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS?"

"YES, SHE MAY TOUR OUR CITY IF SHE DOES NOT **BULLY** OUR CITIZENS OR TRY TO **ESCAPE**."

"WHO ME? I AIN'T NO **BULLY!**"

OF COURSE, KITTEN HAD NO INTENTION OF BECOMING A SACRIFICE TO ANY BEAT-NIK GOD. BUT SHE GUESSED CORRECTLY... THAT HER BEST CHANCES OF SURVIVAL LAID IN PLAYING IT PASSIVE. AT LEAST THIS WAY SHE WAS FREE TO ROAM ABOUT INSTEAD OF FORMULATING HER ESCAPE FROM A **PRISON CELL**.

...AND ON MY LEFT YOU SEE OUR WONDER-FUL ARTIFICIAL GRAIN FACTORY, WHICH SUPPLIES...

I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS ALL-TERRAIN TOUR GUIDE.

NEXT INSTANT, KITTEN'S METAL ESCORT TURNS TO FIND HER GONE. SHE RACES THROUGH THE NEAREST BUILDING, LEVEL BY LEVEL, JERKING OPEN EVERY DOOR SHE SEES, BUT SHE FINDS NOTHING SHE CAN USE.

ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM! THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF WEAPON I CAN USE AROUND HERE...! A CLUB, A HAMMER, A **HEAVY BOOK!**

GOTTA KEEP LOOKING. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE **TIME** I HAVE.

AT LAST SHE COMES UPON A LIGHTING UTILITY ROOM. HEAVY CABLES, LIGHT BULBS, NOTHING SHE CAN CONCEAL. SHE FINDS A SCREWDRIVER JUST AS THE TOWN COUNCIL FINDS HER.

THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

ULP! I'VE BEEN FOUND BY THE TOWN FATHERS AND MOTHERS!

KITTEN! A FRIEND OF YOURS HAS BEEN ASKING FOR YOU! **BROTHER TERENCE!**

YOU REMEMBER **TERRY**, DON'T YOU? PLEASE COME DOWN!

TERRY! MY GOD I'D ALMOST **FORGOTTEN!**

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... AND ON MY LEFT YOU SEE OUR WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL GRAIN FACTORY, WHICH SUPPLIES...

I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS ALL-TERRAIN TOUR GUIDE.

NEXT INSTANT, KITTEN'S METAL ESCORT TURNS TO FIND HER GONE. SHE RACES THROUGH THE NEAREST BUILDING, LEVEL BY LEVEL, JERKING OPEN EVERY DOOR SHE SEES, BUT SHE FINDS NOTHING SHE CAN USE.

ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM! THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF WEAPON I CAN USE AROUND HERE...! A CLUB, A HAMMER, A **HEAVY BOOK!**

GOTTA KEEP LOOKING. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE TIME I HAVE.

AT LAST SHE COMES UPON A LIGHTING UTILITY ROOM. HEAVY CABLES, LIGHT BULBS, NOTHING SHE CAN CONCEAL. SHE FINDS A **SCREWDRIVER** JUST AS THE TOWN COUNCIL FINDS HER.

THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

ULP! I'VE BEEN FOUND BY THE TOWN FATHERS AND MOTHERS!

KITTEN! A FRIEND OF YOURS HAS BEEN ASKING FOR YOU! **BROTHER TERENCE!**

YOU REMEMBER **TERRY**, DON'T YOU? PLEASE COME DOWN!

TERRY! MY GOD I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!



SEE?
HERE IS BROTHER
TERENCE. WE DID
NOT LIE.

COME,
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS. LET US LEAVE
THESE TWO YOUNG
FRIENDS ALONE. THEY
MUST HAVE MUCH TO
SAY TO EACH
OTHER.

BUT
DON'T BE TOO
LONG, LITTLE
SISTER. THE
SACRIFICIAL
CELEBRATION
GROWS
NEAR.



TERRY, THEY SAY
YOU LURED ME DOWN
HERE! WHAT DO THEY
MEAN?

THAT WAS MY
MISSION ORIGINALLY,
KITTEN. THE TOWN
FATHERS SENT ME
TO THE SURFACE
SOON AFTER YOU
GIRLS LANDED.

BUT I NEVER
EXPECTED TO LIKE
YOU, LET ALONE FALL
IN LOVE WITH YOU. I
COULDN'T SEE YOU
SACRIFICED, SO I
RAN AWAY.

DESPITE WHICH,
YOU STILL FOLLOWED
ME HERE.

THAT'S
BECAUSE
I DIG YOU THE
MOST,
TERRY.

AND I
LOVE YOU,
KITTEN.



I DO NOT WANT
TO DEFY MEGILLAH,
BUT I MUST FIND SOME
WAY TO HELP YOU
ESCAPE.

NEVER MIND.
I'VE ALREADY WORKED
OUT A PLAN... FOR BOTH
OF US TO GET OUT OF
THIS MONKEYHOUSE!

YOU
MEAN LEAVE
THE CAVERN CITY?
LEAVE MEGILLAH?
N-NO... I CAN'T...

SURE
YOU CAN! JUST
FOLLOW MY
LEAD.



THE OUTSIDE DOORS BURST
APART, AND BEFORE THE
SINGLE GUARD CAN LET
OUT A YELP, KITTEN PUT THE
SCREWDRIIVER INTO HIS
SPINE.

BUT,
KITTEN!
VIOLENCE!?!

JUST
GIVE IT A
CHANCE, LOVER.
THAT'S ALL
I ASK!

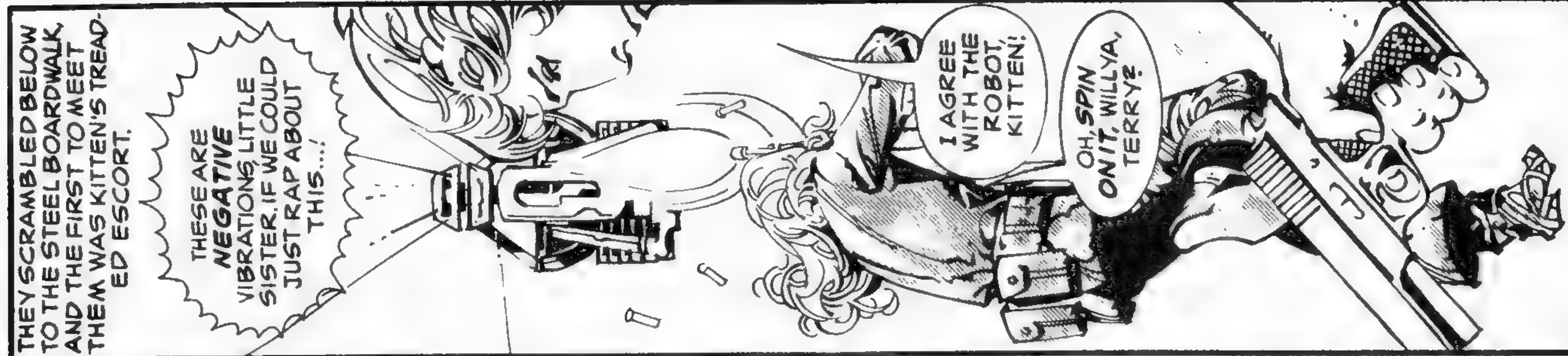
GAAAA!



MINUTES LATER, KITTEN
AND HER BUTTERBALL
MAKE IT TO THE ARMS
ROOM. HE WHINED AWHILE
ABOUT THE TWO GUARDS
SHE TEMPLE-STOMPED
BUT SHE WAS TOO BUSY
TO PAY ANY ATTENTION.

KITTEN!
THIS IS
GOING TOO
FAR!

JESUS,
TERRY. LET'S
NOT HAVE OUR
FIRST
ARGUMENT!



THEY SCRAMBLED BELOW
TO THE STEEL BOARDWALK
AND THE FIRST TO MEET
THEM WAS KITTEN'S TREAD-
ED ESCORT.

THESE ARE
NEGATIVE
VIBRATIONS, LITTLE
SISTER. IF WE COULD
JUST RAP ABOUT
THIS...

I AGREE
WITH THE
ROBOT,
KITTEN!

OH, SPIN
ON IT, WILLYA,
TERRY?



SEE?
HERE IS BROTHER
TERENCE. WE DID
NOT LIE.

COME,
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS. LET US LEAVE
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WAY TO HELP YOU
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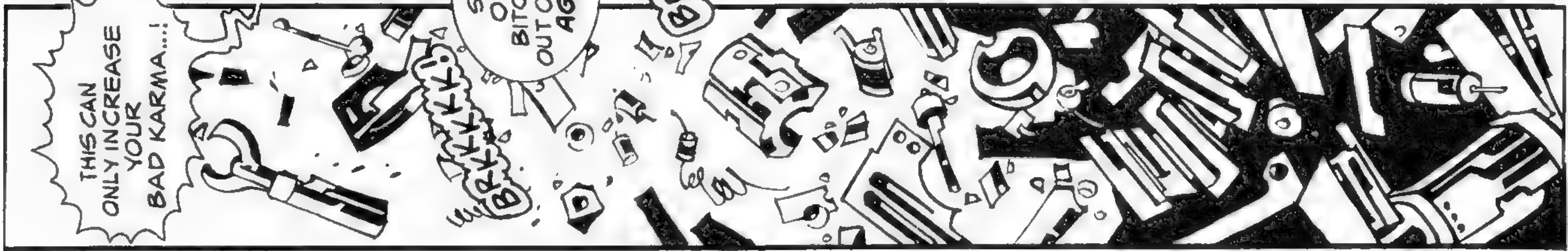


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JUST RAP ABOUT
THIS...!

I AGREE
WITH THE
ROBOT,
KITTEN!

OH, SPIN
ON IT, WILL YA,
TERRY?



THIS CAN ONLY INCREASE YOUR BAD KARMA...

SON OF A BITCH RAN OUT ON ME AGAIN!

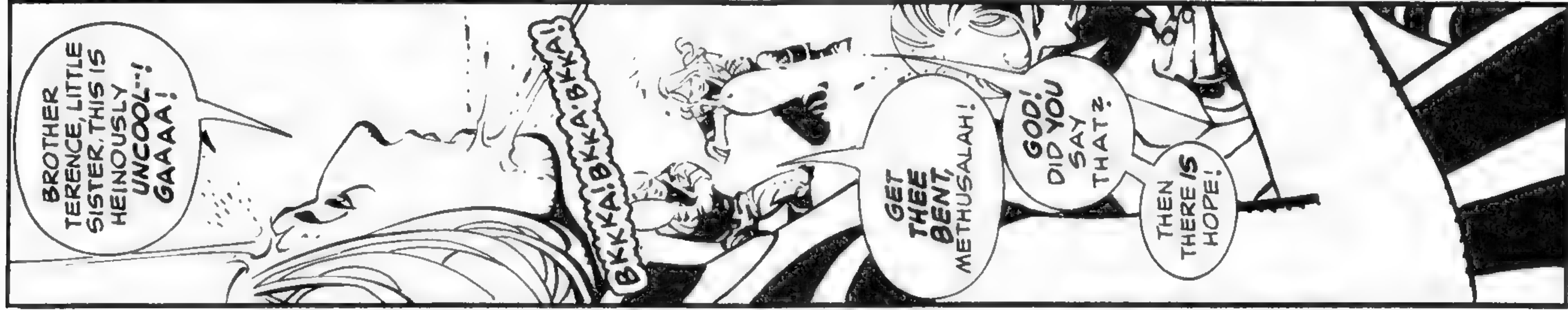
BKKK! BKKK! BKKK!



TERRY, IF YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, YOU'D BETTER STEP IT UP!

TERRY?

TERRY?



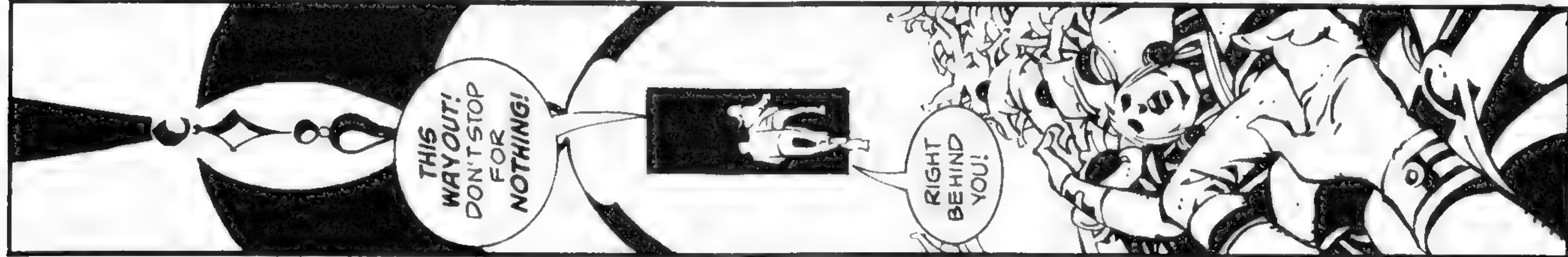
BROTHER TERENCE, LITTLE SISTER, THIS IS HEINOUSLY UNCOOL--! GAAAA!

BKKK! BKKK! BKKK!

GET THEE BENT, METHUSALAH!

GOD! DID YOU SAY THAT?

THEN THERE IS HOPE!



THIS WAY OUT! DON'T STOP FOR NOTHING!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



THANK CHRIST THAT'S OVER! I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE HELD OFF ONE MORE BROTHER OR SISTER!

THIS WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, WASN'T IT, KITTEN? YOU GOTTA DO SOME **DESPERATE** THINGS SOMETIMES TO HELP THOSE YOU LOVE.

YOU DID RIGHT, TERRY. DON'T WASTE A **MINUTE** THINKING ABOUT IT.



HIYA, KITTEN. GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK.

SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A FIVE GALLON CAN OF IODINE, WOULD YOU? I THINK I'M HURT.

LUCIUS!



LUCIUS, YOU YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING BACK TO THE **SPACESHIP!**

I STARTED TO, BUT FIVE OR SIX BULLDYKES CAME BY. THEY WERE GOING DOWN THE TUNNEL AFTER YOU, BUT I SCARED THEM OFF.

ONE OF THEM GOT ME IN THE RIBS WITH A CLUB, I THINK THEY'RE **BUSTED**.

AW, POOR, DEAR LUCIUS. SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS.



THIS CAN ONLY INCREASE YOUR BAD KARMA....!

BKKKKK!

SON OF A BITCH RAN OUT ON ME AGAIN!

BKKKKK!



TERRY, IF YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, YOU'D BETTER STEP IT UP!

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TERRY?!



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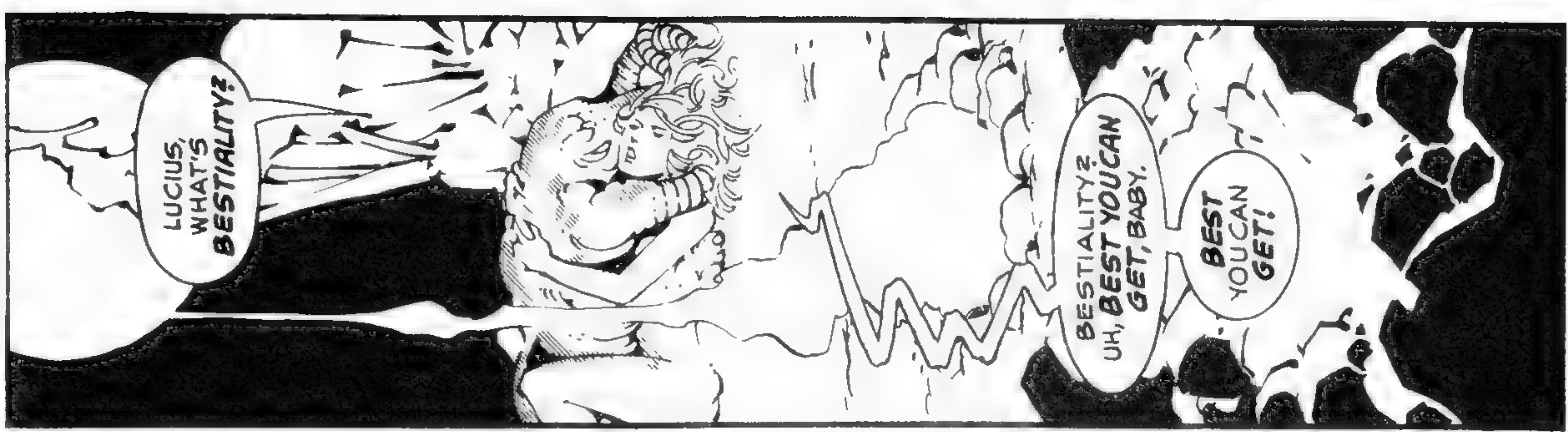
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AW, POOR, DEAR LUCIUS. SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS.

I TRIED MY BEST NOT TO INFECT
HER WOUND AS WE EMBRACED,
AND NOT TO JOSTLE MY
SIDE TOO MUCH WHILE WE
WERE AT IT, BUT WHATHELL,
LOVE IS PAIN ANYWAY.



LUCIUS,
WHAT'S
BESTIALITY?

BESTIALITY?
UH, **BEST** YOU CAN
GET, BABY.

BEST
YOU CAN
GET!

WE JUST STAYED PUT FOR
SEVERAL HOURS AFTER
THAT, SPENDING THE TIME
RAPPING, KITTEN TELLING
WE ALL ABOUT THE **NOW**
GENERATION OF RELIGIOUS
WHACKOS WHO DWELLED
IN THE CAVERN CITY. ALSO
SHE SAID IF I DID NOT
USE THE WORDS "**HIP**,"
"**FAB**," OR "**GEAR**," FOR AT
LEAST TWO MONTHS, SHE'D
VERY MUCH APPRECIATE
IT.



SO, WHAT
DO YOU **THINK**?
BACK TO THE
MOON?

CHRIST,
NO! YOU
PROMISED
WE COULD HAVE
A
SENSATIONAL
OPERATION
GOING HERE
ON EARTH.
YOU BETTER
LIVE UP TO
THAT, YOU
BASTARD!

YOU **MEAN**
IT, KITTEN? YOU
REALLY MEAN IT?

I WOULD
NOT JIVE THEE.

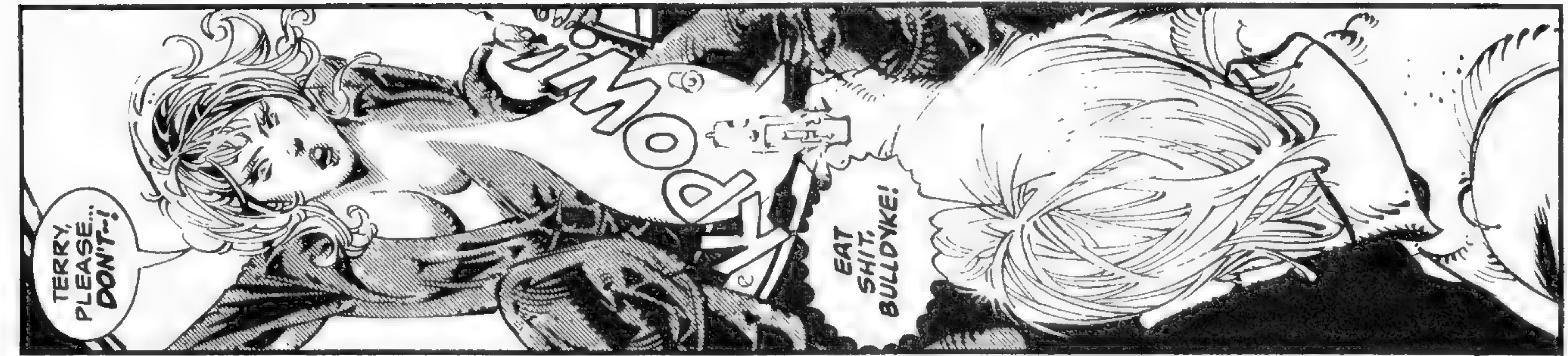
AFTER THE SHOT, I CHASED
THE SON OF A BITCH BACK
DOWN HIS RABBITHOLE, BUT
DIDN'T CATCH HIM. KITTEN WAS
FINE, A SCRATCH THAT HARDLY
NEEDED A BAND-AID. I WAS
RELIEVED AS HELL.



LET'S FACE
IT, LUCIUS. WHEN
IT COMES TO
ROMANCE, I'M A
WASHOUT!

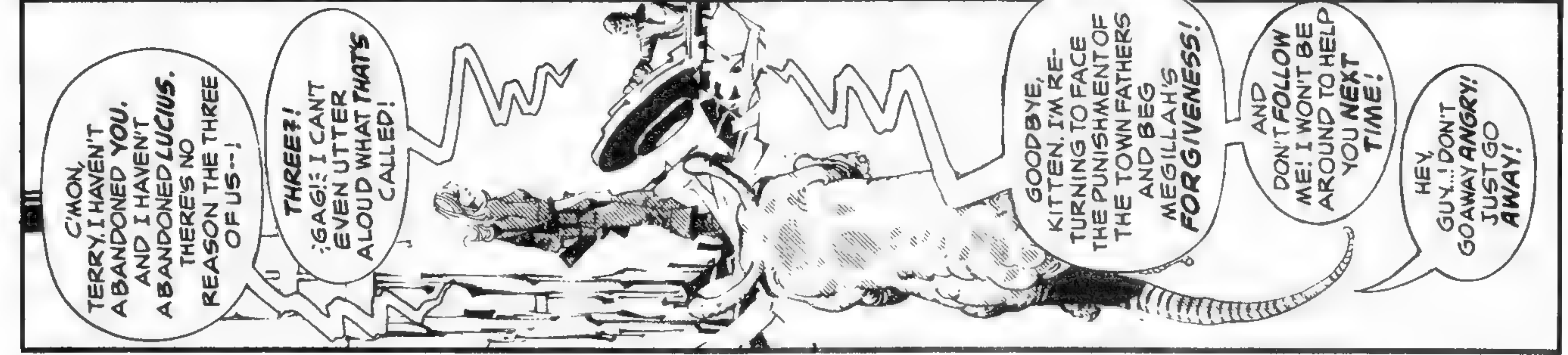
TOO BAD ABOUT
THAT. I RATHER
LIKED THAT
GUY.

I THOUGHT
WE **REALLY** GOT
ON TOGETHER,
DIDN'T YOU?



TERRY,
PLEASE...
DON'T-!

**EAT
SHIT,
BULLDOYKE!**



C'MON,
TERRY. I HAVEN'T
ABANDONED YOU.
AND I HAVEN'T
ABANDONED LUCIUS.
THERE'S NO
REASON THE THREE
OF US--!

THREE?!
GAG! I CAN'T
EVEN UTTER
ALoud WHAT THAT'S
CALLED!

GOODBYE,
KITTEN. I'M RE-
TURNING TO FACE
THE PUNISHMENT OF
THE TOWN FATHERS
AND BEG
MEGILLAH'S
FORGIVENESS!

AND
DON'T FOLLOW
ME! I WON'T BE
AROUND TO HELP
YOU **NEXT**
TIME!

HEY
GUY. I DON'T
GO AWAY **ANGRY!**
JUST GO
AWAY!



I DON'T
BELIEVE IT! YOU
PREFER THIS MANGY
CREATURE OVER
ME!

I SACRIFICED
EVERYTHING FOR
YOU! BETRAYED MY
OWN PEOPLE, BE-
TRAYED MEGILLAH
HIMSELF!

FOR
WHAT?!
WHAT?!

YOU DON'T
WANT **HUMAN**
COMPANIONSHIP!
ALL YOU'RE INTERESTED
IN IS... GASP!
BESTIALITY!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU PREFER THIS MANGY CREATURE OVER ME!

I SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR YOU! BETRAYED MY OWN PEOPLE, BETRAYED MEGILLAH HIMSELF!

FOR WHAT? WHAT?!

YOU DON'T WANT HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP! ALL YOU'RE INTERESTED IN IS... :GASP! :BESTIALITY!



C'MON, TERRY. I HAVEN'T ABANDONED YOU. AND I HAVEN'T ABANDONED LUCIUS. THERE'S NO REASON THE THREE OF US--!

THREE?! :GAG! :I CAN'T EVEN UTTER ALOUD WHAT THAT'S CALLED!

GOODBYE, KITTEN. I'M RETURNING TO FACE THE PUNISHMENT OF THE TOWN FATHERS AND BEG MEGILLAH'S FORGIVENESS!

AND DON'T FOLLOW ME! I WON'T BE AROUND TO HELP YOU NEXT TIME!

HEY, GUY...! DON'T GO AWAY ANGRY! JUST GO AWAY!



TERRY, PLEASE... DON'T-!

POW!

EAT SHIT, BULLOYKE!



AFTER THE SHOT, I CHASED THE SON OF A BITCH BACK DOWN HIS RABBITHOLE, BUT DIDN'T CATCH HIM. KITTEN WAS FINE, A SCRATCH THAT HARDLY NEEDED A BANDAID. I WAS RELIEVED AS HELL.

LET'S FACE IT, LUCIUS. WHEN IT COMES TO ROMANCE, I'M A WASHOUT!

TOO BAD ABOUT THAT. I RATHER LIKED THAT GUY.

I THOUGHT WE REALLY GOT ON TOGETHER, DIDN'T YOU?



WE JUST STAYED PUT FOR SEVERAL HOURS AFTER THAT, SPENDING THE TIME RAPPING, KITTEN TELLING ME ALL ABOUT THE "WOW" GENERATION OF RELIGIOUS WHACKOS WHO DWELLED IN THE CAVERN CITY. ALSO SHE SAID IF I DID NOT USE THE WORDS "HIP", "FAB", OR "GEAR", FOR AT LEAST TWO MONTHS, SHE'D VERY MUCH APPRECIATE IT.

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK? BACK TO THE MOON?

CHRIST, NO! YOU PROMISED WE COULD HAVE A SENSATIONAL OPERATION GOING HERE ON EARTH. YOU BETTER LIVE UP TO THAT, YOU BASTARD!

YOU MEAN IT, KITTEN? YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

I WOULD NOT JIVE THEE.



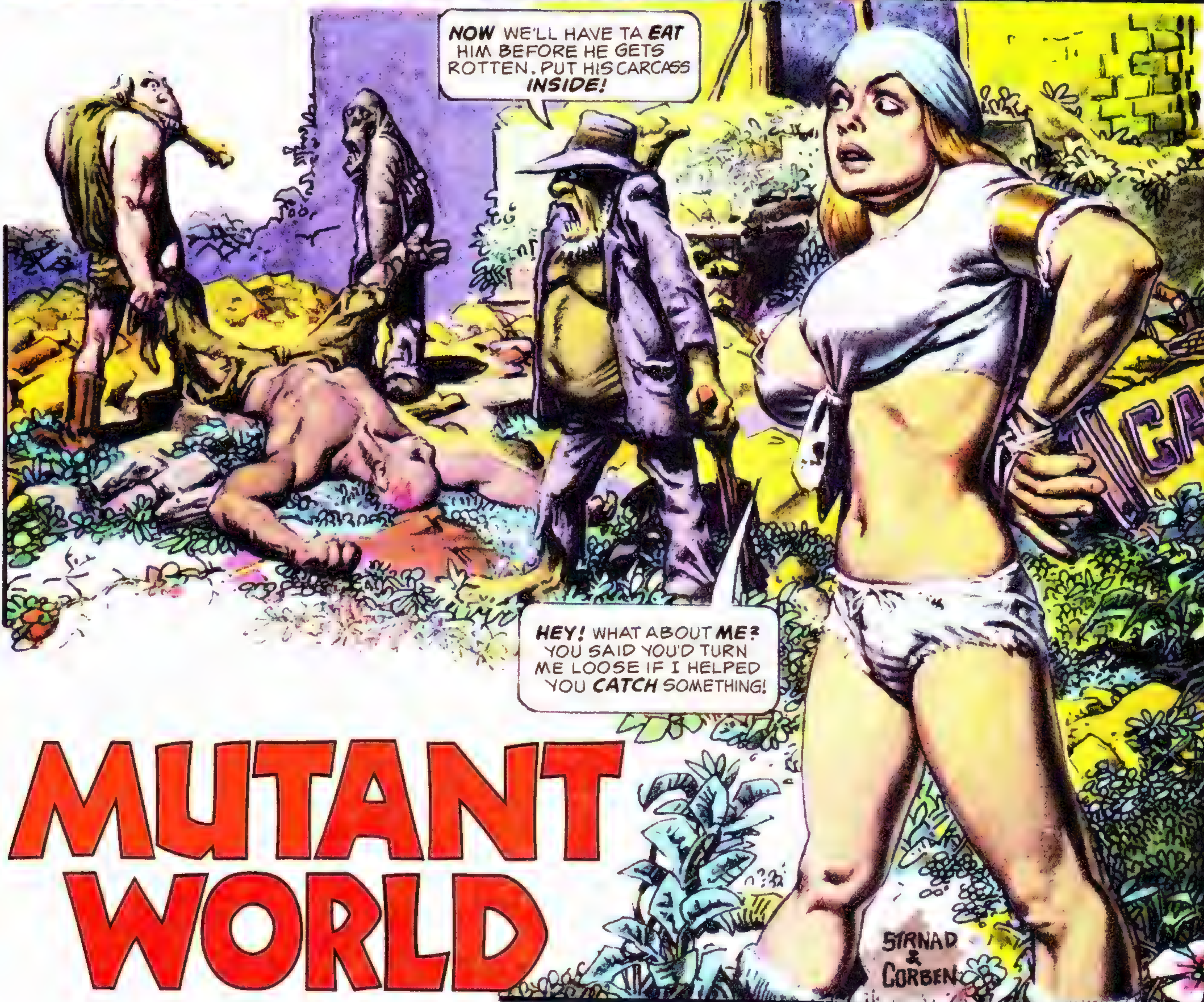
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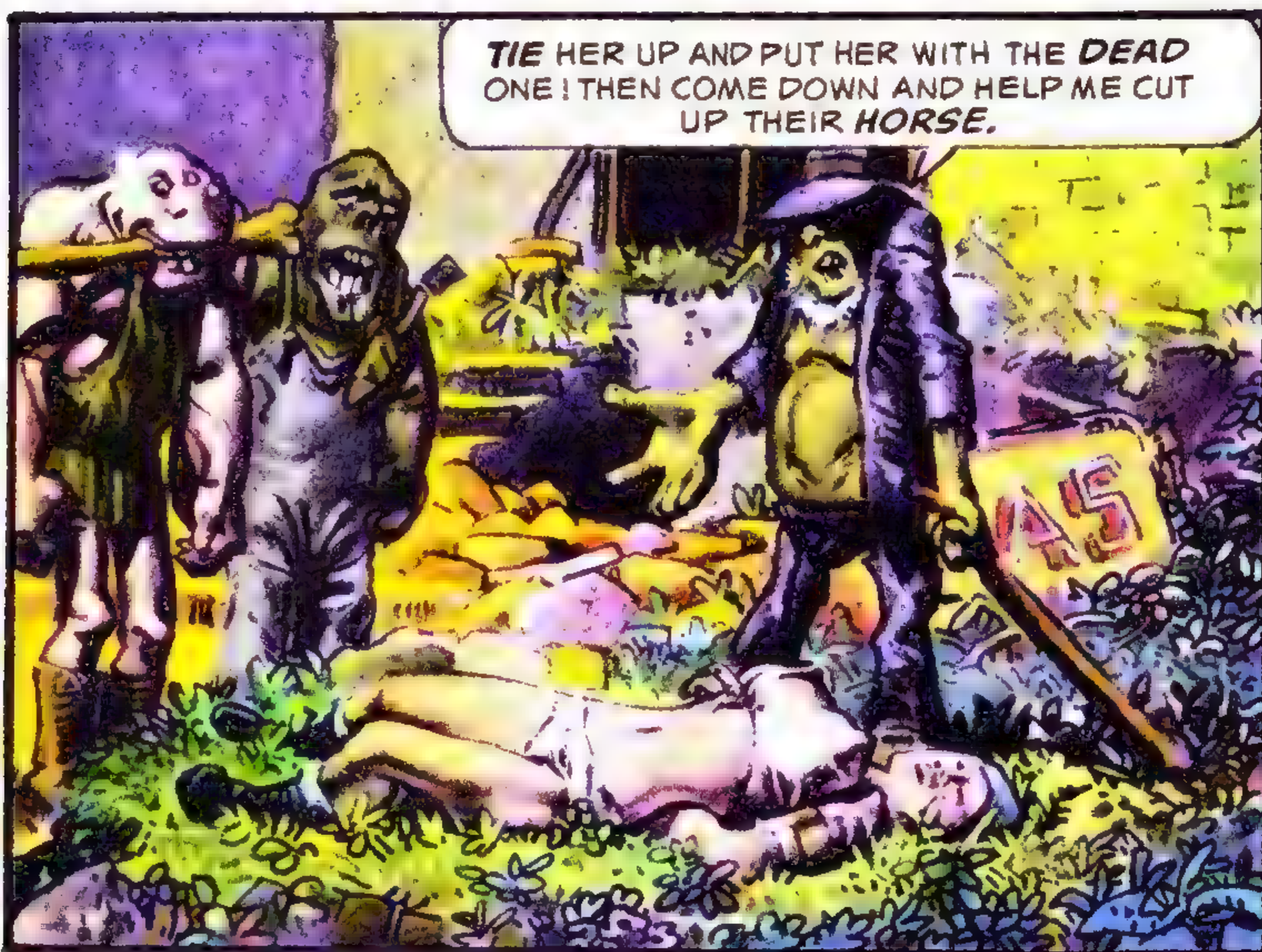
BEST YOU CAN GET!

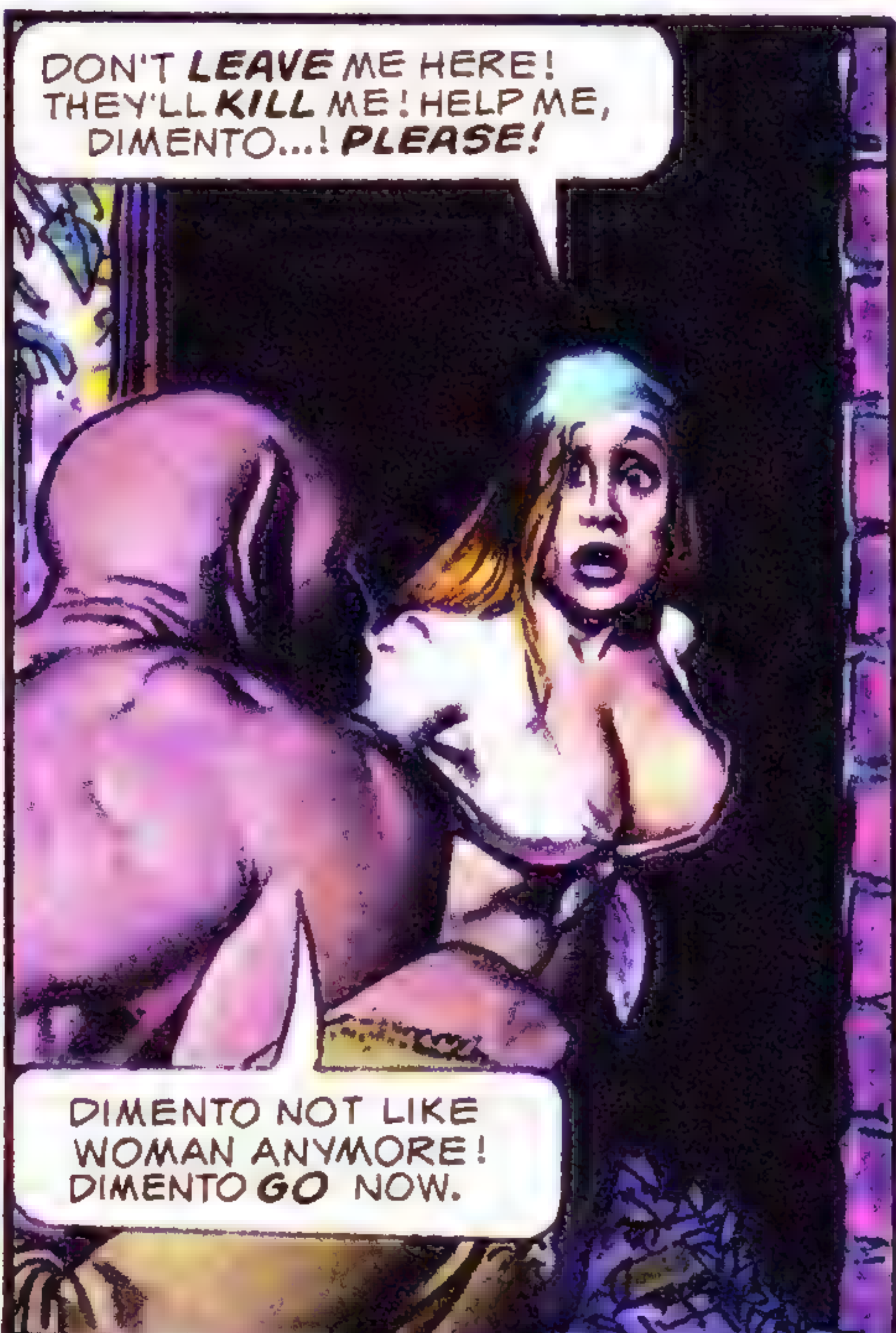
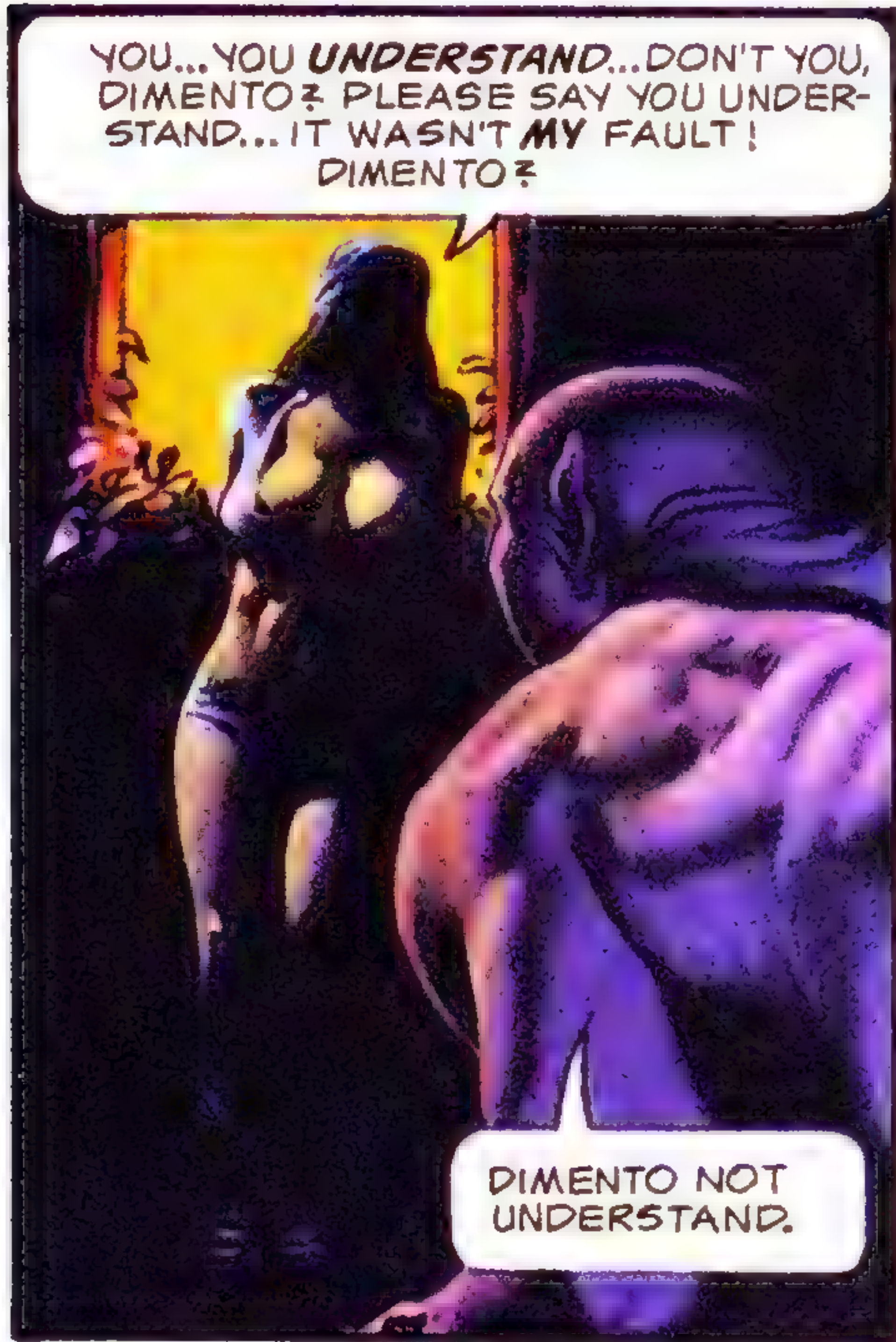
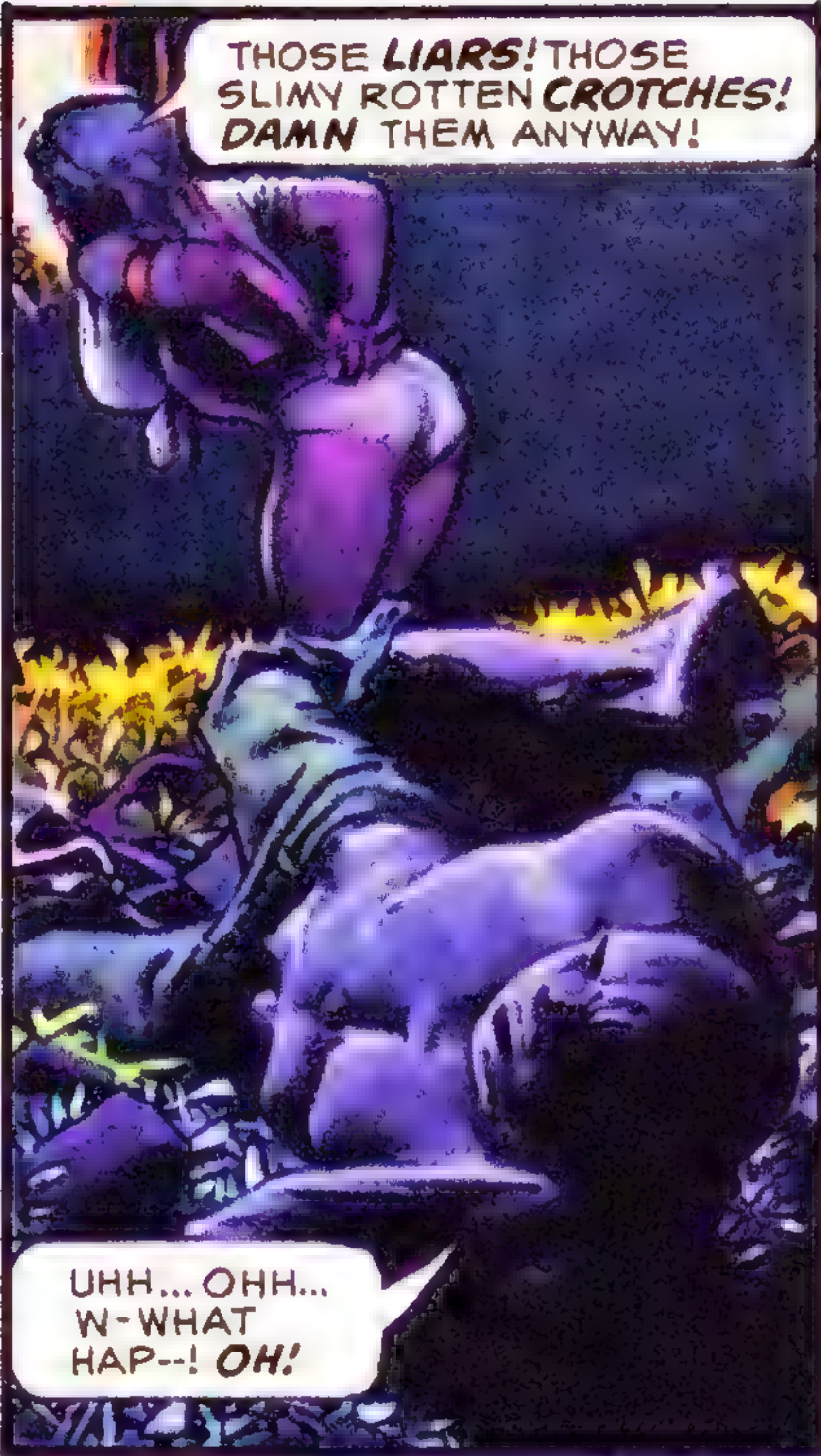
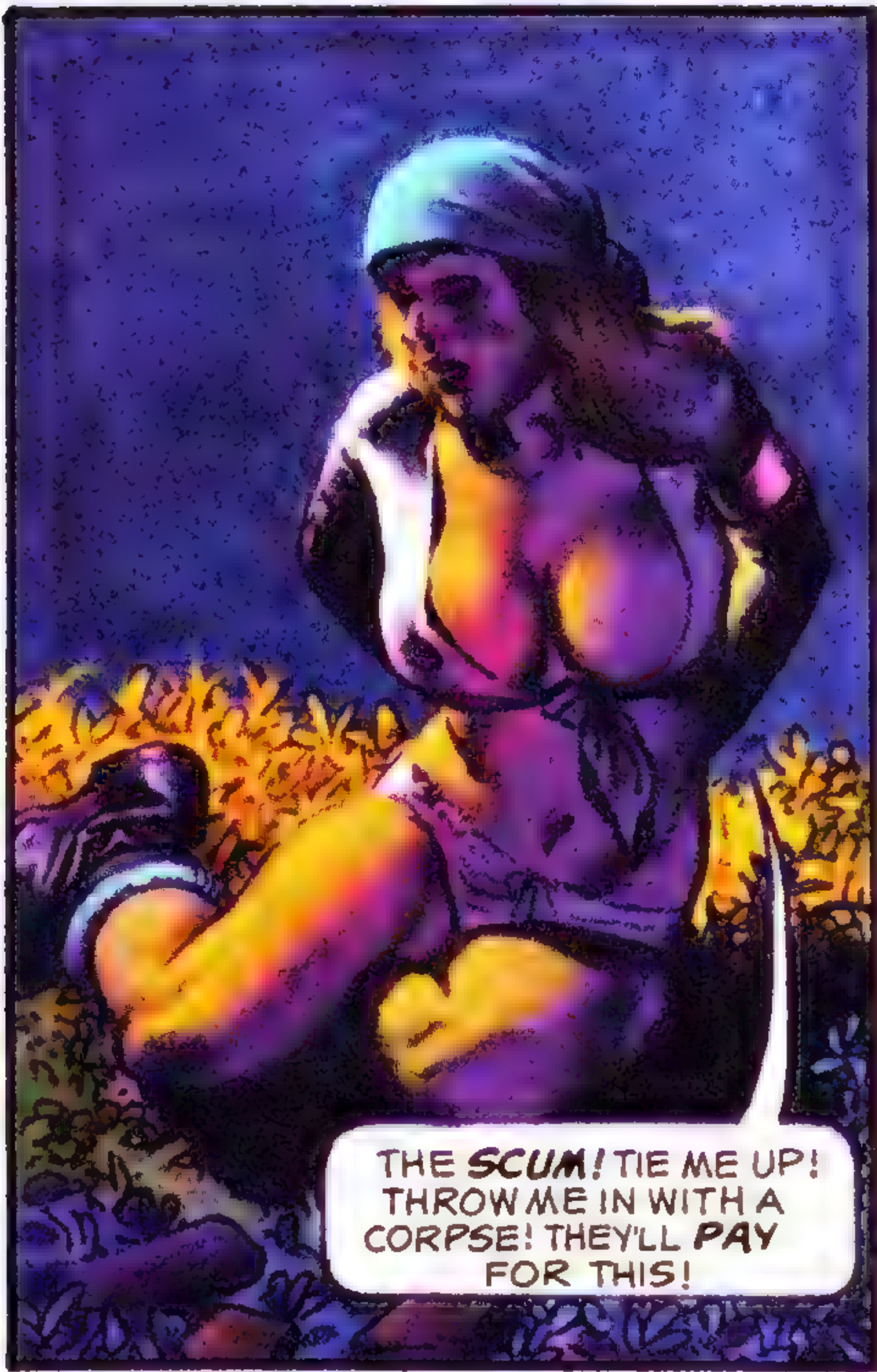
ONE THING ABOUT DIMENTO... YOU COULD NEVER ACCUSE HIM OF FLAUNTING HIS INTELLIGENCE. HE HAD A SORT OF **KNACK**... FOR BLUNDERING BLINDLY INTO **TRAPS**...!



MUTANT WORLD

STRNAD
&
CORBEN





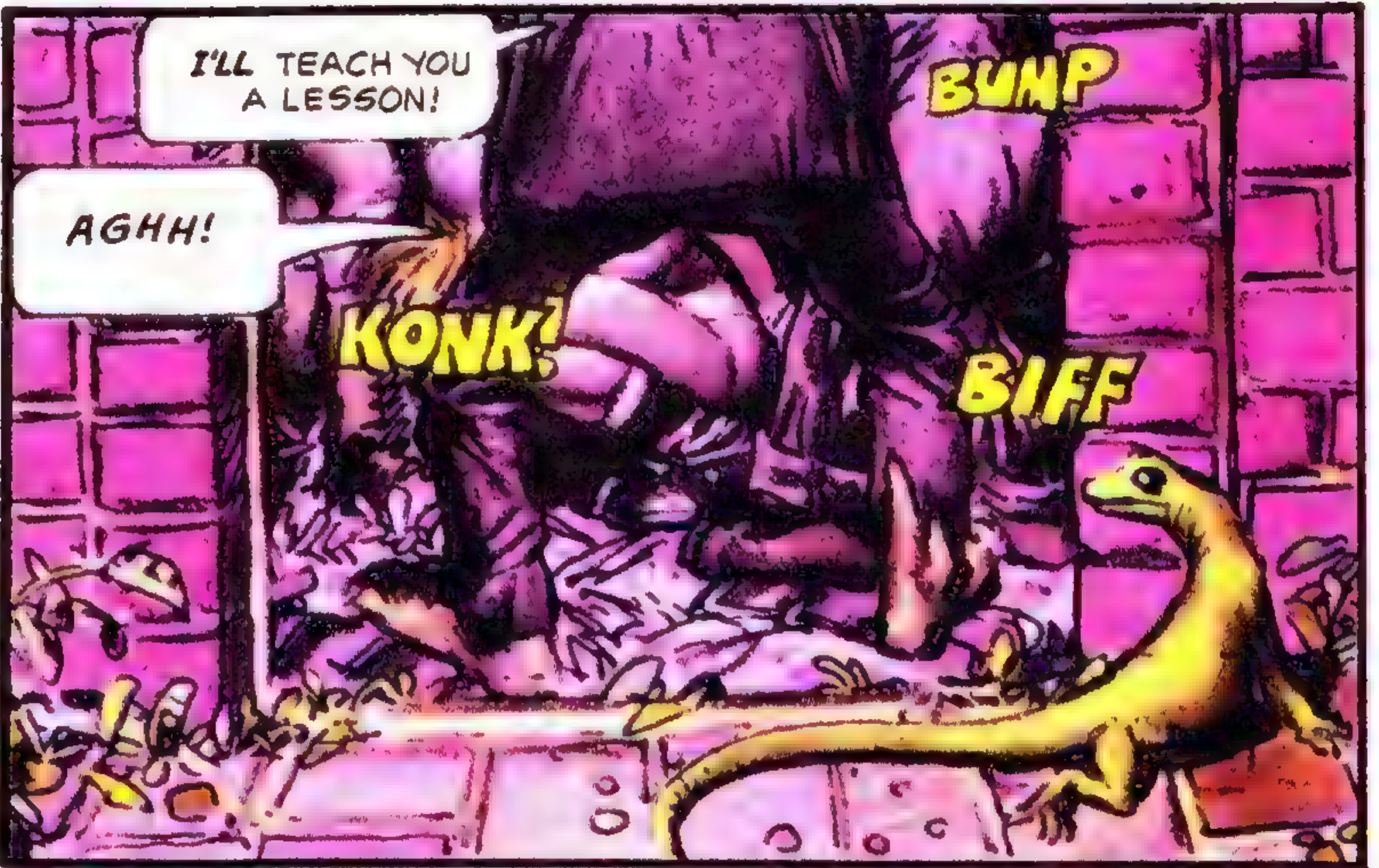


DIMENTO! COME
BACK! THEY'LL
BEAT ME!
PLEASE...!



... COME BACK!
COME BA... ACKK!

GOT YA, Y'WORM-EATING
HAIRPIE! TRY AN' RUN
OUT ON US, HUH?



I'LL TEACH YOU
A LESSON!

AGHH!

BUMP

KONK!

BIFF



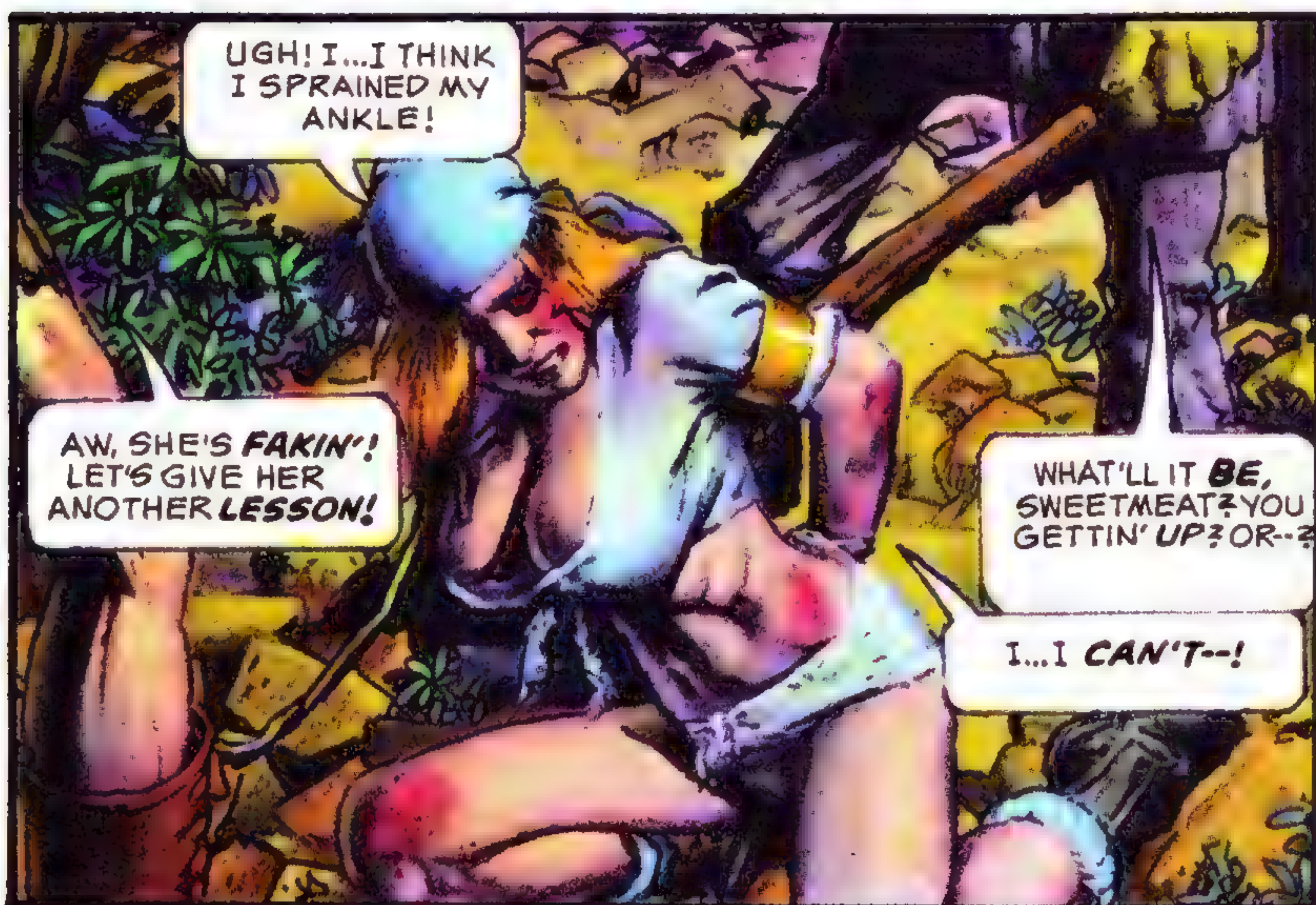
BUMP

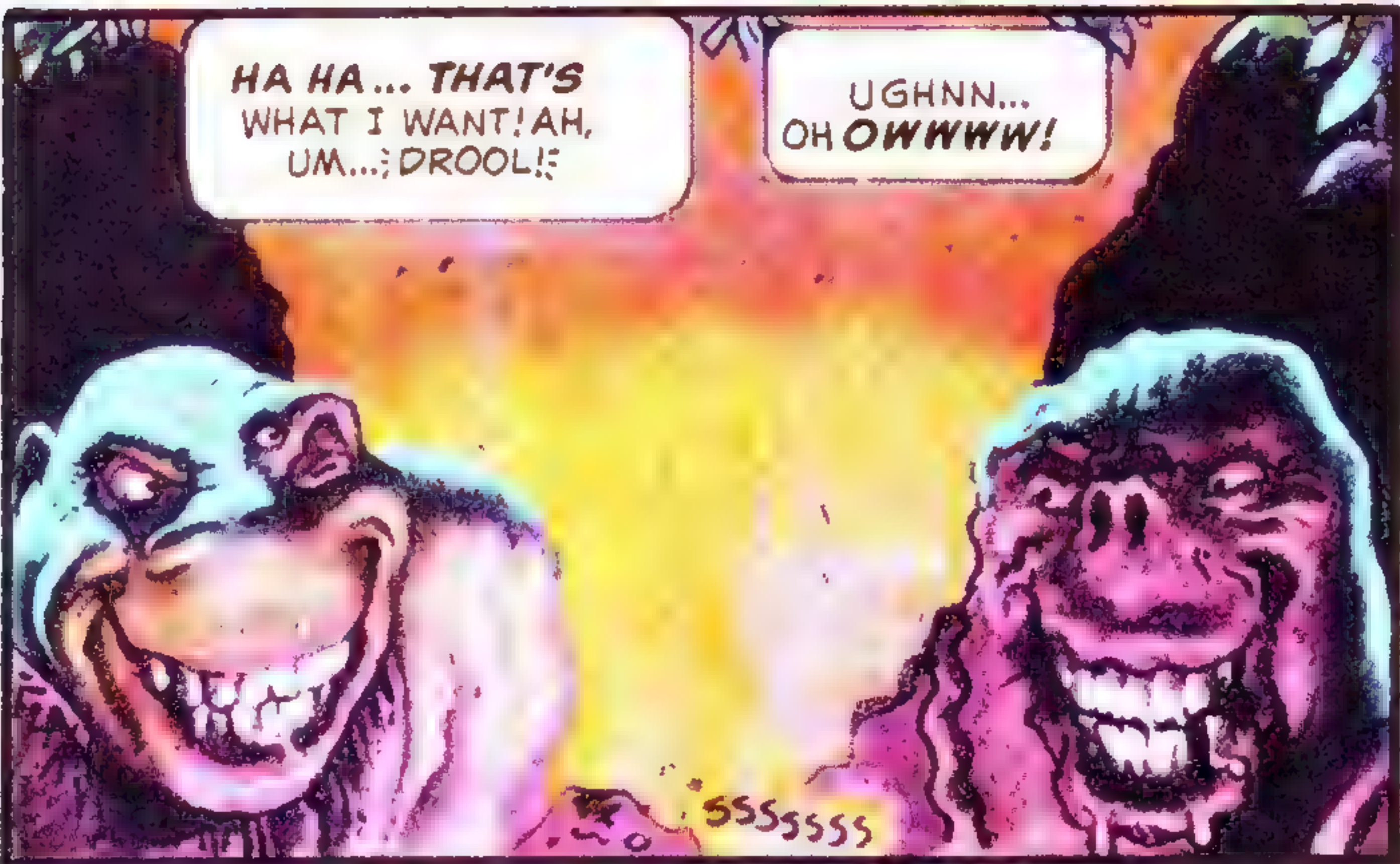


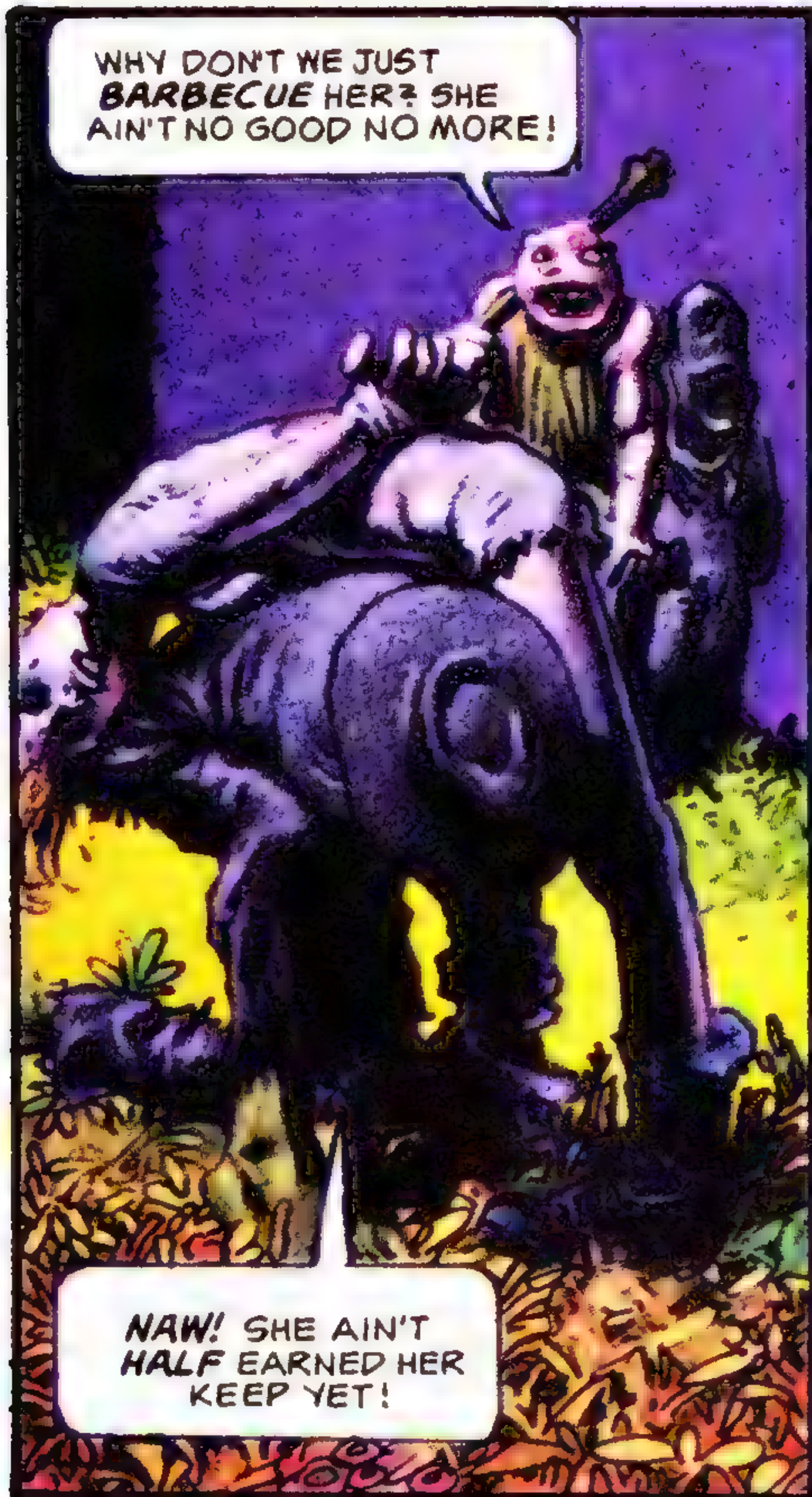
¡S-SOB!

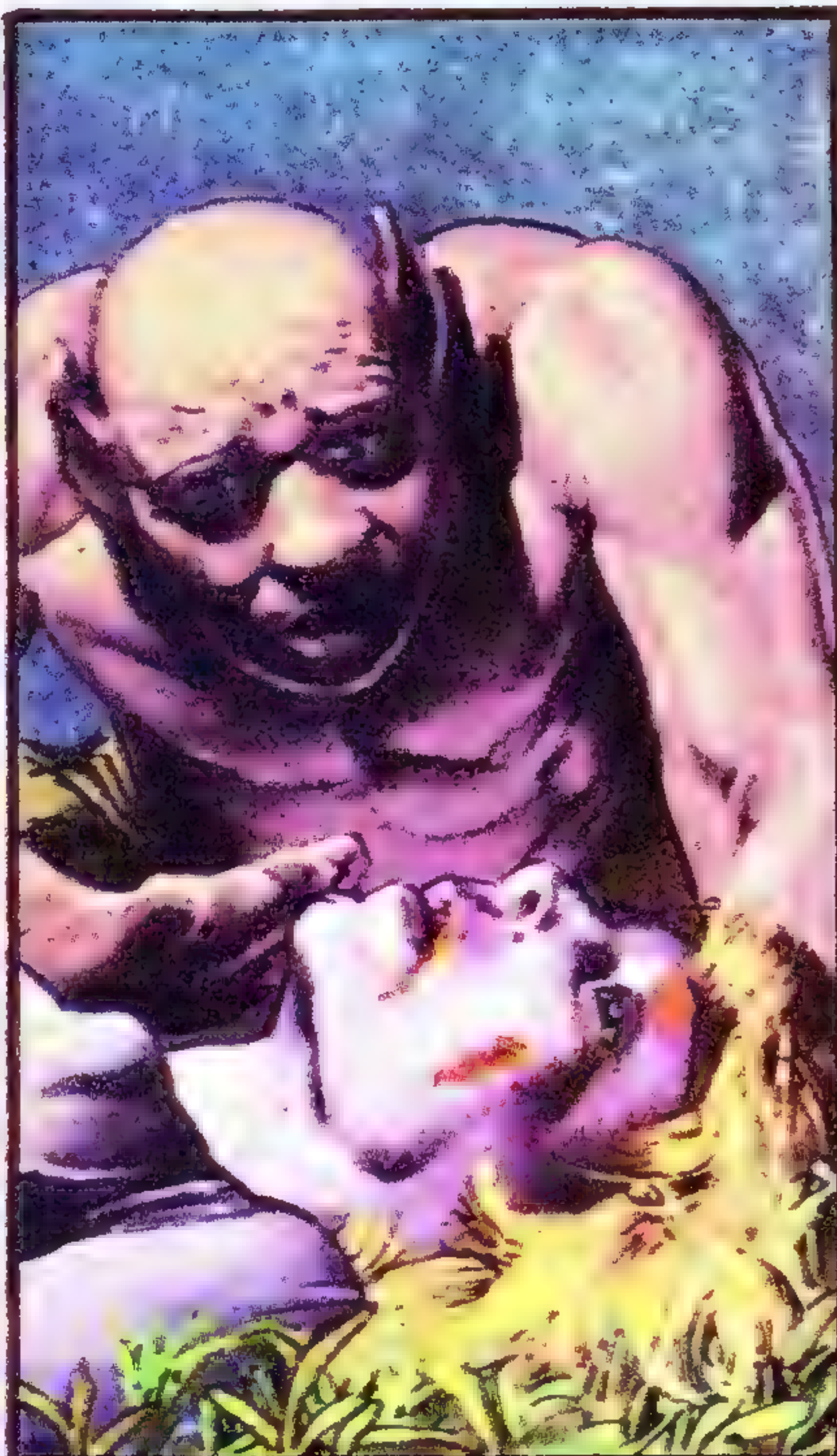


WHY? BANG
WHY? BANG
WHY? BANG
WHY? BASH
WHY? BASH
WHY? BANG

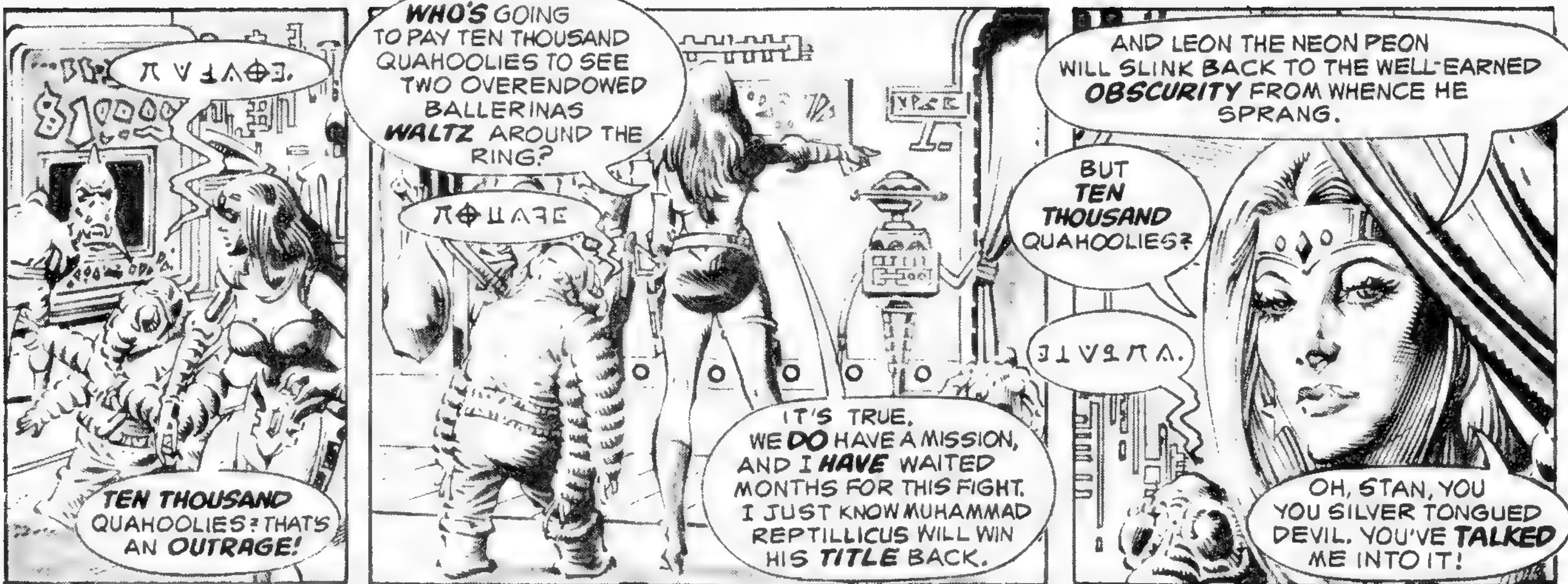








AND SO IT WAS...! LOVE HAD BLOSSOMED LIKE A SPRING FLOWER IN THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF DIMENTO'S MUTANT WORLD! HE TOOK THE GIRL AS HIS VERY OWN...! TO HAVE AND TO HOLD... AND TO FONDLER FOREVER...! OR AT LEAST UNTIL THE NEXT TIME THE HUNGRIES CAME LOOKING FOR MEAT TO FILL THEIR STEWPOTS...!



the stunning downfall of muhammad reptillicus!





AND...
WEARING NO TRUNKS...
FLAUNTING HIS **MINUTE**
BUT **MANLY** JALLAMAS...

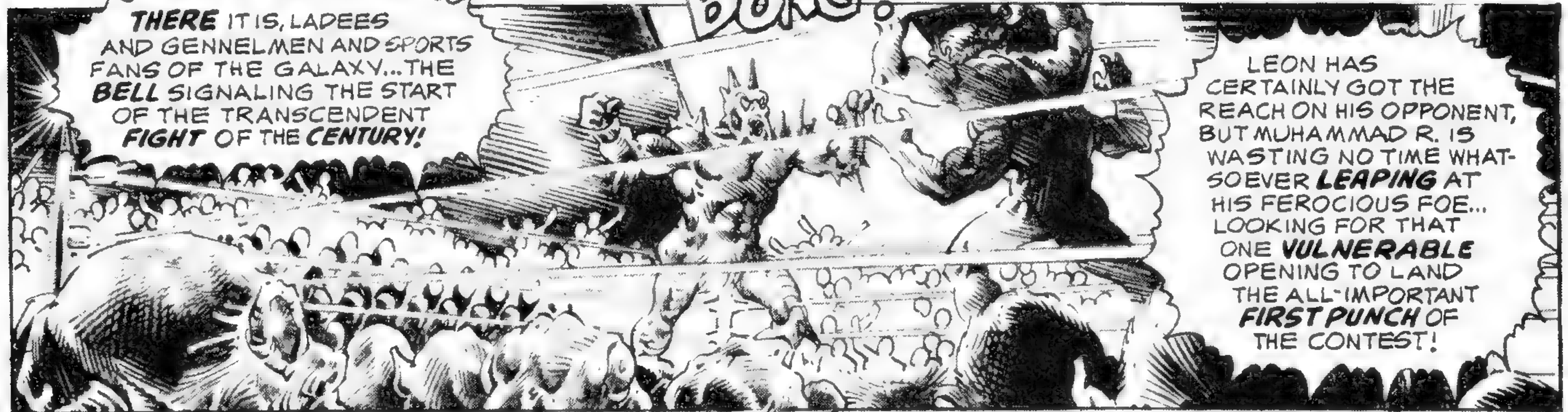
THE IN-
COMPREHENSIBLE,
THE UNIMAGINABLE
THE INCOMPATIBLE...
**LEON THE NEON
PEON!**

...THE **CURRENT**
REIGNING CHAMPEEN...THE
NEWCOMER...THE UPSTART...
THE FRESH OUTTA THE STREETS
MASHER WHO **STOLE** THE
TITLE FROM MIGHTY
MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS
IN THIS VERY ARENA **SIX**
MONTHS AGO...

9 # A P V 7.

**JUST YOU
GO AHEAD AND TRY!**

BONG!



**THERE IT IS, LADEES
AND GENNELMEN AND SPORTS
FANS OF THE GALAXY...THE
BELL SIGNALING THE START
OF THE TRANSCENDENT
FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!**

LEON HAS
CERTAINLY GOT THE
REACH ON HIS OPPONENT,
BUT MUHAMMAD R. IS
WASTING NO TIME WHAT-
SOEVER **LEAPING** AT
HIS FEROCIOUS FOE...
LOOKING FOR THAT
ONE **VULNERABLE**
OPENING TO LAND
THE ALL-IMPORTANT
FIRST PUNCH OF
THE CONTEST!



AND
**HERE IT
COMES,**



**WHAT
A HAYMAKER
IT IS!**



JUST LOOK
AT THAT GRACE!
JUST **RELISH** THAT
SYMMETRY! JUST **SAVOR**
THE AERODYNAMIC
EXCELLENCE DISPLAYED
BY THE CHAMPION'S
NIMBLE BODY AS IT
SAILS GRACEFULLY
FROM THE RING!



I THINK
I'M GONNA BE
SICK!



WILL HE GET
**UP, LADEES AND
GENNLE MEN?** WILL **LEON**
THE NEON CHAMP JUMP
BACK INTO THE RING
WITH THE AGING
BUT NO LESS BRUTAL
MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS?

WE WANT
OUR **MONEY
BACK!**

**NO...IT
DOESN'T
LOOK
LIKE HE
WILL,
SPORTS
FANS!**

**FIX! FIX!
PHONEY!**



**MUHAMMAD
REPTILICUS...YOU
SHOULD BE
ASHAMED!**

JUST BECAUSE
YOUR BOX OFFICE
PULL WAS **WANING...**
YOU DELIBERATELY
LOST YOUR TITLE TO
THIS...THIS
BUM!

EVERYBODY
KNEW YOU'D WIN
TONIGHT! BUT THEY
PAID **EXORBITANT**
SUMS TO SEE YOU
FIGHT **ANYWAY!**

AND THIS IS
HOW YOU **REPAY** YOUR
FANS! YOU **CHEAT** US ALL
BY NOT EVEN PUTTING
ON A DECENT **SHOW!**



GIVE 'EM
HELL, LITTLE
GIRL!

**YOU
TELL 'EM,
SWEETIE!**

**WE
BEEN
ROBBED!**

**BEND
HIS HAM,
DOLL!**



SHIT!
ANYONE COULDA
REAMED THIS NO-
TALENT CREAMPUFF!

IT TAKES
REAL ABILITY TO
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE
WORK!

BANZAI!



CURSE YOU,
YOU MEDDLING DOUCHE
BAG! YOU'VE RUINED
MY IMAGE IN FRONT
OF MY LOYAL
FANS!



YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S WRECKED YOUR
IMAGE, REP... BY FIGHTING
THESE BUMS OF
THE MONTH!



IF Y'WANTA
REAL WORKOUT,
LIZARD LIPS... WHY
DON'T YOU TAKE
ME ON?!

YEA AAAA,
GIRLIE!

STOMP
HIS CHERRIES
GREEN!



YOU!?
HA HA
HA!

WHAT CHANCE
DOES A MERE
GIRL HAVE AGAINST
THE INDELICATE
MUHAMMAD
REPTILICUS?



KANON

ON THE CONTRARY...!
WHAT CHANCE DOES A
MONGOLIAN CORN-
HOLE HAVE AGAINST THE
TEMPESTUOUS SALLY
STARSLAMMER?



GAAAAA!
LOOK AT ME!
I... I'M BLEEDING!

YOU'VE
DEMOLISHED MY
FLAWLESS
FEATURES!

BLOOD!
BLOOD! BUCKETS
OF BLOOD!

YEA AAAA,
SWEETCAKES!

HIT 'IM
AGAIN! HIT 'IM
AGAIN!

HARDER!
HARDER!

HEAR
THEM, REP?
YOUR FANS
WANT TO SEE
YOU IN A FAIR
FIGHT FOR A
CHANGE.

THINK
YOU CAN HANDLE
IT?

ARGGGGH!
I'LL TEAR YOU
APART!



MASH
THE CLOWN!

STOMP
THE MOTHER!

MAIM
THE LIMP
WAD!

SHOVE
HIS HEAD UP
HIS MONEYGRUB-
BING ASS!

SE HABLA
ESPANOL?

WHEN IT COMES TO **REAL** FISTICUFFS, YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A **CHERRY PICKER!**

STAND STILL, DAMMIT! FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN!

THUNK

ARGHHHH! YOU **DARE** MOCK THE MIGHTY **MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS?**

I'LL **TEAR** OFF YOUR OVER-RIPE **PLUMS!**

SLKKKT!

WHAT'S THE **MATTER**, REP? CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN **MEDICINE?**

FLOAT LIKE A BATTLEFLY...**STING** LIKE A FLEA... ISN'T THAT THE EXPRESSION YOU USED ON **SMOKIN' JOE QUASAR?**

WELL, TASTE MY **STING**, MY MAN!

ARGGHHHH!

BLOOD! BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD!

BLOOD BLOOD! SMEAR HIM WITH BLOOD!

THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE **FIRST TIME** IN AGES THAT YOU HAVEN'T **DISAPPOINTED** THEM!

SOUNDS LIKE YOUR **FANS** ARE **ENJOYING** THEMSELVES, REP!

UH OH! I GUESS THAT MEANS I'D BETTER **START DEFENDING** MYSELF!

YOU'RE **SHOWING** THEM EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF A **THESBIAN CROTCH-SNIFFER** YOU **REALLY** ARE!

ROAAAAAAR! I AM **THROUGH** TOY-ING WITH YOU! FEMALE OR NOT... I'M GONNA **SMASH** YOUR LOVE TUNNEL WIDE OPEN!

SNAP

HERE, Y'GO, "BIG BEAR!" SWEET SALLY STARSLAMMER'S MODIFIED VERSION OF THE **ROPE-A-DOPE MUHAMMAD SHUFFLE!**



ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!
DON'T HURT
HIM
ANYMORE!

LET HIM TELL
ME AGAIN HOW HE
NEVER FIXED A FIGHT!

YOU BRUTE!
HE ISN'T USED TO
THIS KIND OF
ABUSE!

YEAAAAA,
BABYCAKES!

SALLY
THE
CHAMP!

NUMBER
ONE! NUMBER
ONE! SALLY'S
NUMBER
ONE!



NOW IF
YOU'LL BE SO
KIND AS TO LEAD ME
TO MY WINNINGS...!

W-WINNINGS!?
BUT...BUT...
YOU CAN'T!

YOU DON'T THINK
I PUT ON THIS ONE-SIDED
EXHIBITION FOR FREE,
DO YOU?



I'VE EARNED
IT... AND IT'S MINE!

EIGHTY-TWO
TRILLION
QUAHOOLES!

π ∫ ∅ ∇ ∆ ∑.

WHY,
THANK
YOU, STANLEY!
NOW YOU BE
A GOOD
LITTLE DROPSY
AND GO
APOLOGIZE TO
THE TIMEKEEP-
ER FOR TAKING
THE MONEY
AWAY FROM
HIM!

WE'LL
LET THE FANS JUDGE
WHETHER I'VE EARNED
THIS PURSE OR
NOT...!



WHATTAYA
THINK, SPORTS
FANS...?

EIGHTY-TWO
TRILLION QUAHOOLES!
DO I KEEP IT? OR DOES
IT RIGHTFULLY BELONG
TO THE "MIGHTY"
MUHAMMAD R.?



HURRRRAAAAAAY!

YEAAAAA,
SALLY!

KEEP IT!
KEEP IT!

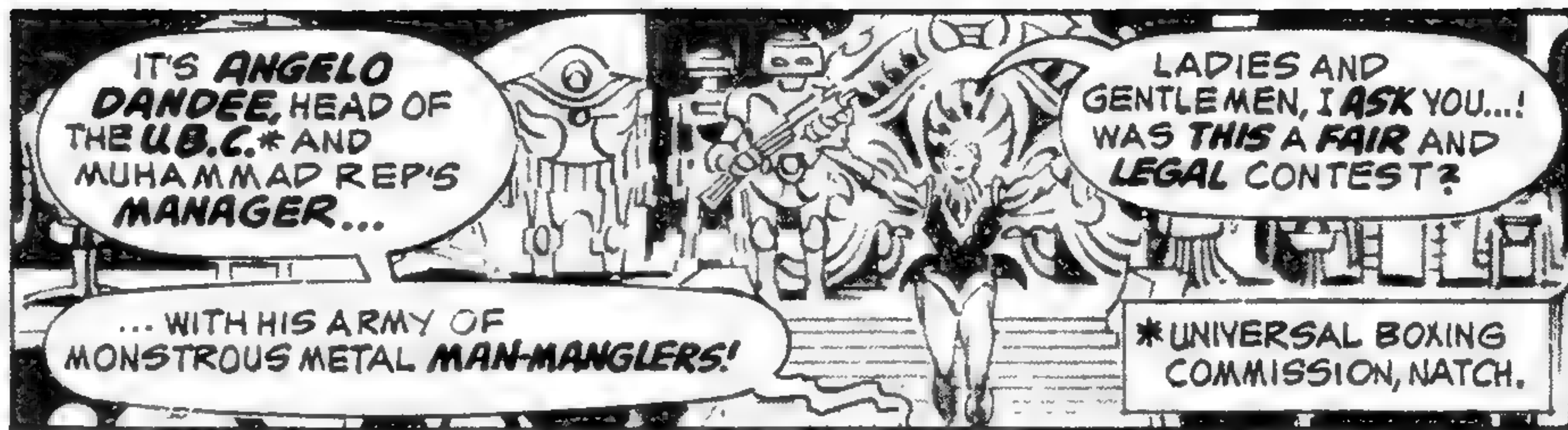
SALLY
THE CHAMP!!

OH, YOU'RE
TOO SWEET!



HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE!

HUHHHH!?



IT'S **ANGELO
DANDEE**, HEAD OF
THE **U.B.C.*** AND
MUHAMMAD REP'S
MANAGER...

... WITH HIS ARMY OF
MONSTROUS METAL **MAN-MANGLERS!**

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU...!
WAS **THIS** A FAIR AND
LEGAL CONTEST?

* UNIVERSAL BOXING
COMMISSION, NATCH.



AW, C'MON,
SWEETNESS...! YOU
WOULDN'T WANT ME TO
ORDER MY METALLIC
MERCENARIES TO REND
YOU **LIMB** FROM
BLOODY **LIMB**!

YOU
HAVE A POINT
THERE!

MAYBE
WE COULD TALK
ABOUT THIS IN
PRIVATE?

AND INCUR
THE **WRATH** OF
SPORTS FANS EVERY-
WHERE?

LEAVE!

OVER
MY MASHED
JALLAMAS!

SURE!
IF YOU GET
RID OF OOGIE
AND THE JUNKERS
THERE! WHY DOES
A BIG BRAVE MAN
LIKE YOU NEED
BODYGUARDS,
ANYWAY?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY LOVE!
I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU
MY **GALLERY** OF CHAMPIONS...!

AND **HERE**,
MY DEAR, IS A
PLACE RESERVED
JUST FOR YOU!

HMMMM!
IMPRESSIVE!
TRIBUTES
IN GLORIOUS
SMELTED
PLASTIC TO
CHAMPIONS
OF DECADES
PAST!

JUST WHAT
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
MY VERY OWN **PLASTIC
PEDESTAL!**



THEY
SAY I FIX
FIGHTS!

THE LACKWITS!
HOW COULD THEY MAKE
SUCH A **VILE**
ACCUSATION?

BEATS ME! I
THINK I'M A **SWEETHEART**
OF A GUY!

C'MON, LET'S GO
WHERE WE CAN BE **ALONE**.
I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION
YOU CAN'T **REFUSE!**

OKAY! BUT
STAN HOLDS THE
MONEY, AND HE WAITS
FOR ME **HERE!**



IF YOU LET ME
MANAGE YOUR CAREER,
DOLL, I COULD MAKE YOU A
STAR!

JUST THINK...
NO MORE HUMDRUM
DAYS SITTING ON YOUR
BOSS'S BULGING LAP,
SCARFING UP BORING
DICTATION.

NO MORE
WASTED HOURS
SLAVING OVER A **HOT**
STOVE OR CHANGING
MESSY **DIAPERS...**

YOU CAN BE THE **NEW**
WAVE WOMAN OF TOMORROW!
I'LL MAKE YOU **RICH!** I'LL MAKE YOU
FAMOUS! I'LL MAKE YOU THE NEXT
ULTRA WEIGHT **CHAMPION** OF
THE UNIVERSE!

IN
RETURN
FOR?



**SEVENTY-FIVE
PERCENT OF THE
TAKE!**

THAT'S
A MOST
GENEROUS
OFFER, I'M
SURE.

BUT?



BUT
WHY SHOULD
I **GIVE-UP**
EVERYTHING
IN EXCHANGE
FOR A LIFE
BEING
BATTERED
AROUND A
RING?

WHAT
IF I SAW TO
IT THAT **NO**
ONE EVER
LAID A **GLOVE**
ON YOU?

I CAN **SEE** IT
NOW...! THE **UN-
TOUCHABLE**
SALLY STARSLAM-
MER, **SCOURGE**
OF THE GUILPED
CANVAS!

YOU'D
DO **THAT**
FOR ME?

WHY
NOT? I
DID IT FOR MUHAMMAD
REP FOR **FORTY-TWO**
YEARS!



WHY
DON'T YOU
COME UP TO
MY PLACE, TO...
ER... **SEAL** OUR
LITTLE
BARGAIN!

OH, MR. DANDEE...!
YOU'RE **5000000**
GROOVY!



EVER **MAKE IT**
WITH A **TIRELESS**
LECHER?



MMMM!
FREQUENTLY.



BUT I'M NOT
ABOUT TO **TONIGHT,**
BEAVER BALLS!

5000!
IT'S JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

YOU...!
YOU'RE NOT
YOUR RUN-OF-
THE MILL
SECRETARY
OR EVEN A
SIMPLE
HOUSEWIFE!

H-HEY!
NOT THE **SCARF!**
PLEASE...!

NOT THE
SCARF!

NO, MR. DANDEE...! BUT THEN EITHER ARE **YOU** YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL **PROMOTER!**

OH, **THIS...** HEH HEH! I CAN **EXPLAIN!**

STOW IT, CLOWNIE! CAN'T Y'SEE SHE'S A **COP!?** SHE KNOWS **EVERY-THING!**

I **SENSED** IT THE SECOND SHE JUMPED INTO THE RING AND BEAT **HOLY SHIT** OUT OF OUR BOY MUHAMMAD!

NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD'DA DONE THAT UNLESS THEY WERE FROM THE **LAW!**

THEY **KNOW** ABOUT US, DANDEE...! HOW WE **PARAPSYCHES** FROM THE **SYNDICATE PLANETS** MUSCLED INTO THE FIGHT GAME...!

HOW WE TOOK **YOU** AND EVERY **OTHER** TRAINER WITH A TOP-RANKED FIGHTER **OVER...** SO WE COULD **BETTER CONTROL** THE ACTION!

HE...HE'S **RIGHT**, SALLY! YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND...! HE...HE'S A **PARASITE** WHO HAS **ATTACHED** HIMSELF TO MY UNWILLING BODY!

YOU... YOU CAN'T **STOP** HIM WITHOUT **KILLING** ME!

I **KNOW** THAT, LOVE! AND I WOULDN'T **DREAM** OF HURTING **EITHER** OF YOU!

YOU'VE BOTH USED YOUR **WITS** TO GET WHERE YOU ARE TODAY...

...AND THE MOST POETIC JUSTICE I CAN ADMINISTER, IS A QUICK **LASER BLAST LOBOTOMY!**

ZzzzzT!

SHE... HAS... HURT... MASTER!

C'MON, TIN HEADS! GIMME A **BREAK!** I HAVE **NOT** HURT YOUR MASTER!

SHE... MUST... BE... ZAPPED!

FROM NOW ON, HE'LL JUST BE FUNCTIONING ON **ONE** CYLINDER INSTEAD OF TWO!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT OUR **WHEELS** REVVED UP AND READY TO FLY, STAN!

OH, **STAN!** MUST YOU **ALWAYS** BE SO **JEALOUS?** PARTAKING OF DANDEE'S SEXUAL PROWESS NEVER EVEN **CROSSED** MY MIND!

OF **COURSE** I DID! WHAT DID YOU **THINK** I WAS DOING ALL THIS TIME?

Φ 7 Λ V 3 # ?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO **TELL** YOU...? YOU'RE THE **ONLY** ONE!

GAAAA! NOT NOW, STAN! WE'VE GOT TO **RE-PORT** TO **HEADQUARTERS** AND TELL THEM OUR MISSION IS **ACCOMPLISHED**.

Φ 3 Λ V E !

STANLEY STEAMER! SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!

Λ Λ 3 7 # ?

OH, **ALL RIGHT!**

BUT IT HAS TO BE A **QUICKIE!**

AND NONE OF THAT **PERVERTED** STUFF WITH THE **WHIPS!** YOU KNOW HOW EASILY I **BRUISE!**

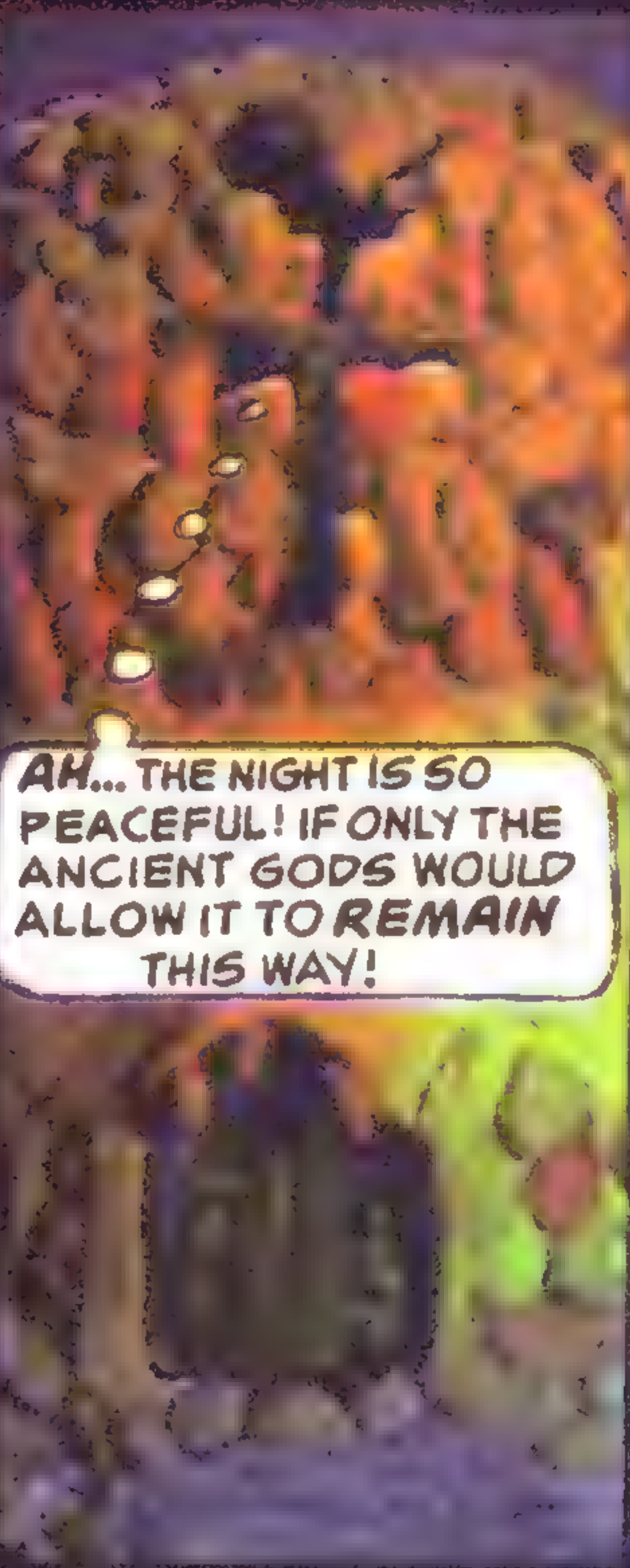
WELL... MAYBE WE COULD KEEP A **LITTLE!** BUT AT LEAST A **MILLION** OF IT GOES INTO PETTY CASH!

NOT ONLY DID WE **SUCCEED** IN SQUELCHING THE **SYNDICATE'S** CONTROL OF MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS...


...BUT WE'VE **ACQUIRED** **EIGHTY-TWO TRILLION QUAHOOLES** FOR THE PETTY CASH FUND AS WELL!




Byrna



AH... THE NIGHT IS SO
PEACEFUL! IF ONLY THE
ANCIENT GODS WOULD
ALLOW IT TO REMAIN
THIS WAY!



I WONDER WHAT THE LOVELY
BYRNA IS DOING NOW. I
WISH I COULD BE WITH HER.



I WISH I COULD BE HUMAN LIKE
HER. THEN SHE WOULD LOVE ME!

BUT ALAS...! IT IS NOT TO BE! THE
HATEFUL **PRINCE** WILL NO DOUBT
HAVE HIS WAY WITH HER AGAIN
TONIGHT!



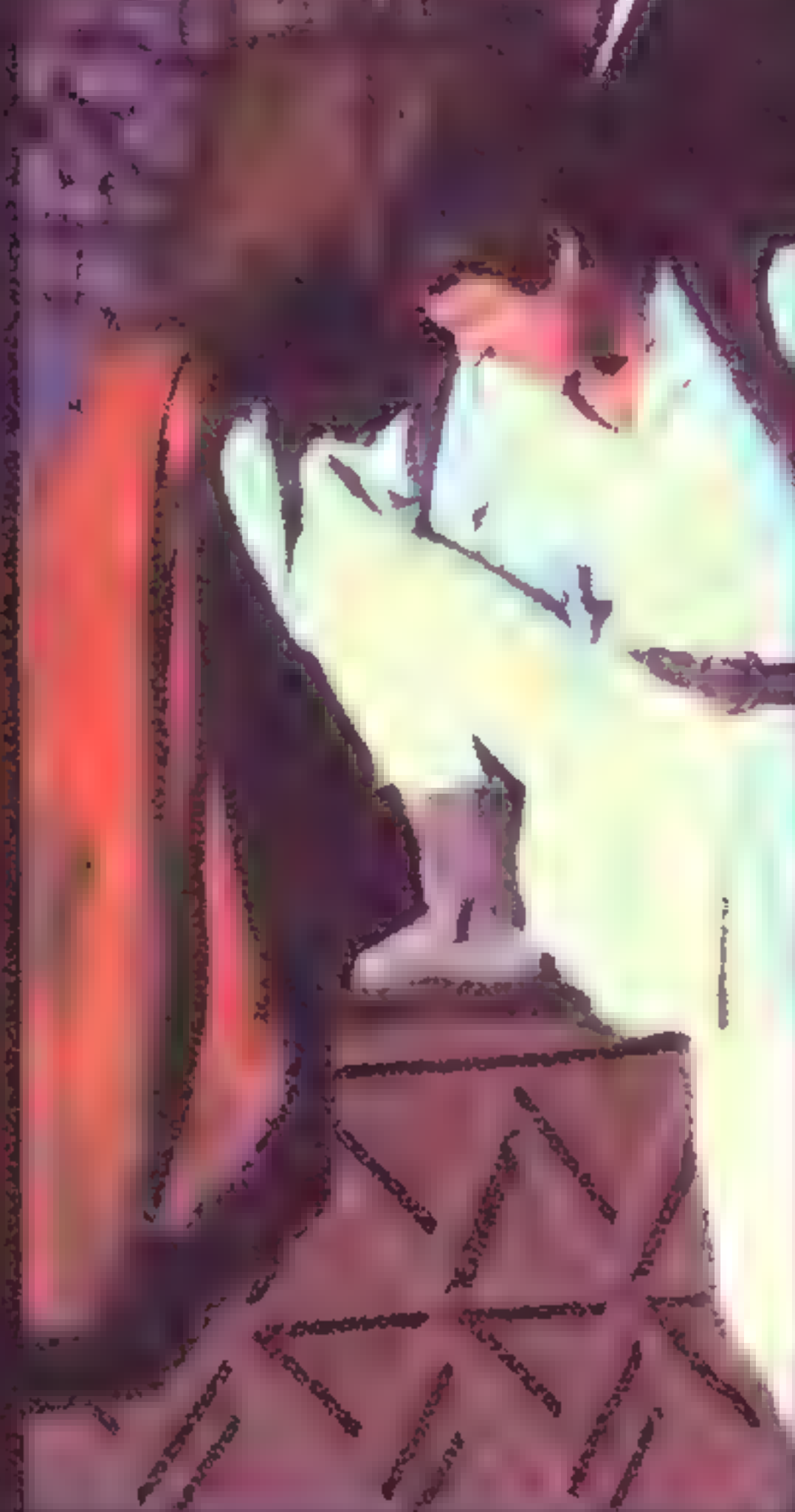
COME TO ME MY PRETTY PRINCE! MY DESIRE IS HOT AND MOIST!

YES, MY QUEEN!

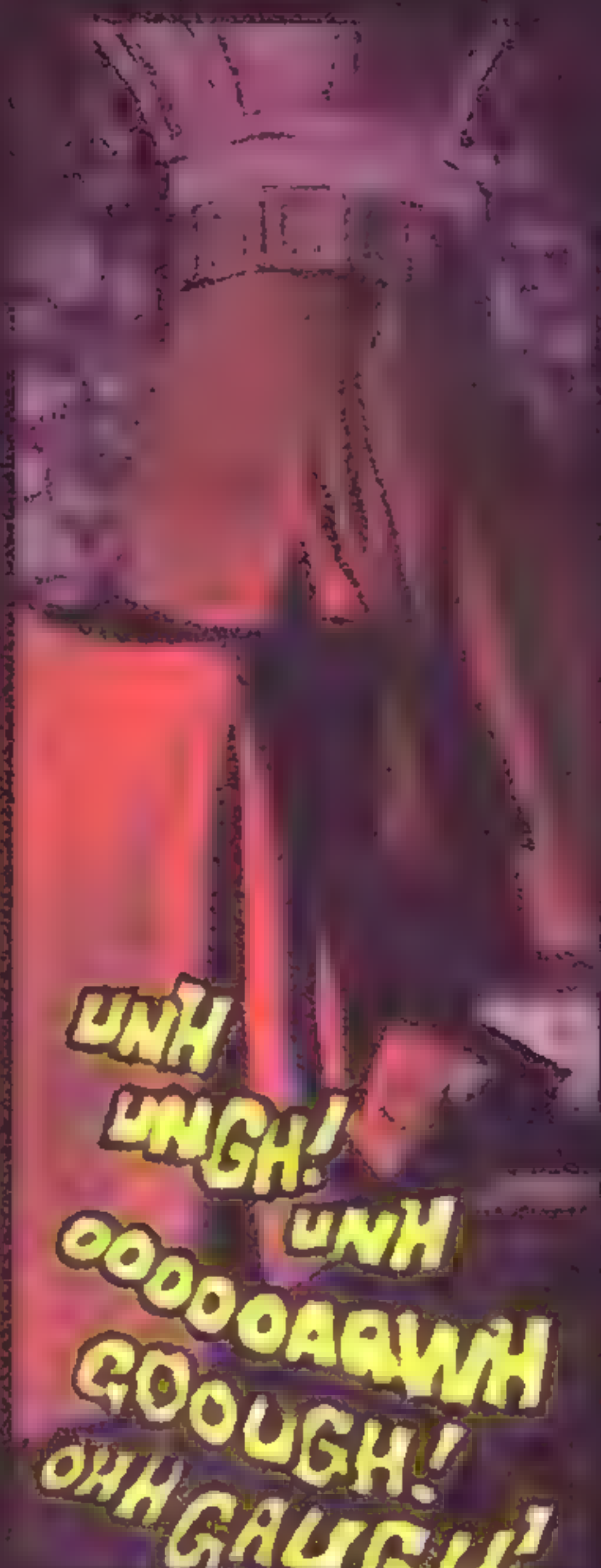


GLK GULP!

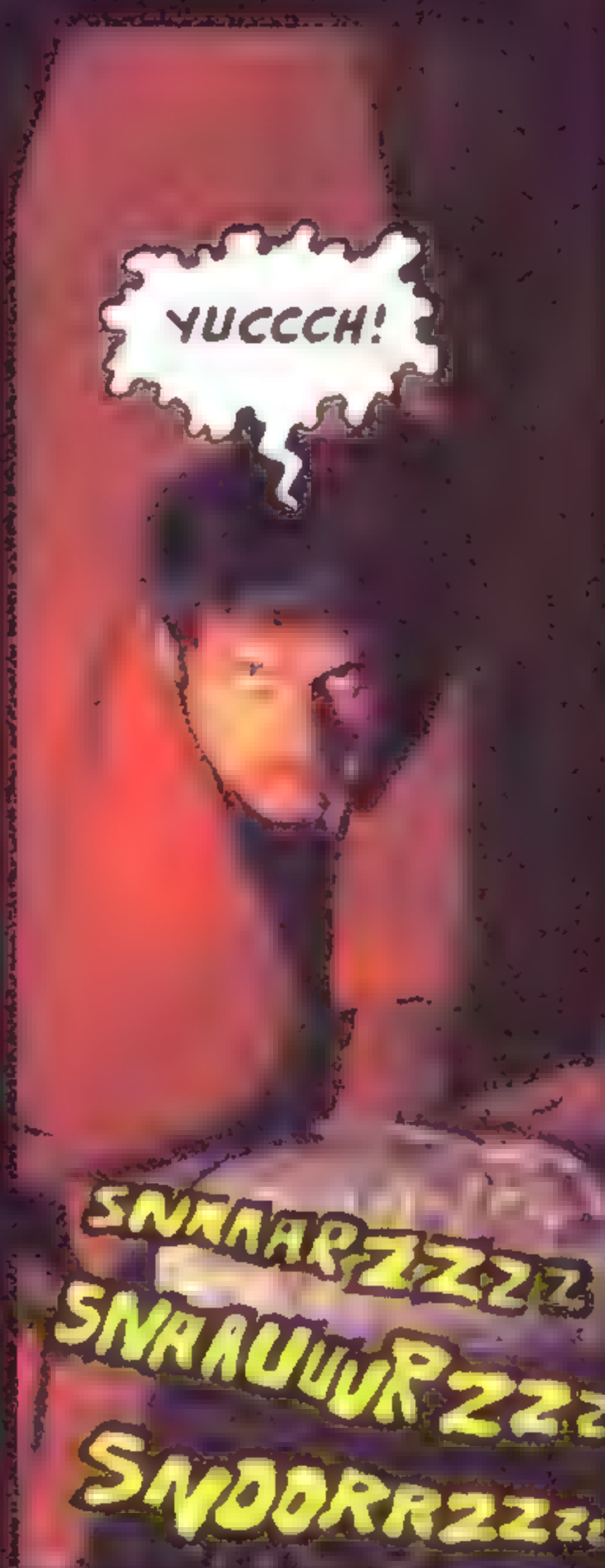
WHATEVER YOU DESIRE, MY DARLING WIFE. OUR PASSIONATE SIGHS ARE THE MUSIC OF LOVE!



YUCCCH!



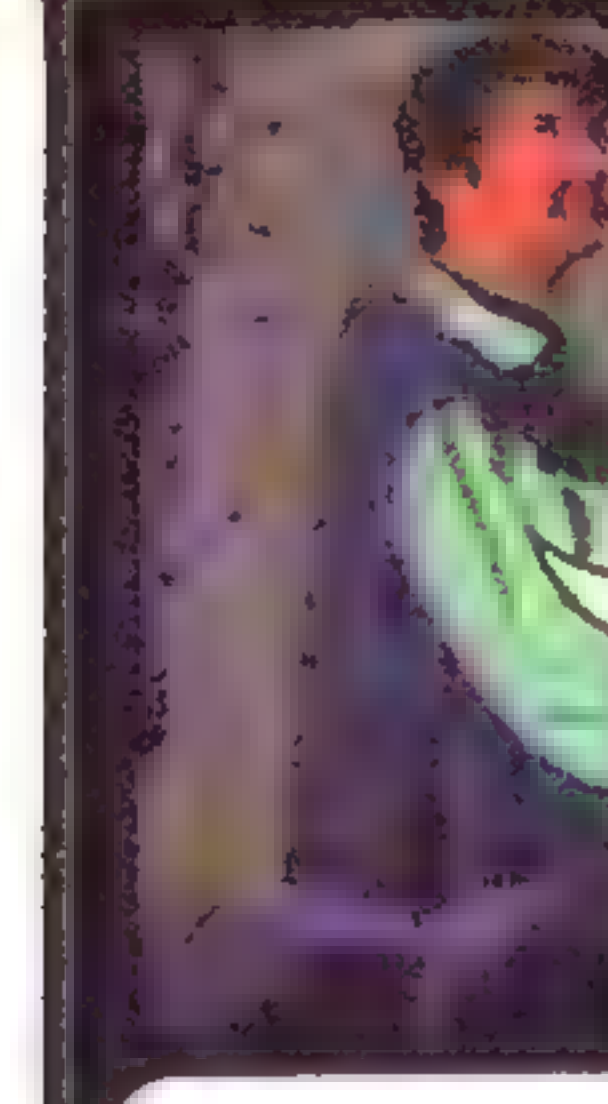
UNH UNGH! UNH OOOOAAWH GOOUGH! OHH GAUGH!



SNAAARZZZZ SNAAUUURZZZ SNOORRZZZ



SKAAARZZZZZ ZZZZZZZZ SNOOOOOORRZZZZZ



OH, HATEFUL ACCURSED FATE! WHY MUST I FOUL MY BEAUTIFUL BODY WITH HER MONSTROUS TOUCH? THE THOUGHT ALONE MAKES MY PUBES CURL WITH REVULSION!

YOU, DAMNED DUMOG! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS WITH YOUR PROMISES OF TANTAMOUNT POWER!

I ONLY INTRODUCED YOU, MY PRINCE!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY MATCHMAKER!

TAKE *THAT*, DEMON OGRE!

THUD
THUD
THUD

PLEASE, MY LORD!

EGADS! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! BYRNA! I MUST HAVE THE OVERLY-ENDOWED BYRNA!

IT IS *TIME*!

YOU MUST GO NOW, BYRNA. THE PRINCE SIGNALS HIS *DESIRE*!

N-NO! NO, FATHER! NOT *THAT*! NOT... NOT... *AGAIN!!*

YOU **MUST** GO, MY DAUGHTER! WOULD YOU HAVE THE ANGER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY BORNE DOWN UPON US **AGAIN?** THE LIVES OF MERE PEASANTS MEAN **NOTHING** TO THEM...! QUEEN MORTANA, SORCERESS AS SHE IS, WOULD **HAPPILY** GIFT YOU WITH A COUNTENANCE SUCH AS THAT WHICH SHE BEQUEATHED ME!

GLADLY WILL I ACCEPT IT THEN!

WHAP

GLADLY WILL YOU **GO!** RATHER THAT I HAVE A DAUGHTER SKILLED IN THE CARNAL ARTS... THAN ONE WITH THE FEATURES OF A **WARTHOG!**

MY BYRNA! MY POOR, POOR BEAUTIFUL BYRNA!

GAAAAAA!

STOP DROOLING, UGLY BEAST! SHE IS MY MISTRESS, DO YOU HEAR? **MINE! MINE!**

NOW OPEN THE DOOR TO OUR LOVE CHAMBER! **CAREFULLY!** WE MUST HAVE NO NOISE THAT WILL AWAKEN THE **SLUMBERING QUEEN!**

AH! COME, MY COMELY WENCH! YOU MUST WORK VERY HARD TO WIPE AWAY THE DISGUSTING **MEMORY** OF MY EARLIER EVENING HOURS.



A LITTLE MORE
ENTHUSIASM...OR
I MIGHT LOSE MY
SYMPATHY FOR
YOUR FAMILY.



AHHH! DELECTABLE
RUBIES, AWAITING
THE SKILLFUL CARESS
OF A CONNUBIAL
CONNOISSEUR...!



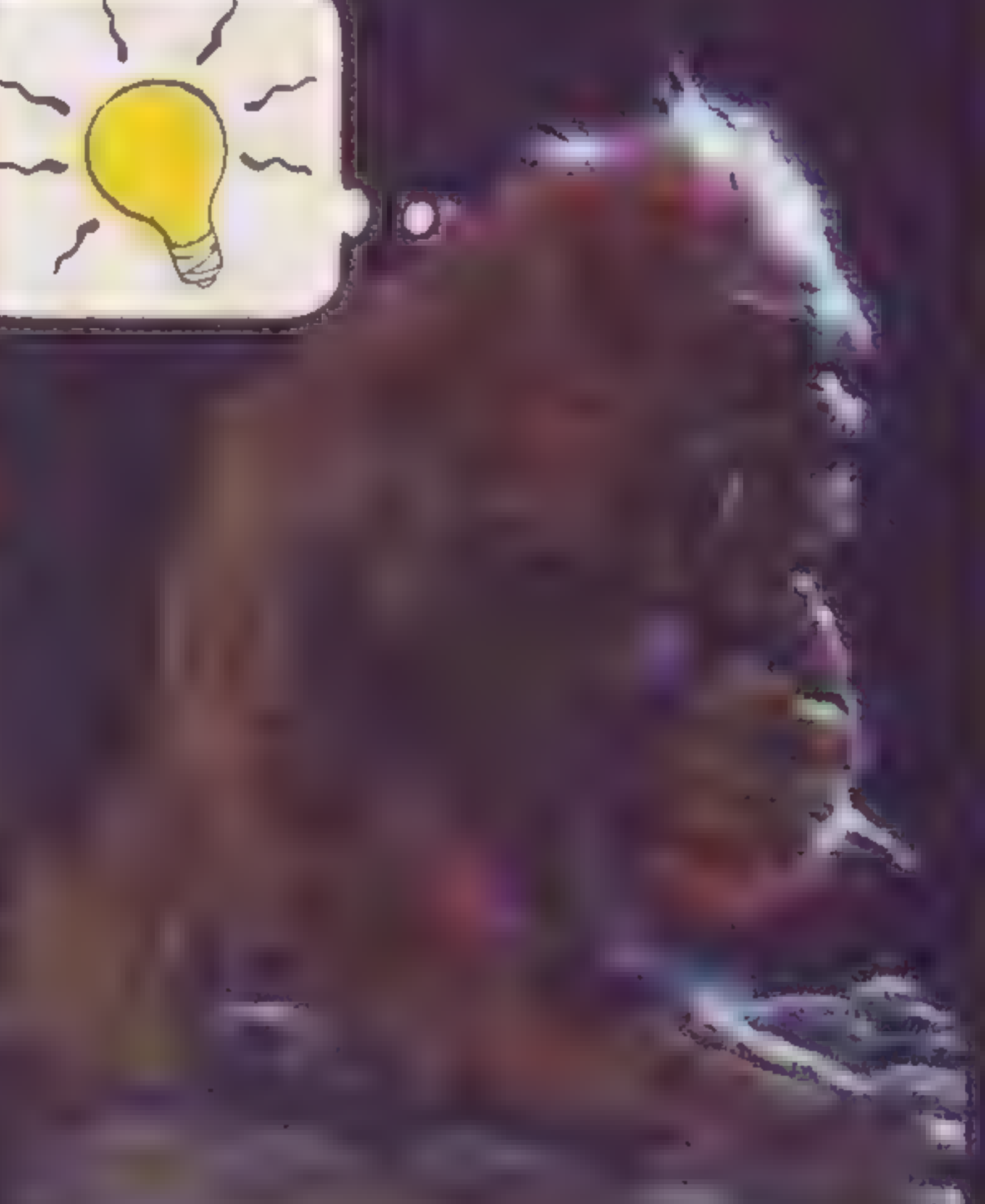
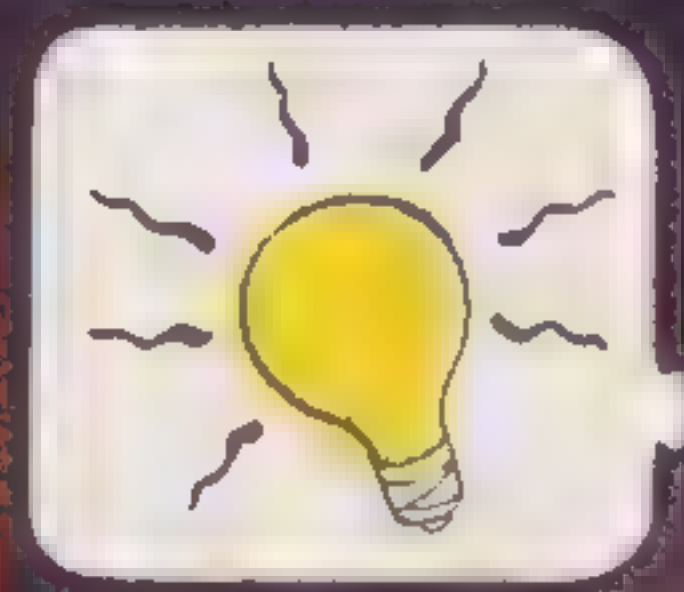
BE GENTLE,
MY LORD!



OPEN WIDE AND
SAY AHHHHH!



YOU HAVE NOT
YET **BEGUN** TO
EXPERIENCE
ECSTASY...!





AND WHAT BLISSFUL DELIGHTS ARE HIDDEN AWAY IN THIS DELECTABLE GOLDEN BOX...?

HEH! HEH! HEH! EL QUEENO WAS NEVER LIKE THIS.

HUHH?



OH, HONEY...! IT'S YOU! HEH! HEH! BELIEVE ME... I CAN EXPLAIN...



THP!

...EVERY TH--URK!

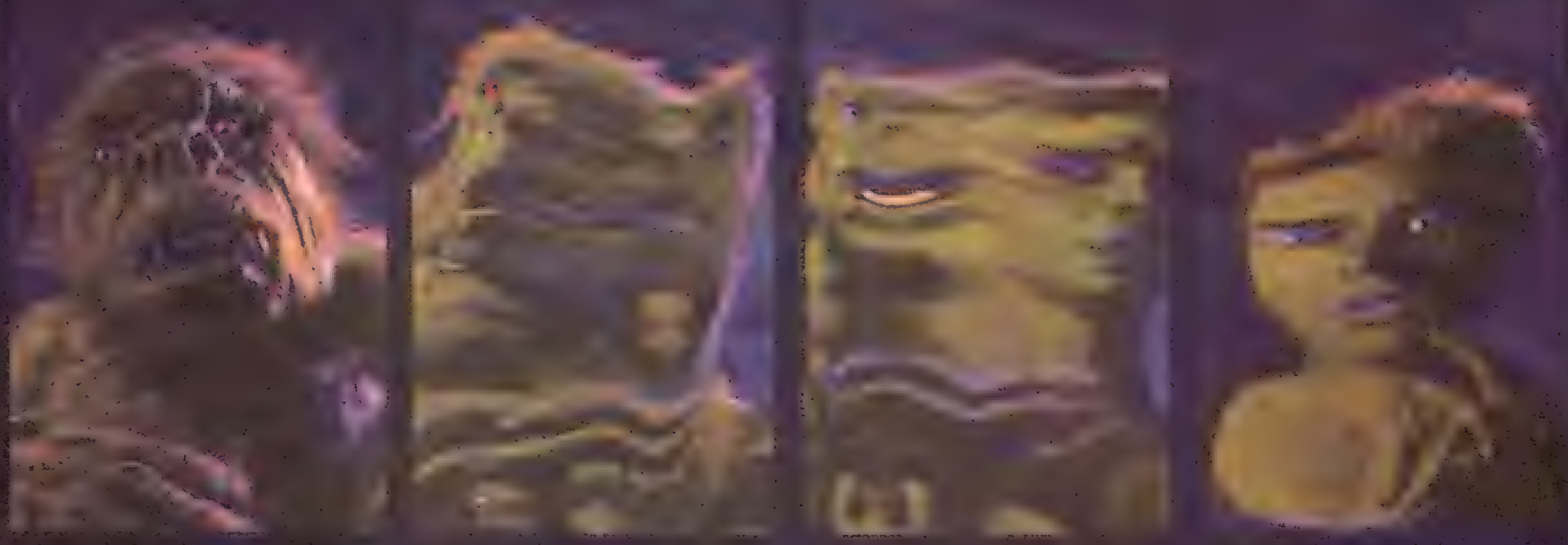


GUGHHH!

NAUGHTY,
NAUGHTY, MY
HUSBAND, MY PRINCE.
AND AFTER ALL
I'VE DONE FOR
YOU!

DUMOG MY
EVER LOYAL OGRE,
IS THE **ONLY** ONE
I CAN TRUST.
HE SHALL BE
REWARDED.

GUMMA WAZZU! IPSO
BOZZY...
BIBBITY BOBBITY
BOO!



OOOH...! THANK YOU,
GREAT MISTRESS. IT
IS MORE THAN I HAD
EVER HOPED FOR.

YES, I DID
QUITE WELL,
DIDN'T I.

OOOPS! THAT
DOES CREATE A
SLIGHT PROBLEM.





I NEED AN
OGRE TO
LIFT THE DOOR.



HE, HE, HE!
SHE'LL DO!



SNAP!



I DID SO WELL ON
YOU, DUMOG, I'LL RE-
WARD YOU FURTHER
BY TAKING YOU AS
MY NEW HUSBAND.

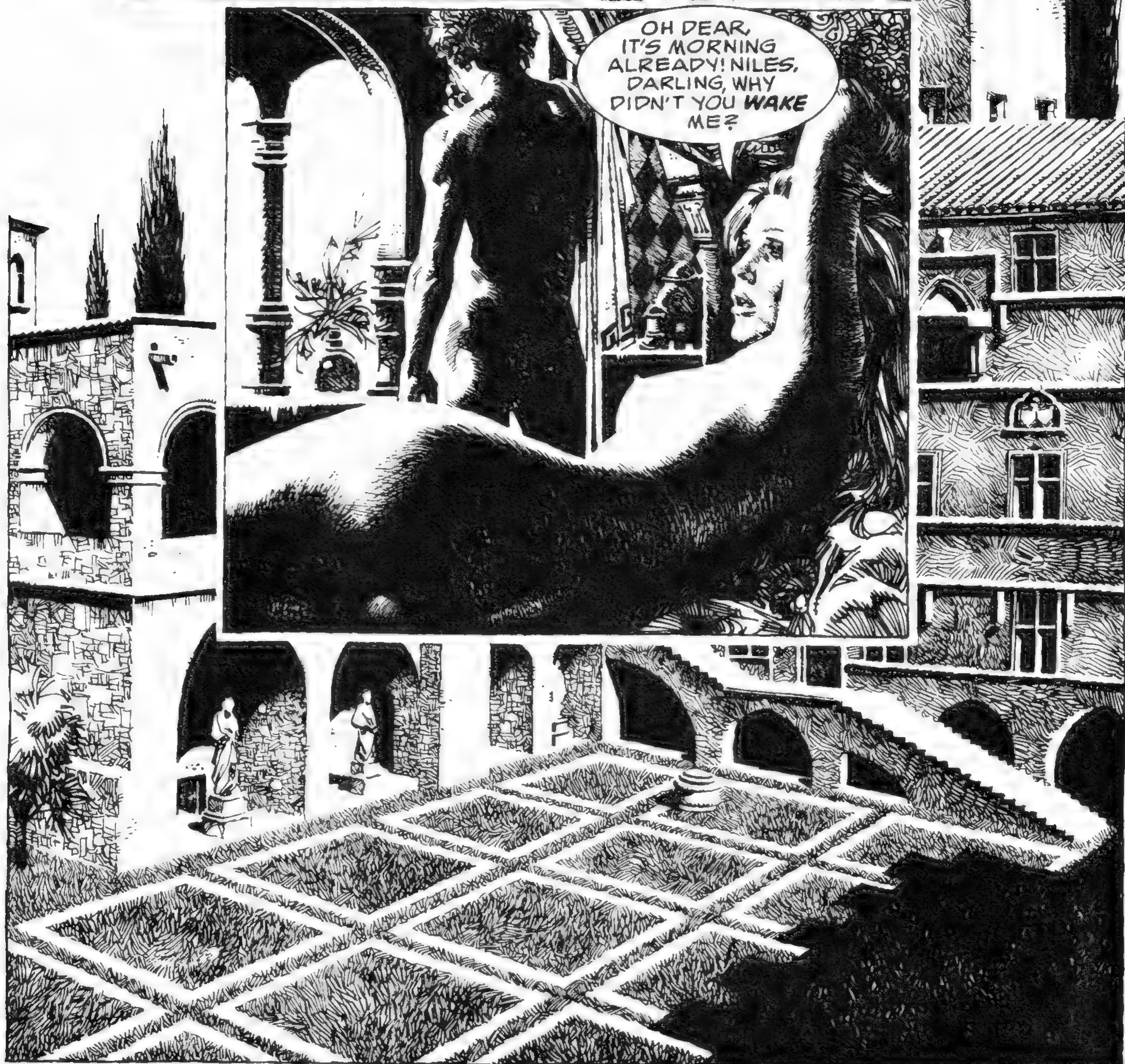
COME, I
MUST TRY
YOU OUT!



Lullaby

THE PIAZZA: SO FAR FROM THE SUN THAT LIGHT AND HEAT MUST GENERATE FROM A THERMALLY-ACTIVATED ASTEROID ORBITING IT. WHEN THE MONARCHS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM STILL LOOMED LARGE, THIS MOON WAS A SUMMERTIME RETREAT FOR THEM, A PLACE FOR THE ARISTOCRATS TO MEET AND DISCUSS MATTERS OF POLICY IN UNHURRIED PLEASURE.

TODAY, IT IS A PLACE OF EXILE FOR ALL THOSE BORN OF NOBILITY, AND WHERE THE ELEGANT LADY STILL DREAMS OF THINGS THAT ARE PAST.





I'D HOPED I WOULD BE GONE BY NOW, SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO SAY THIS. BUT I COULDN'T SNEAK AWAY LIKE THAT... NOT WITHOUT SAYING SOMETHING.

I HAVE A **CONFESSION** TO MAKE, ELIZABETH. I'M A **DESERTER**. I WAS NEVER GIVEN PERMISSION TO RETURN HERE.



OH NILES! YOU **FOOL!** HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING!

YOU KNOW THE DEMOCRATS ARE LOOKING FOR ANY EXCUSE TO DESTROY US!

I DON'T CARE. I'M **GLAD** I DID IT.



BUT WHY, NILES? WHY?

I HAD NO CHOICE, ELIZABETH! THEY WERE TRYING TO DRIVE ME MAD! MAJOR EMERY, AND THE OTHERS... RIDING ME, HARASSING ME. THEY KNOW ABOUT US, ELIZABETH!



BUT, IN GOD'S NAME, WHERE WILL YOU GO? YOU'RE A **NOBLEMAN**... WHAT PLACE IS THERE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM FOR YOU TO RUN?

ANYWHERE. THERE ARE PLACES I'VE HEARD OF... DISTANT ASTEROIDS WHERE A MAN COULD LOSE HIMSELF FOREVER!



DAMNIT. IT'S THE **DEMOCRATS'** WAR! I DIDN'T ENLIST IN THEIR BLOODY ARMY. THEIR SILLY CONGRESS DRAFTED ME! FOR THE GOOD OF THE MORALE, THEY SAID! HA!

IT WAS NEVER MY PLACE TO BEGIN WITH TO BE A SOLDIER!

THE **ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM** IS AT WAR TO REPEL THE INVADERS, NILES. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO'S IN POWER! THE SOLAR SYSTEM STILL NEEDS MEN.

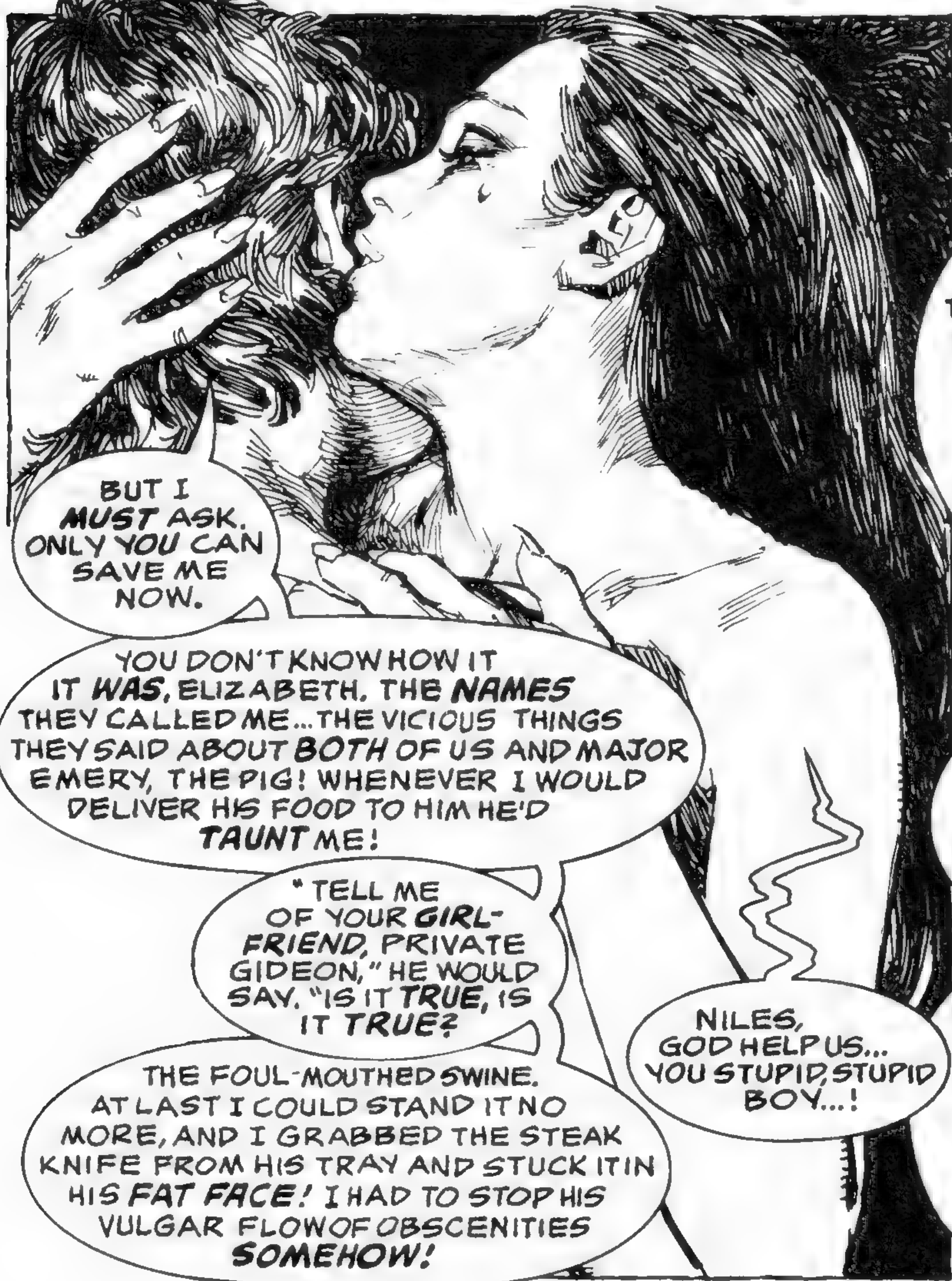


THEY DON'T
NEED ME! IF ANY-
THING, I MAKE THE
MORALE WORSE!

BUT I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO RETURN...
TO FACE COURT-MARTIAL
...IF YOU INTERCEDED
FOR ME.

PLEASE DO IT, MY DARLING. ALTHOUGH
THE ARISTOCRACY HAS BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS
POWER, YOU STILL HAVE MANY **ALLIES**... BOTH
ARISTOCRATS AND DEMOCRATS... WHO COULD
HELP; A SIMPLE **LETTER** WOULD DO IT.

PLEASE,
NILES... **DON'T**
ASK...!



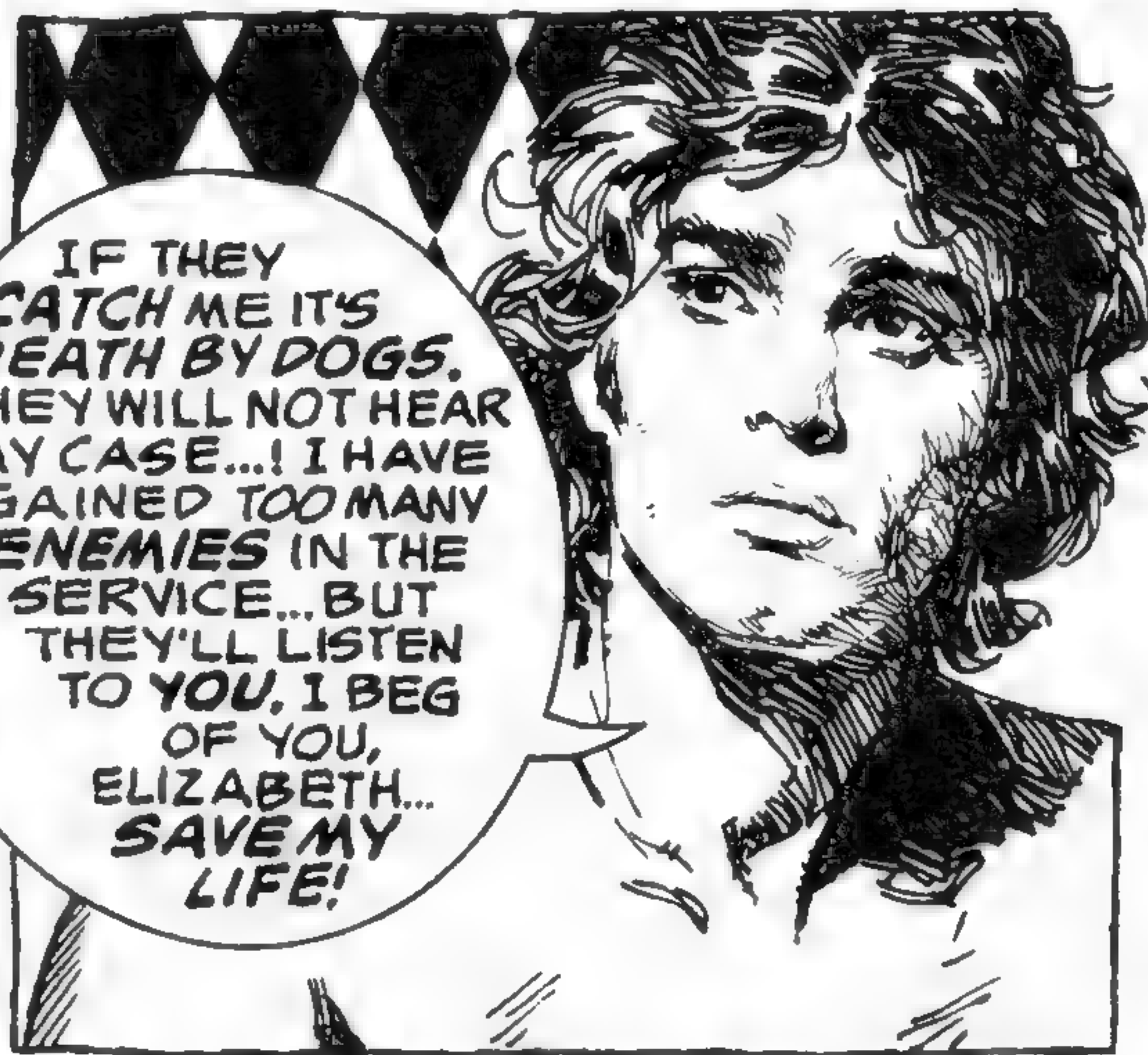
BUT I
MUST ASK.
ONLY YOU CAN
SAVE ME
NOW.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT
IT WAS, ELIZABETH. THE **NAMES**
THEY CALLED ME... THE VICIOUS THINGS
THEY SAID ABOUT BOTH OF US AND MAJOR
EMERY, THE PIG! WHENEVER I WOULD
DELIVER HIS FOOD TO HIM HE'D
TAUNT ME!

"TELL ME
OF YOUR **GIRL-**
FRIEND, PRIVATE
GIDEON," HE WOULD
SAY. "IS IT TRUE, IS
IT TRUE?"

THE FOUL-MOUTHED SWINE.
AT LAST I COULD STAND IT NO
MORE, AND I GRABBED THE STEAK
KNIFE FROM HIS TRAY AND STUCK IT IN
HIS **FAT FACE!** I HAD TO STOP HIS
VULGAR FLOW OF OBSCENITIES
SOMEHOW!

NILES,
GOD HELP US...
YOU STUPID, STUPID
BOY...!



IF THEY
CATCH ME IT'S
DEATH BY DOGS.
THEY WILL NOT HEAR
MY CASE...! I HAVE
GAINED TOO MANY
ENEMIES IN THE
SERVICE... BUT
THEY'LL LISTEN
TO YOU, I BEG
OF YOU,
ELIZABETH...
SAVE MY
LIFE!



IT IS TRUE
THAT I COULD HELP
YOU, NILES... PERHAPS
GET YOU OUT OF THE
SERVICE. BUT YOU
MUST KNOW IT IS
MORE **COMPLICATED**
THAN THAT.

WE ON THE PIAZZA
ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT
OF THE ARISTOCRACY...
THE LAST OF NOBILITY.
WE ARE THE SHAPE
OF THE PAST, AND THE
HOPE OF THE FUTURE,
AND NOTHING MUST
BE ALLOWED TO
CORRUPT THAT.



PLEASE UNDERSTAND. I DON'T WANT YOU TO COME TO HARM, BUT WE HAVE **RESPONSIBILITIES**. THE COMMON PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY CAN GOVERN **THEMSELVES**... THE SIMPLE LABORERS, GROCERS, MECHANICS, SPACE PILOTS, PHYSICIANS... IN TIME THEY WILL SEE THE TRUE **FUTILITY** OF THEIR DEMOCRACY, AND THEY WILL LOOK TO **US** TO RULE THEM AGAIN, AS IT **MUST** BE.

BUT IF YOU SHOW **COWARDICE** NOW... IF YOU **FLY** FROM THIS CRISIS... THE COMMONWEALTH WILL SEE US AS WEAK AND FEARFUL, AND CUT US DOWN FOR GOOD.

WE ARE THE LAST HONORABLE BREED, NILES. YOU MUST NOT BRING **SHAME** TO THIS HOUSE.

THEN... WHAT AM I TO **DO**?



YOU MUST **RETURN** TO YOUR UNIT. **SURRENDER** YOURSELF, EXPLAIN THAT WHAT YOU DID WAS IN A FIT OF RAGE, AND YOU WILL ACCEPT WHATEVER PUNISHMENT THEY DEEM **EQUITABLE**.

THEY WILL **RESPECT** YOU FOR THAT. I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD DEAL TOO SEVERELY WITH THE **TRUTH**.

THEY'LL... KILL... ME...!

I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE FOREVER, ELIZABETH. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING... MAYBE I'LL LEAVE THE SOLAR SYSTEM **ALTOGETHER**.

CHOKES IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'D TURN YOUR BACK ON ME LIKE THIS. SOMEHOW... I EXPECT MUCH **MORE** FROM YOU.



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

THEY'RE **HERE!** I HAVE TO **GET OUT!**

NO, DON'T! IT'S JUST THE SERVANT WAKING ME! **PLEASE WAIT, NILES!**



NILES, MY SWEET... IF YOU RUN NOW, YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE MY **LOVE** ANYMORE. I COULD ORDER YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR UNIT, BUT I SHOULDN'T THINK THAT THAT WOULD BE **NECESSARY**.



LISTEN! THEY WILL **HUNT** YOU DOWN. THEY HAVE **DEVICES** THAT WILL **FIND** YOU. THERE IS **NOWHERE** FOR YOU TO GO!

BE **REASONABLE**, NILES. **RETURNING** IS YOUR ONLY POSSIBLE COURSE!

TRUST ME ON THIS, PRECIOUS ONE.

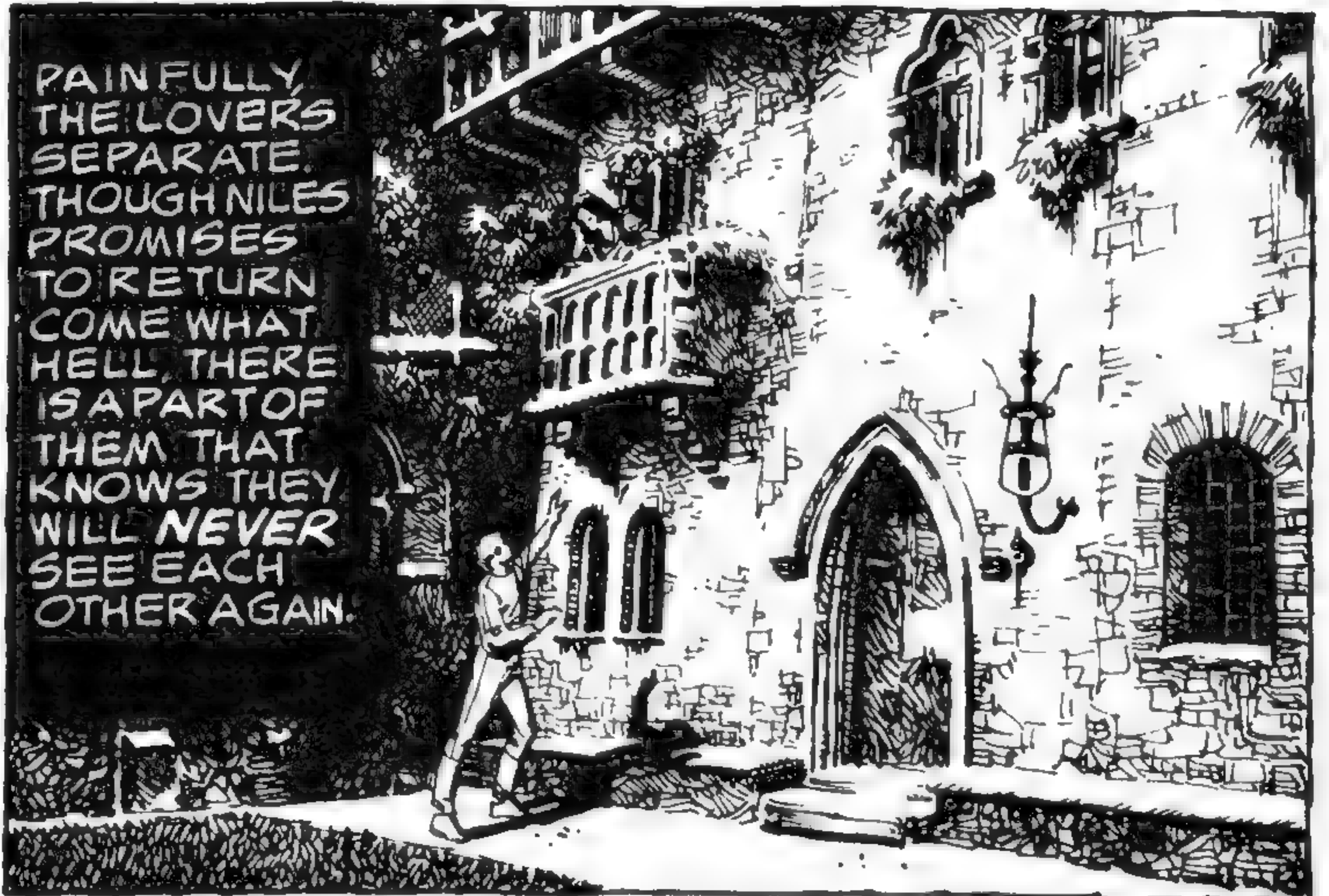
WHAT AM I TO DO? IT'S SO HARD TO THINK...!



Y-YES, I'LL **DO IT**! I'LL **RETURN**! I'LL GIVE MYSELF **UP**! WHATEVER **ELSE** HAPPENS, THEY WILL AT LEAST SEE THAT A **NOBLE-MAN** LIVES BY **MORALS** TOO!

OH ELIZABETH, TELL ME THAT I AM NOT A **FOOL** FOR DOING THIS!

THERE IS **NO OTHER WAY** FOR OUR KIND, NILES, LOVE. **TRUST ME!**



PAINFULLY, THE LOVERS SEPARATE. THOUGH NILES PROMISES TO RETURN COME WHAT HELL, THERE IS A PART OF THEM THAT KNOWS THEY WILL **NEVER** SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

AS HE RUNS, A NUMBER OF POSSIBLE AVENUES OF **ESCAPE** OCCUR TO NILES. HE BEGINS TO THINK HE HAS GONE **MAD** FOR EVER LISTENING TO THE WOMAN.

YET, HE CAN NOT HELP TURNING BACK, TO LOOK AT HER ONCE MORE THERE IN HER CHAMBER. BUT THIS TIME, HIS STARE IS FIXED NOT UPON HIS **LOVER**, BUT HIS **QUEEN**. FOR IN FACT SHE IS **QUEEN**, DESCENDED FROM A STATELY LINE OF **NOBLEMEN**.

ELIZABETH WEEPS AS SHE LOOKS INTO NILES' **SORROWFUL** EYES. WITHIN HER, SHE IS CONVINCED, SHE HAS SENT HIM ON TO THE **GRIMMEST** OF **FATES**.



HIS DOUBTS DRIFT AWAY. MERE LOVERS CAN **BETRAY** YOU, BUT NEVER YOUR **QUEEN**.



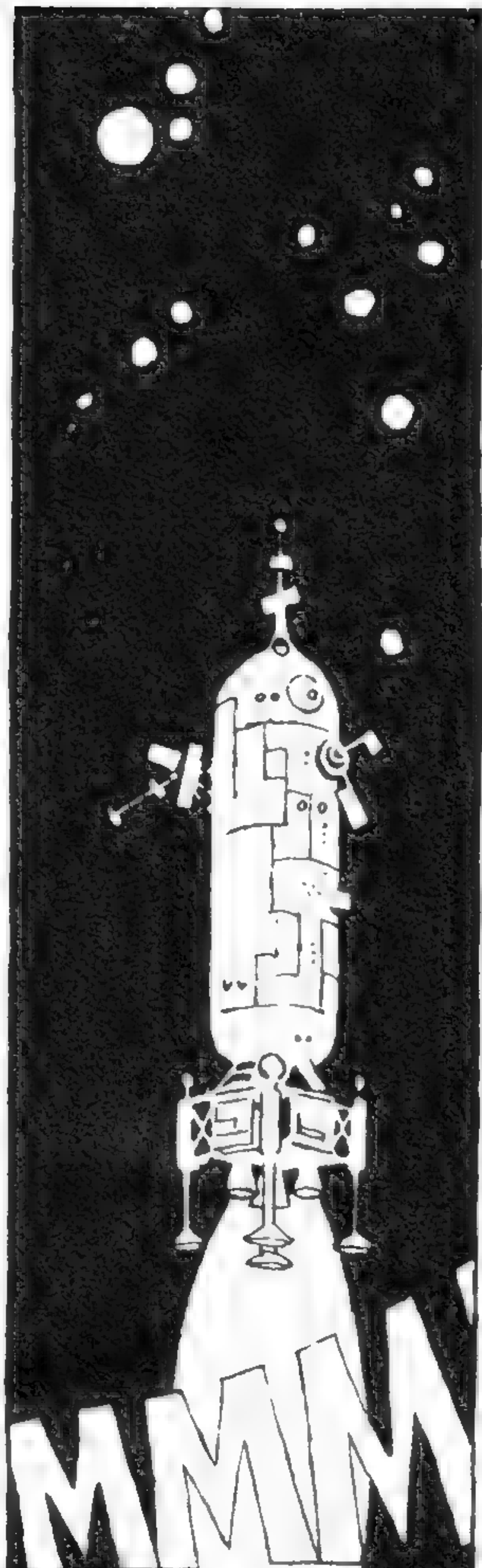
IRONICALLY, THE TRUE ENEMIES OF THE ARISTOCRACY, THE ONES WHO BROUGHT IT DOWN, WERE NOT THE DEMOCRACY, BUT A HANDFUL OF **MORALISTS** WHO HAD GROWN **INCENSED** AT WHAT THEY CALLED "THE **MUDBORNE MORALITY** OF THE **HIGHBORN**!"



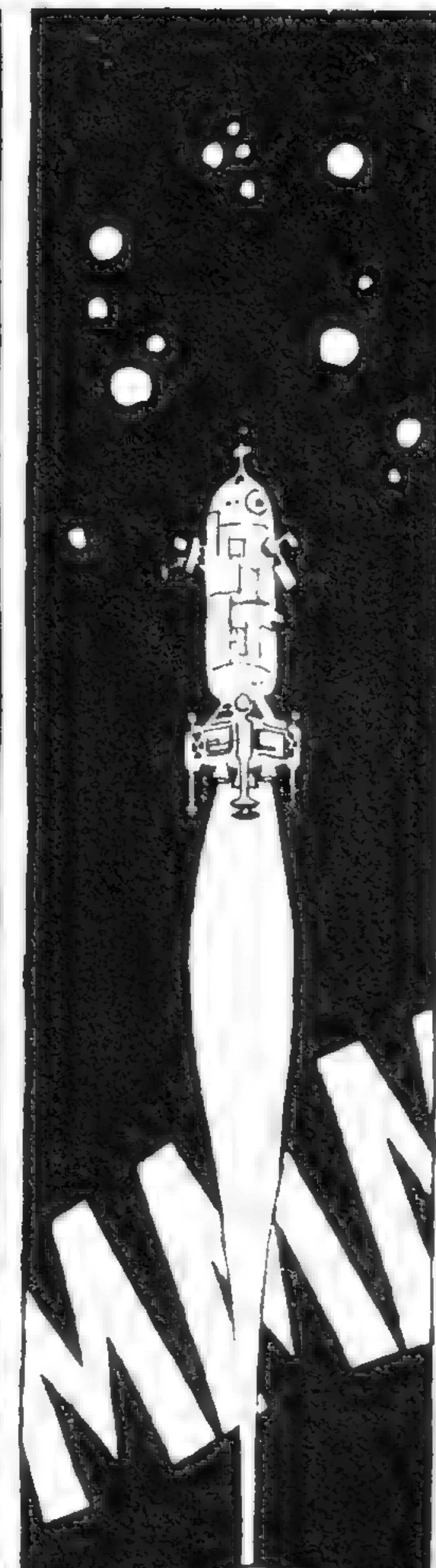
IT WAS TRUE THAT THE ARISTOCRATS HAD DIFFERENT WAYS, AND WOULD FREQUENTLY INVOLVE THEMSELVES IN WHAT WAS THOUGHT BIZARRE AND REPULSIVE BEHAVIOR BY THE MORALISTS, BUT THIS DID NOT MEAN THE ARISTOCRATS WERE **IMMORAL**.



IN FACT THE ARISTOCRATS HAD PROBABLY THE MOST **RIDGID** OF ALL MORAL STANDARDS, FROM THEIR OWN POINT OF VIEW.



CERTAINLY, **SEXUAL TABOOS** WERE VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN TO THEM, DETERMINED AS ASININE AND IN MANY WAYS **HARMFUL**, BY PREVIOUS RULERS DECADES AGO BUT WHAT THE ARISTOCRATS **DID** HAVE WAS A SENSE OF DUTY AND **HONOR** UNMATCHED ANYWHERE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



AND WHILE THE MORALISTS AND THE DEMOCRATS CONTINUED TO PREACH THESE THINGS, THE ARISTOCRATS **LIVED** BY THEM. GOD GOVERNMENT AND THE CROWN STOOD ABOVE **ALL** ELSE. EVEN ABOVE THE LIFE OF **NILES GIDEON**.



AS NILES FLIES SPACEWARD, THE CREDIBILITY OF THE ARISTOCRATS FLIES WITH HIM. FOR A LONG MOMENT, ELIZABETH CONSIDERS THE CONSEQUENCES THAT WOULD BEFALL THEM IF NILES SHOULD DECIDE TO RUN, THEN QUICKLY DISMISSES THE THOUGHT.

SHE HAD RAISED HER SON TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.

PROLOGUE

YOU ALL KNOW WHY YOU WERE CALLED HERE. THE **DRUULS** WANT **SOMETHING ELSE** FROM US...

...ALTHOUGH THIS TIME IT DOESN'T SOUND TOO BAD.

THE **DRUULS** SAY WE ARE NOT LOOKING AFTER OUR **CHILDREN**. THE **DRUULS** SAY OUR KIDS ARE VANDALIZING THEIR EQUIPMENT AND RIDICULING THEIR TROOPS.

THERE'S THAT DYNAMITE CHICK AGAIN! THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY I CAN COMPROMISE HER INTEGRITY.

THE **DRUULS** SAY OUR KIDS ARE **UNCOUTH, IRRESPONSIBLE, AND INTOLERABLE**. THE **DRUULS** DON'T LIKE OUR KIDS.

EXCUSE ME, MISS. I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOU'VE GOT THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE.

STICK IT IN YOUR EAR, ASSHOLE.

THE **DRUULS** ARE THROWING THE MATTER BACK **OUR** WAY. THEY WANT US TO BUILD A **BOY'S CAMP** ON THE PLANET DRACO-4 IN THE HOPES IT WILL BURN OFF SOME OF THE KIDS' ENERGY.

NAME'S **CHARLIE PRISTINO**. WHAT'S YOURS?

LINDA MORRISON.

NOW **SHUT UP** BEFORE I GIVE YOU AN ELBOW IN THE CHOPS?!

AND THAT'S WHERE THE **ASTRO-CORPS** COMES IN. WE NEED A COUPLE PEOPLE TO CONSTRUCT A TRANSPORTER ON DRACO-4. THE **DRUULS** HAVE LENT US THE EQUIPMENT AND THE ROCKET TO TAKE THEM THERE.

I CAN SEE THIS GIRL IS GOING TO TAKE MORE **EFFORT** THAN USUAL.

BUT WHEN **CHARLIE PRISTINO** DECIDES HE WANTS SOMETHING, HE **NEVER** GIVES UP.

PROBLEM IS, EARTHENS JUST AREN'T BUILT TO HANDLE THE TREMENDOUS G-FORCES THE **DRUUL** SHIPS GENERATE. WHOEVER GOES ON THIS MISSION, WILL BE **KILLED-IN-FLIGHT**.

HYDROGEN HEARTSTOPPER?

BLOW UP YOUR LUNGS. SEE IF I CARE.

THE **DRUULS**, SPORTS THAT THEY ARE, HAVE ALSO GIVEN US A PAIR OF **ENCEPHALOBANDS**. THESE ARE DEVICES WHICH ARE CAPABLE OF **ANIMATING** CORPSES FOR A LIMITED TIME...! LONG ENOUGH TO ERECT THE TRANSPORTER AND RETURN TO EARTH THROUGH IT.

ACTUALLY, I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO FLY THESE MISSIONS. I'M WEALTHY BEYOND IMAGINING. I ONLY FLY THESE DAYS BECAUSE THEY NEED TERRIFIC PILOTS LIKE ME SO DESPERATELY.

HERE'S THE CATCH: ONLY IF THE TRANSPORTER IS BUILT **QUICKLY** WILL YOU BE ABLE TO RETURN TO EARTH IN TIME FOR THE **DRUULS** TO RESTORE YOU TO LIFE. WASTE A SECOND TOO MUCH AND YOU'RE DEAD FOR **GOOD**!


I'M A DAMN FAIR PILOT MYSELF, WISE GUY!

ZAT SO? HEY MAYBE WE CAN DO A **MISSION TOGETHER** SOMETIME!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

ONLY OUR **BEST** PILOTS WILL DO FOR THIS MISSION...!

CHARLIE PRISTINO... LINDA MORRISON...! SORRY, FELLAS. BUT WHEN YOU'RE HOT YOU'RE HOT.



OH SURE, WE COULD HAVE FOUGHT THE DRUULS IF WE HAD A NOTION TO. BUT WHAT WAS THE USE? THEY WERE TALLER, HANDSOMER, BLONDER, TOLD BETTER JOKES, AND BY THE WAY, WERE **SEVEN MILLION YEARS** MORE ADVANCED THAN US.

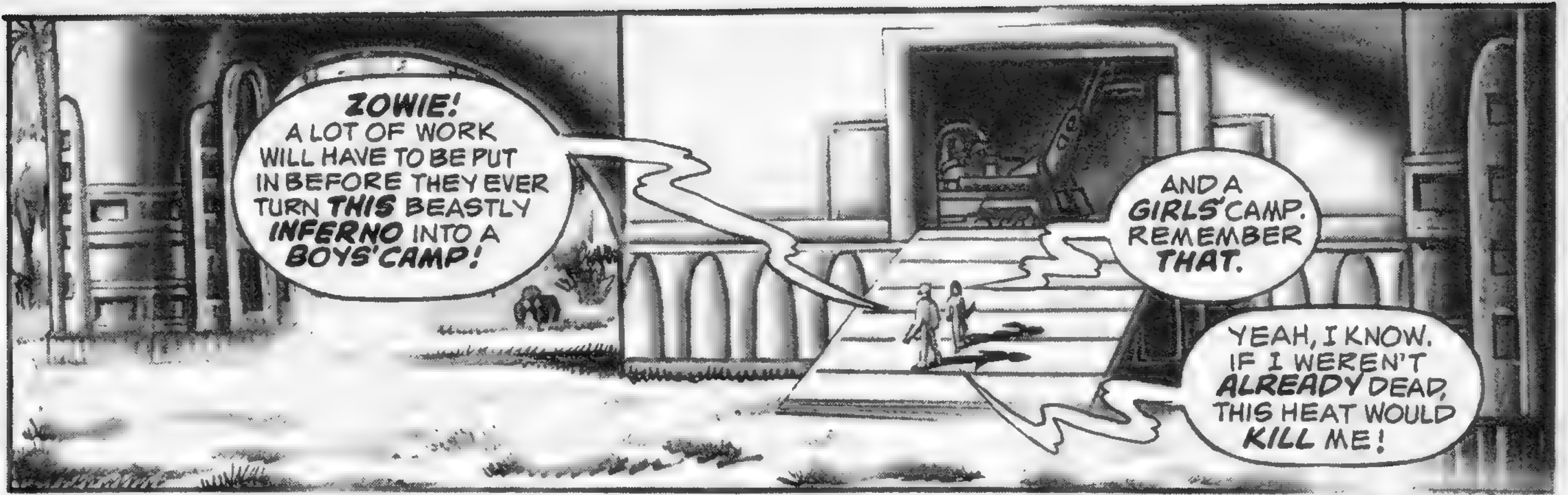
NATURALLY, THE DRUUL INVASION OF EARTH WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. THEY SIMPLY PROMISED TO **BLOW UP OUR SUN** IF WE DIDN'T BECOME THEIR WILLING SLAVES. WE'VE BEEN IN A FUNK EVER SINCE.

BUT THE DRUULS DIDN'T LIKE OUR **KIDS**. WHERE THE ADULTS REALIZED THAT RESISTANCE TO THE DRUULS WAS USELESS AND **DANGEROUS**, THE KIDS WERE NOT SO SOPHISTICATED. THE KIDS JUST WENT ON SABOTAGING THE DRUUL ARSENALS, ROUGHING UP LOOSE DRUULS IN PARKING LOTS. SOMETIMES THE KIDS SCARED EVEN ME.

I THOUGHT THIS CAMP WOULD BE A GOOD DEAL FOR THE KIDS. IT WOULD GET A LOT OF THEM OUT FROM UNDER FOOT OF THE DRUULS, BEFORE THE DRUULS BECAME **REALLY** ANGERED AND DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING **DRASTIC** ABOUT THEM.

SO TWO WEEKS LATER, LINDA MORRISON AND I LANDED ON DRACO-4.

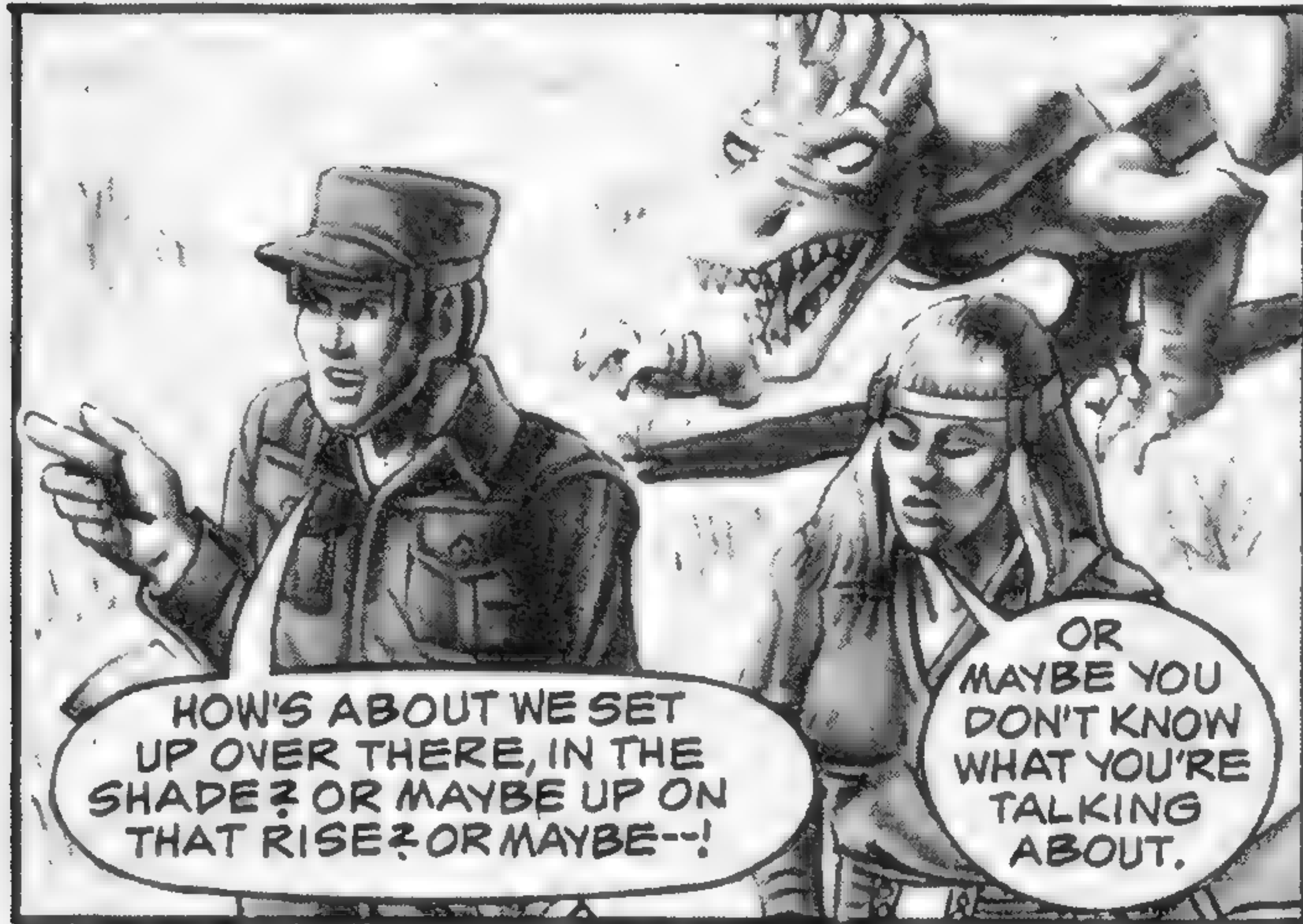
BOYS' CAMP



ZOWIE!
A LOT OF WORK
WILL HAVE TO BE PUT
IN BEFORE THEY EVER
TURN **THIS** BEASTLY
INFERNO INTO A
BOYS' CAMP!

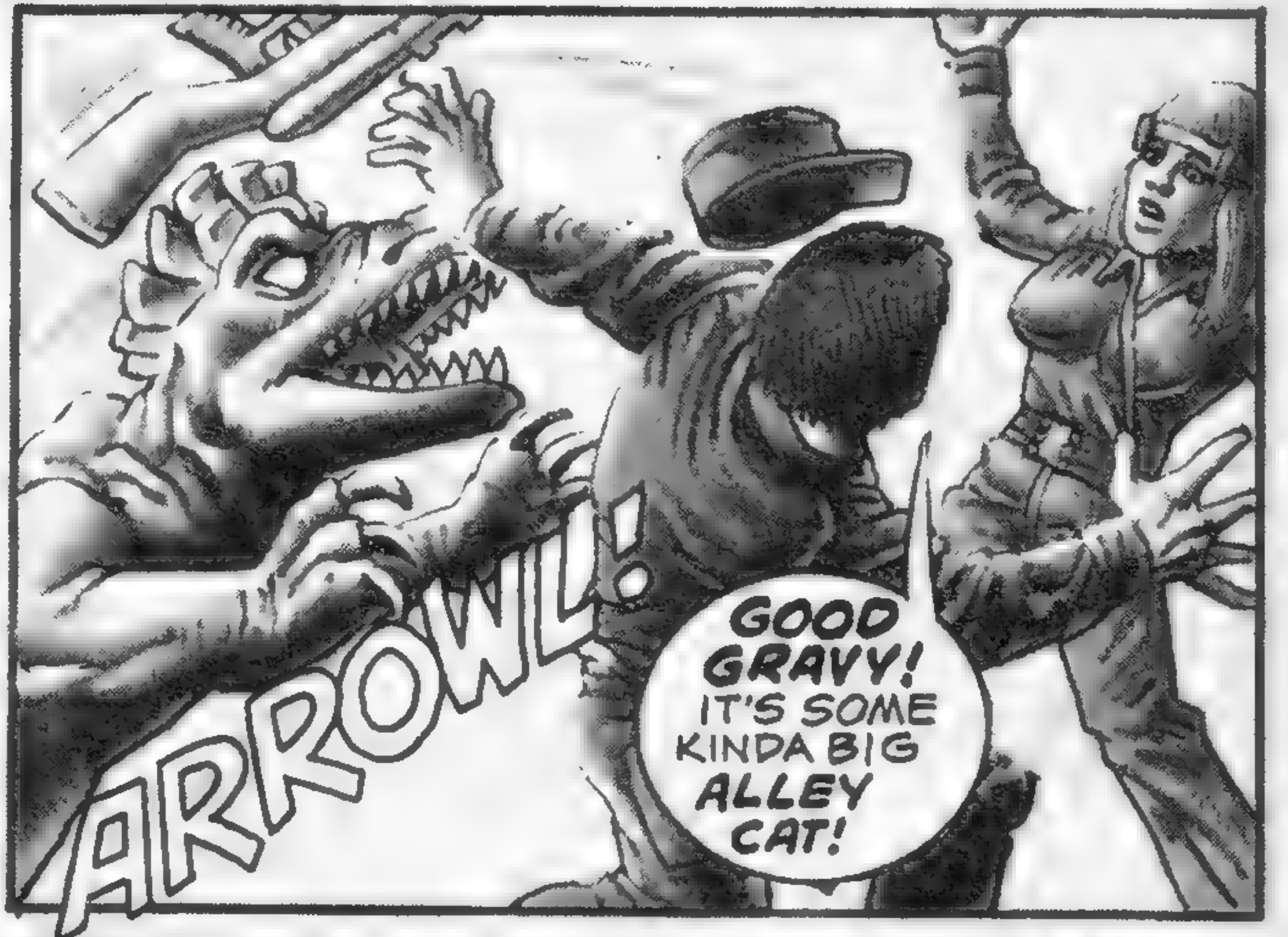
AND A
GIRLS' CAMP.
REMEMBER
THAT.

YEAH, I KNOW.
IF I WEREN'T
ALREADY DEAD,
THIS HEAT WOULD
KILL ME!



HOW'S ABOUT WE SET
UP OVER THERE, IN THE
SHADE? OR MAYBE UP ON
THAT RISE? OR MAYBE--!

OR
MAYBE YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT.



ARROW!

**GOOD
GRAVY!**
IT'S SOME
KINDA BIG
**ALLEY
CAT!**



KILL IT!
KILL IT! CRYIN'
OUT LOUD, WHAT'RE
YOU WAITING
FOR??

HE'S
JUMPING
AROUND!
I CAN'T GET
A CLEAR
SHOT!!

ROWWLL!

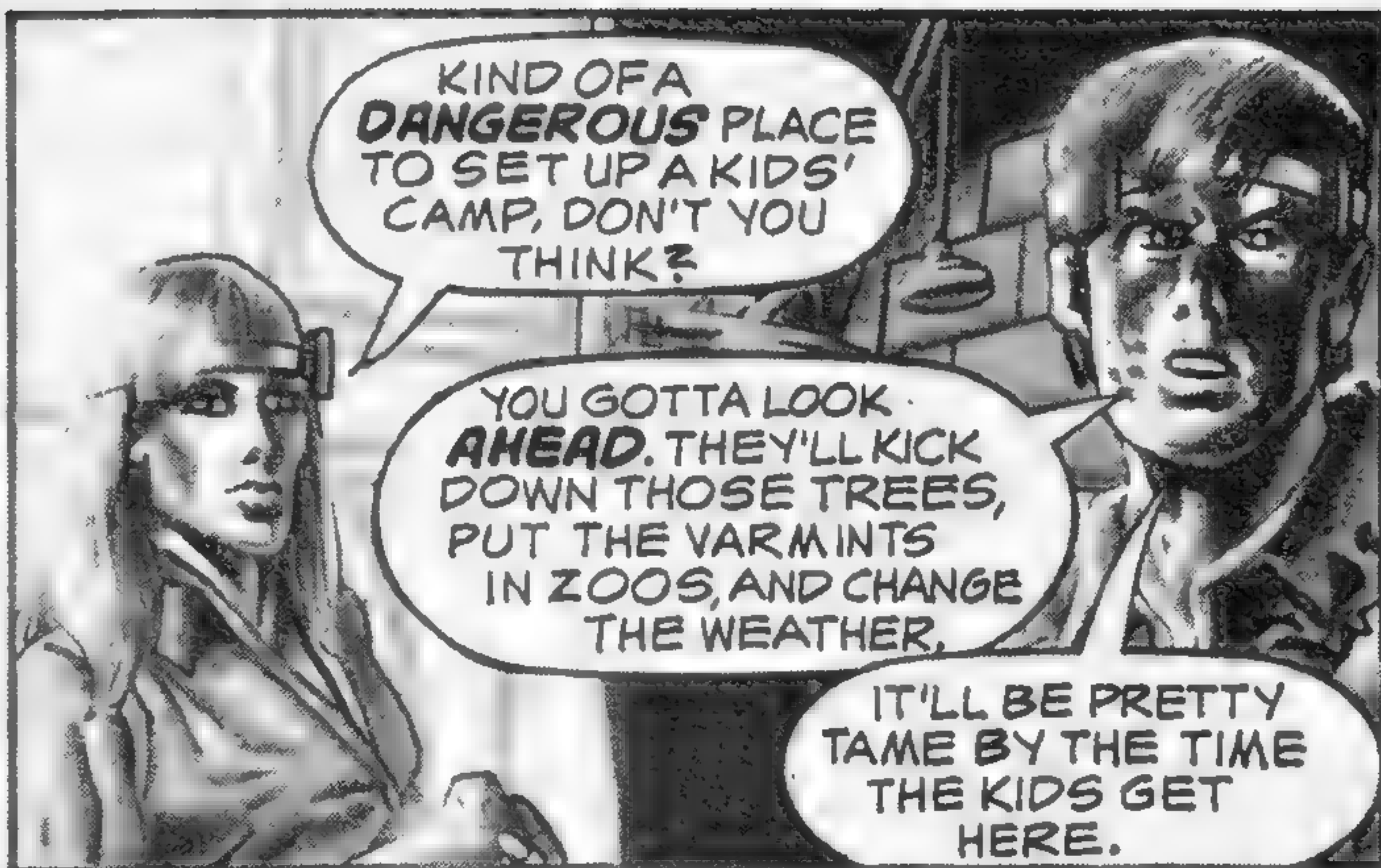
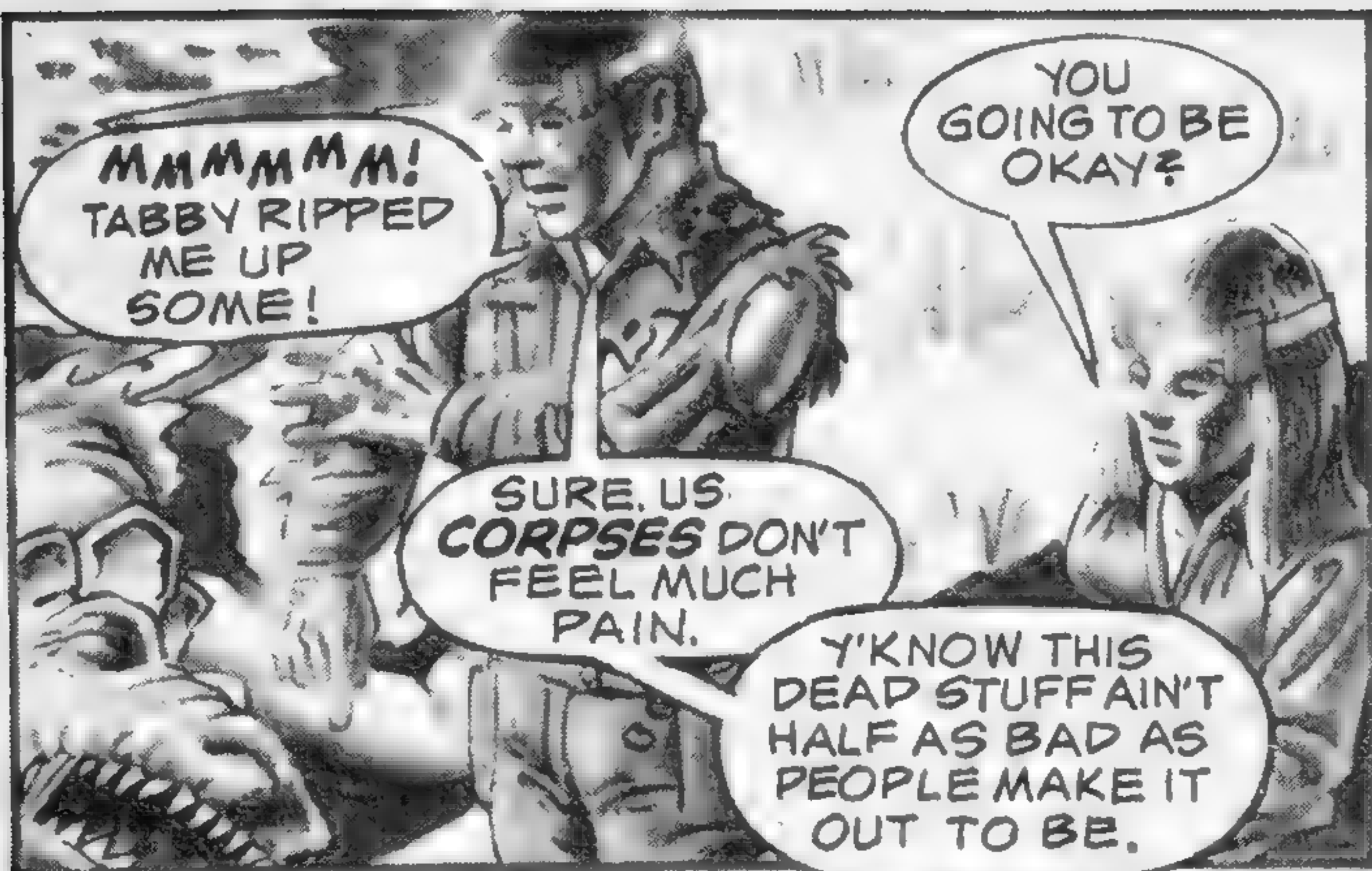


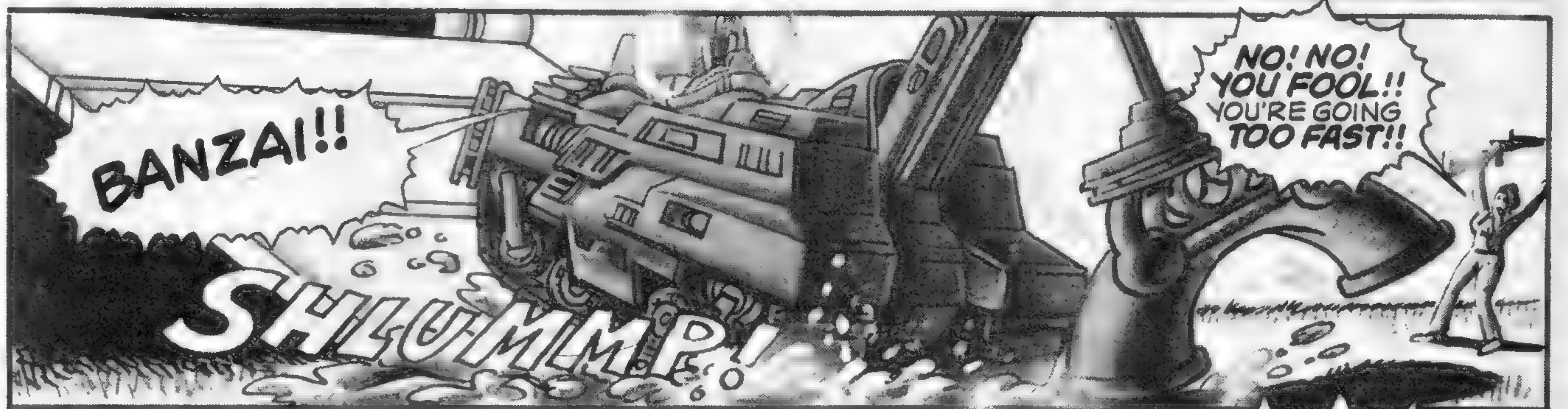
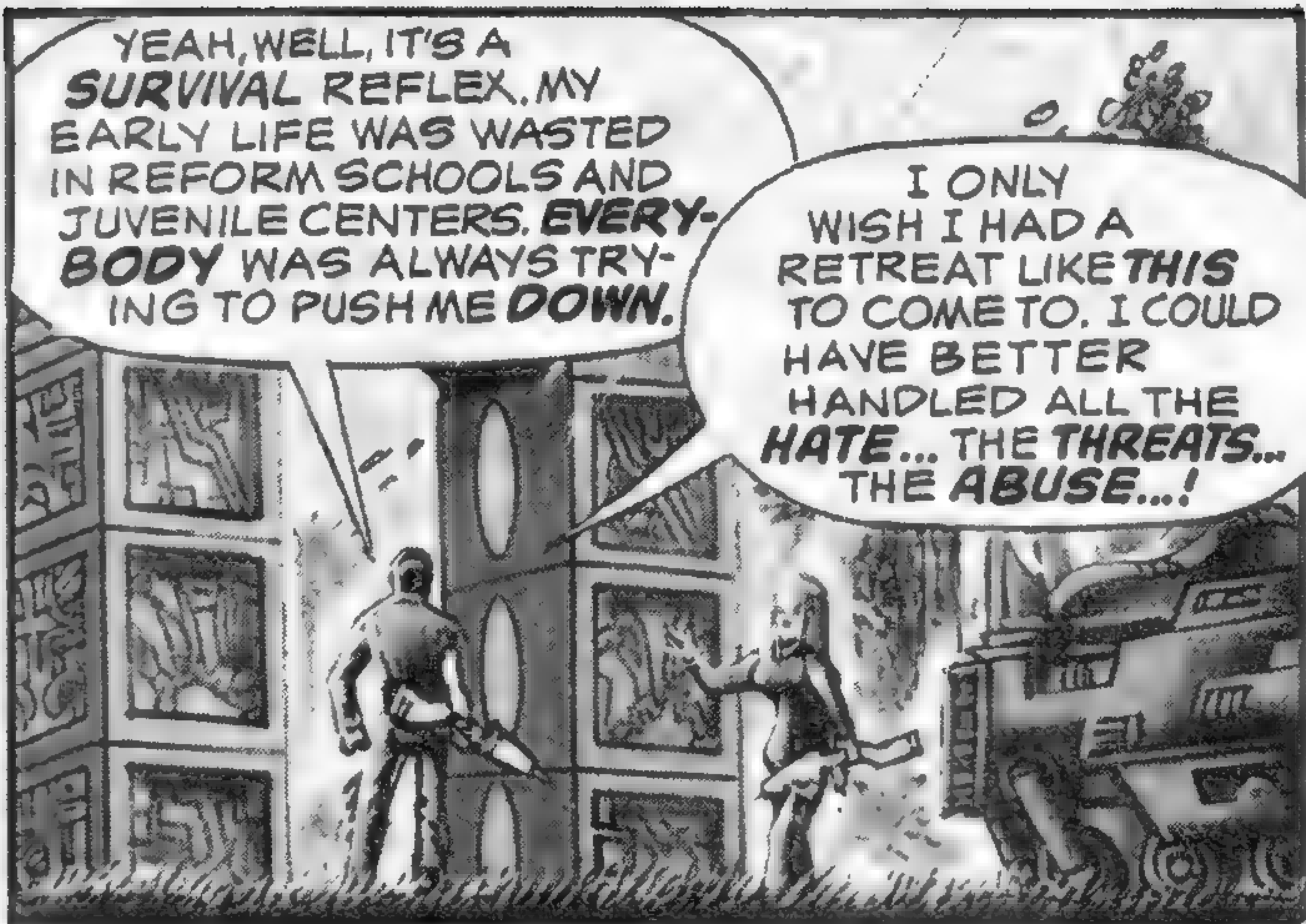
**NOW!!
CHOP
HIM!!**

C'WROOOO!



GAIEEEEE!





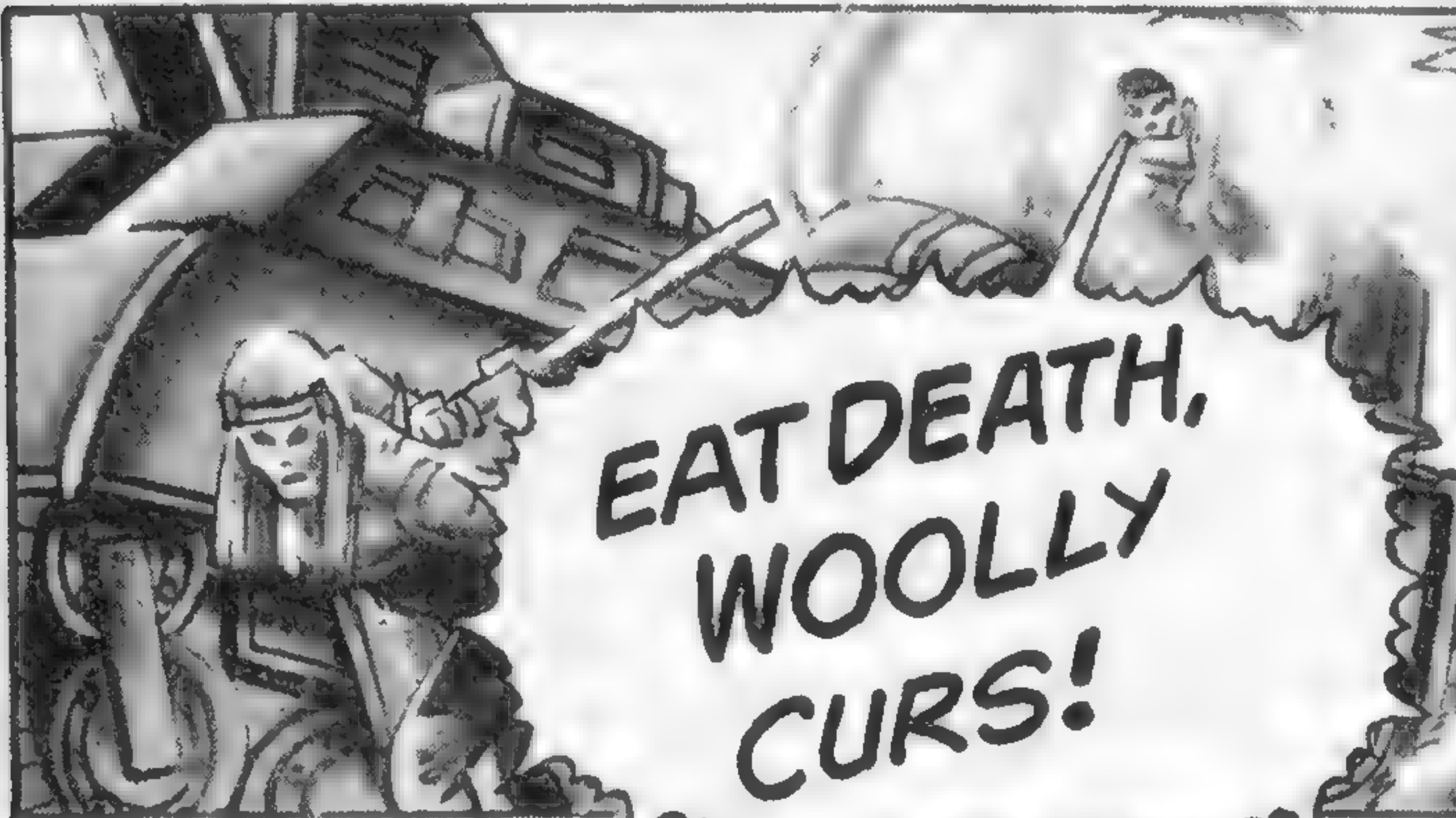


IT'S
THE LOCAL
CITIZENRY! MAYBE
THEY'RE TRYING
TO COMMUNICATE!

SPRECHEN
SIE DEUTSCH?
ICH DIEN TO
KALON!



OH WELL.
WHEN DIPLOMACY
FAILS...



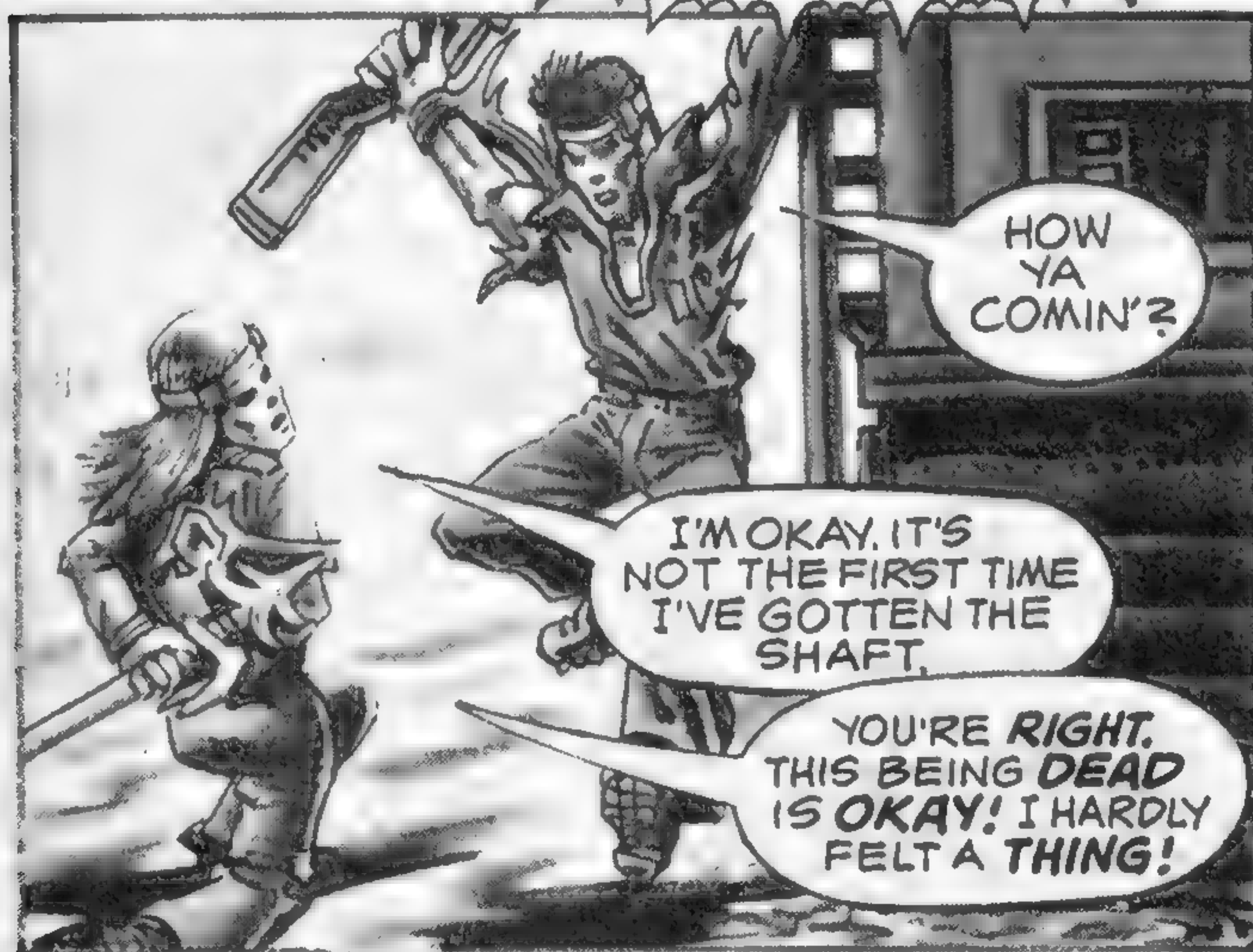
EAT DEATH,
WOOLLY
CURS!



AAIEEE!

ARRGH!

AAWKK



HOW
YA
COMIN'?

I'M OKAY. IT'S
NOT THE FIRST TIME
I'VE GOTTEN THE
SHAFT.

YOU'RE RIGHT.
THIS BEING DEAD
IS OKAY! I HARDLY
FELT A THING!



THIS IS NOT
THE WAY TO MAKE
FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE
THE NATIVES,
THOUGH!

CAN I
HELP IT IF THEY
DON'T KNOW GERMAN?
C'MON, LET'S GO.



BUT... WE
HAVE TO BURY THEM...
OR SOMETHING!

IF WE
DON'T GET THAT
CRANE UNSTUCK AND
FINISH THE TRANS-
PORTER, WE'RE THE
ONE'S WHO'LL NEED
BURYING!



I'M GOING TO BACK THIS KID UP THE RAMP AGAIN, AND TRY TO EASE IT THROUGH THE GOO.

YOU WATCH FOR BANDITS.

**VROOOOM!
VROOOM!**



HOLD YOUR BREATH! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

I CAN'T LOOK...



HOORAY! HOORAY! YOU GOT IT FREE!

JUST TAKES A LITTLE FINESSE.



WHIRRR!

OKAY, CHARLIE! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TARGET! LOWER IT AND LOCK IT INTO PLACE!



GOD. IT'S FINISHED.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE WILLIES!



WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.



CLIK! CLIK! M M M M M!

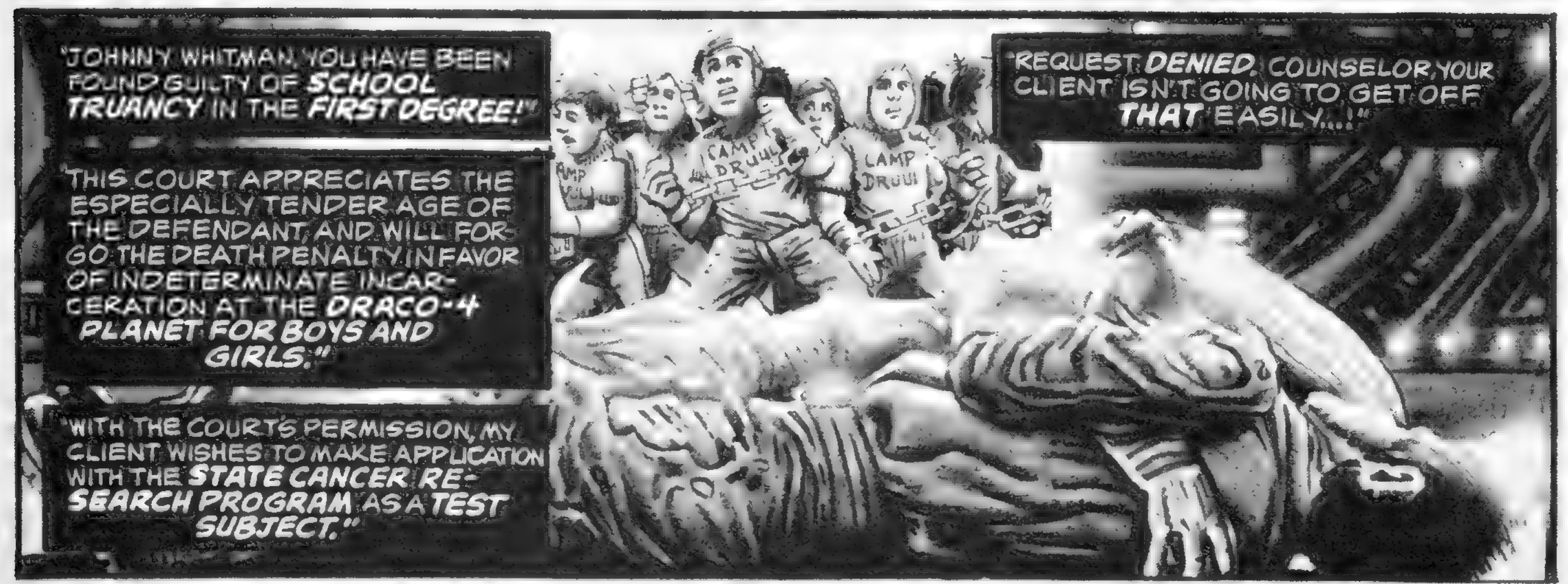
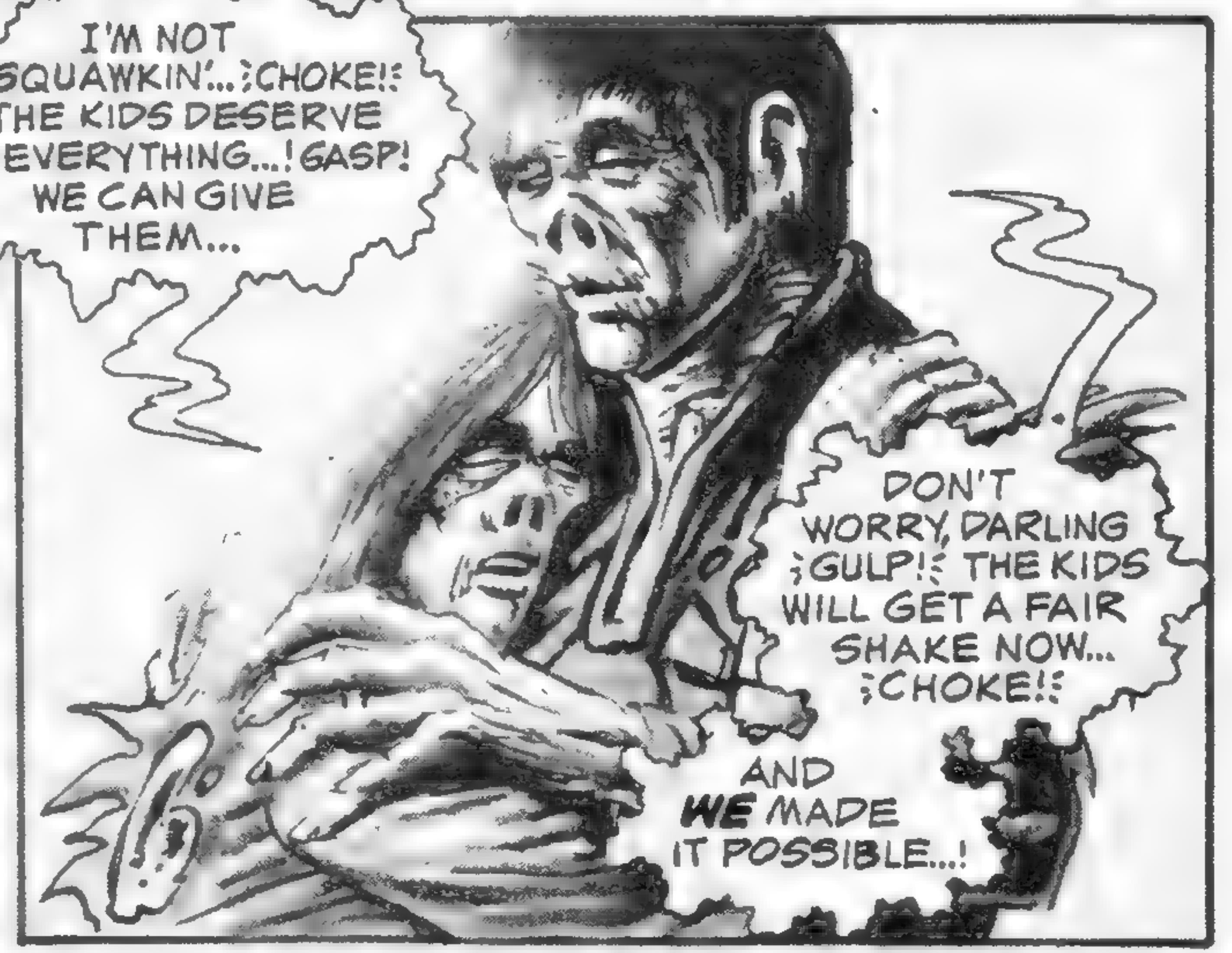
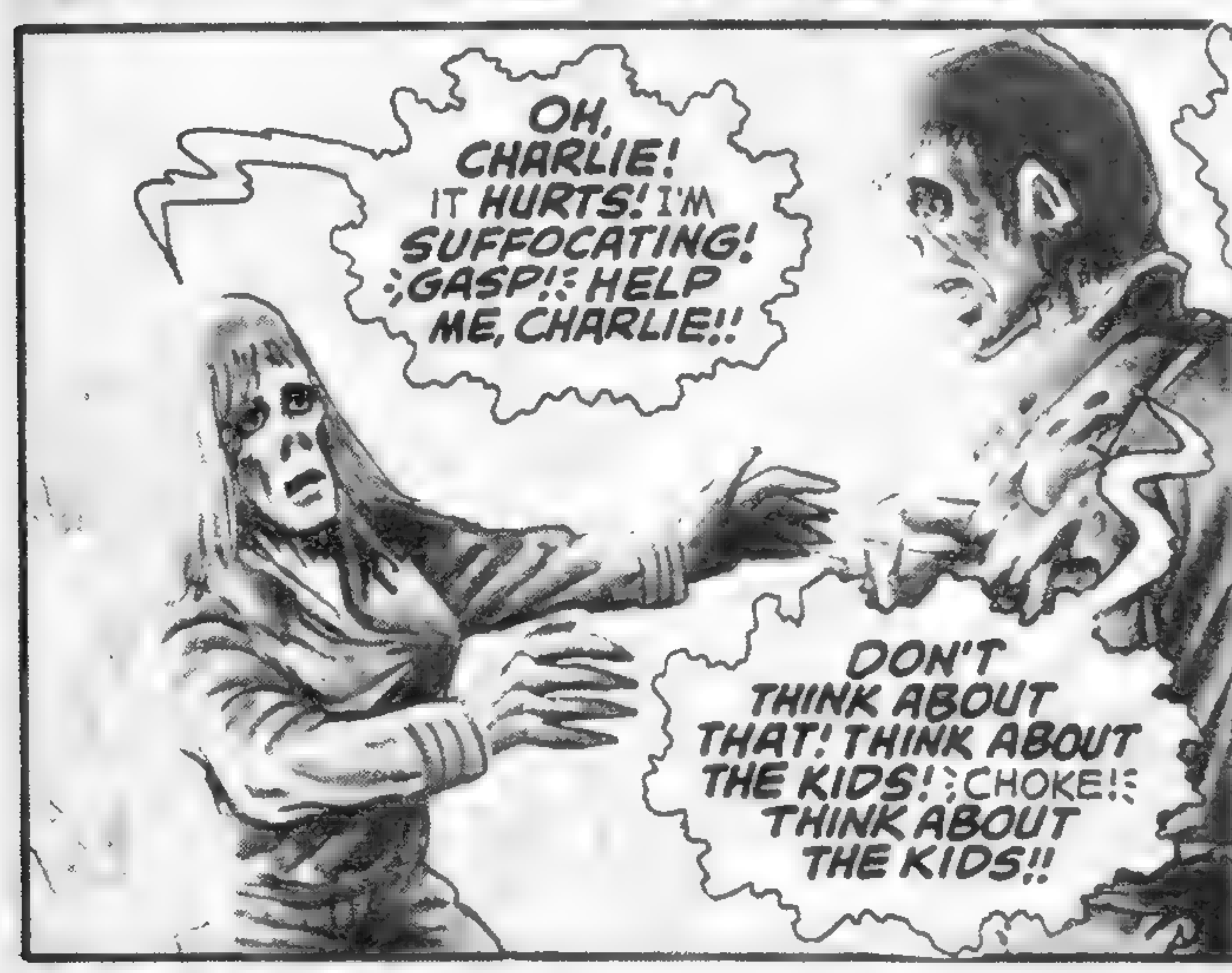
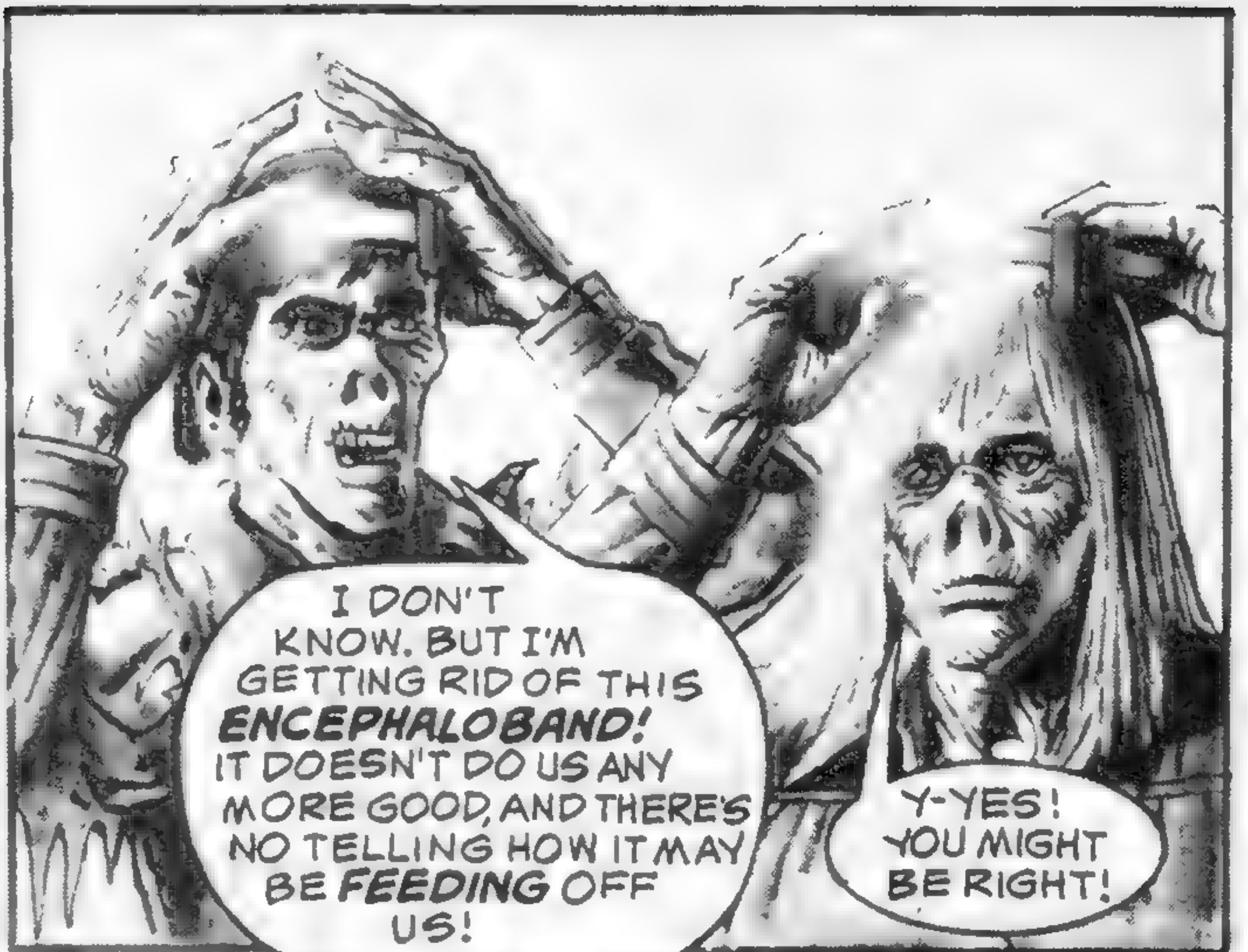
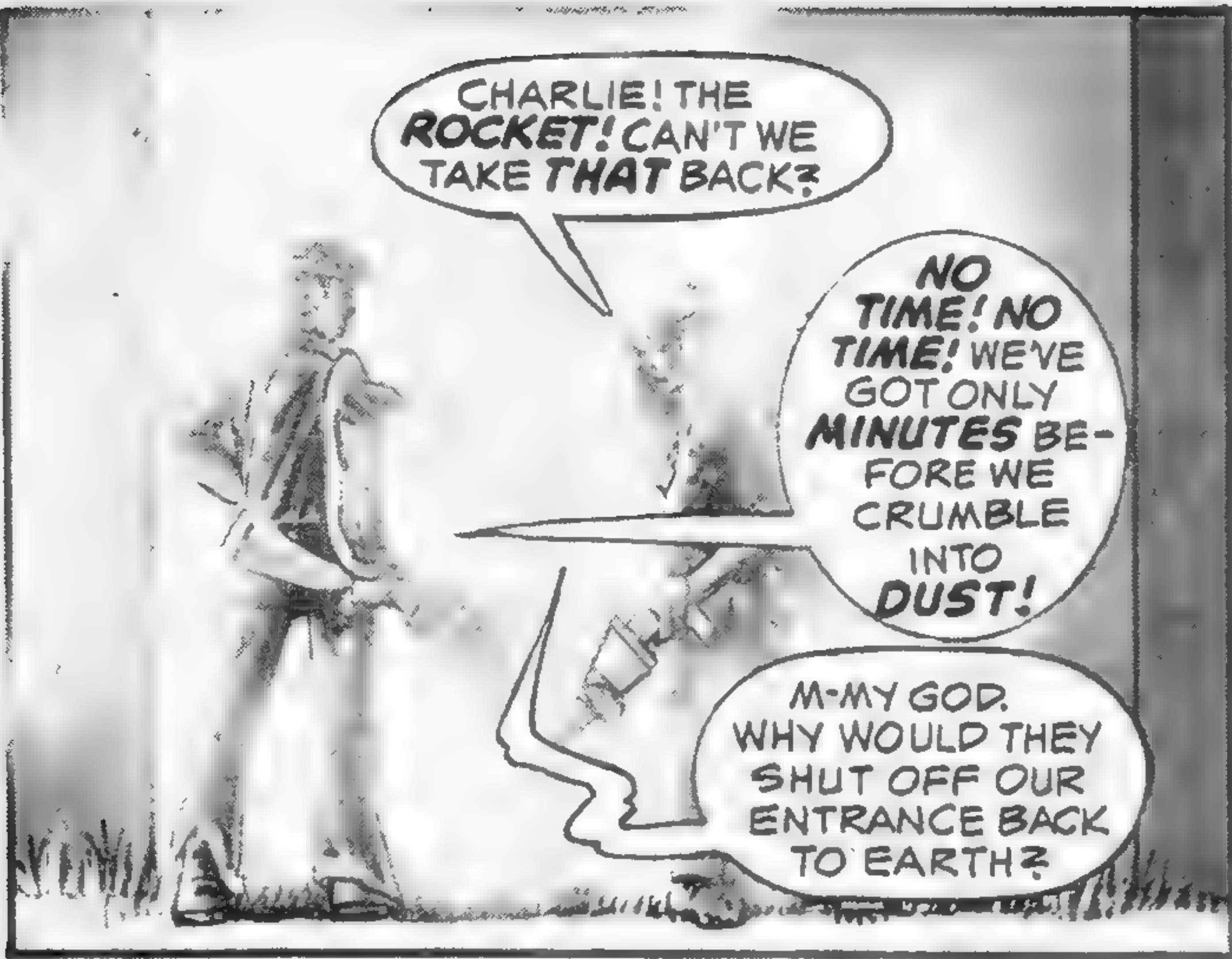
DAMMIT! DAMMIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

THIS CONSOLE IS SET UP TO RECEIVE, BUT NOT TO TRANSMIT!! SOMEBODY'S YANKED ALL THE TRANSMISSION CONTROLS!!

THEN THAT MEANS... WE CAN'T GET BACK TO EARTH!

CHARLIE! WE CAN'T BE RESTORED TO LIFE!

IT'S THOSE DRUULS!! THE DOUBLE CROSSING DRUULS!!



"You will never see anything more horrible than a boy's dead dog return from the grave to bite its young master's face off!" — Rex Havoc, from a series in *The National Alarmist*: "The Monsters are Coming! The Monsters are Co — ! ARGGGGH!"

BY 1978, MONSTERS, UNDEAD, AND A WIDE RANGE OF SUPER-ABNORMAL PHENOMENA HAD BECOME SO NUMEROUS THAT IT NEARLY WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GO TO THE BEACH WITHOUT STUMBLING INTO THE MAW OF A BOGGY CREEK MONSTER, OR GO TO A MOVIE AND NOT BE MOLESTED BY A TINGLER OR A BLOB OR SOME KIND OF WRIGGLY GROATIE.

THE MOST VALIANT EFFORTS OF THE VARIOUS LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES COULD NOT STEM THE GROWING MONSTER EPIDEMIC, YET IT WAS NOT UNTIL AFTER A ROUTINE RAID ON A PET CEMETARY IN SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA, THAT IT WAS REVEALED HOW TRULY HORRENDOUS THE MONSTER THREAT HAD BECOME.



FIVE MONSTERS CAPTURED THERE WHO WERE TO BECOME KNOWN AS THE "DEAD OF NIGHT 5," DECIDED TO FIGHT BACK IN THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW HOW! THEY **SUED!**

THE LAWSUIT GAINED GLOBAL ATTENTION, THE CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION RAN TO THE AID OF THE MONSTERS, AND FOLKSINGERS SANG PITIFUL SONGS IN THEIR BEHALF. OREGON GOT THE JUMP ON A FEDERAL MONSTER RIGHTS BILL, PASSING ONE OF THEIR OWN. MONSTERS SUDDENLY BECAME THE RAGE. FARRAH WAS OUT; IM-HO-TEP WAS IN.

AND MONSTERS EVERYWHERE BEGAN TO CALL THEMSELVES "FANTASTICS," AS A WAY OF MAKING THEMSELVES MORE PRESENTABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

REX HAVOC HAD ANOTHER NAME FOR THEM: "GONERS."

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA.



SUNRISE, REX, GOT IT ALL RIGHT?

UMMPH. YEAH. I'M HANDLIN' IT. STAND BACK, LARS.

RISE AND SHINE!! EVERYBODY OUTTA THE SACK!! UP AND AT 'EM!!

GOOD MORNING. ♪ WAKE UP CALL, COUNT NOCTURNOS. ♪

MORNING?!? AAGGGH!!

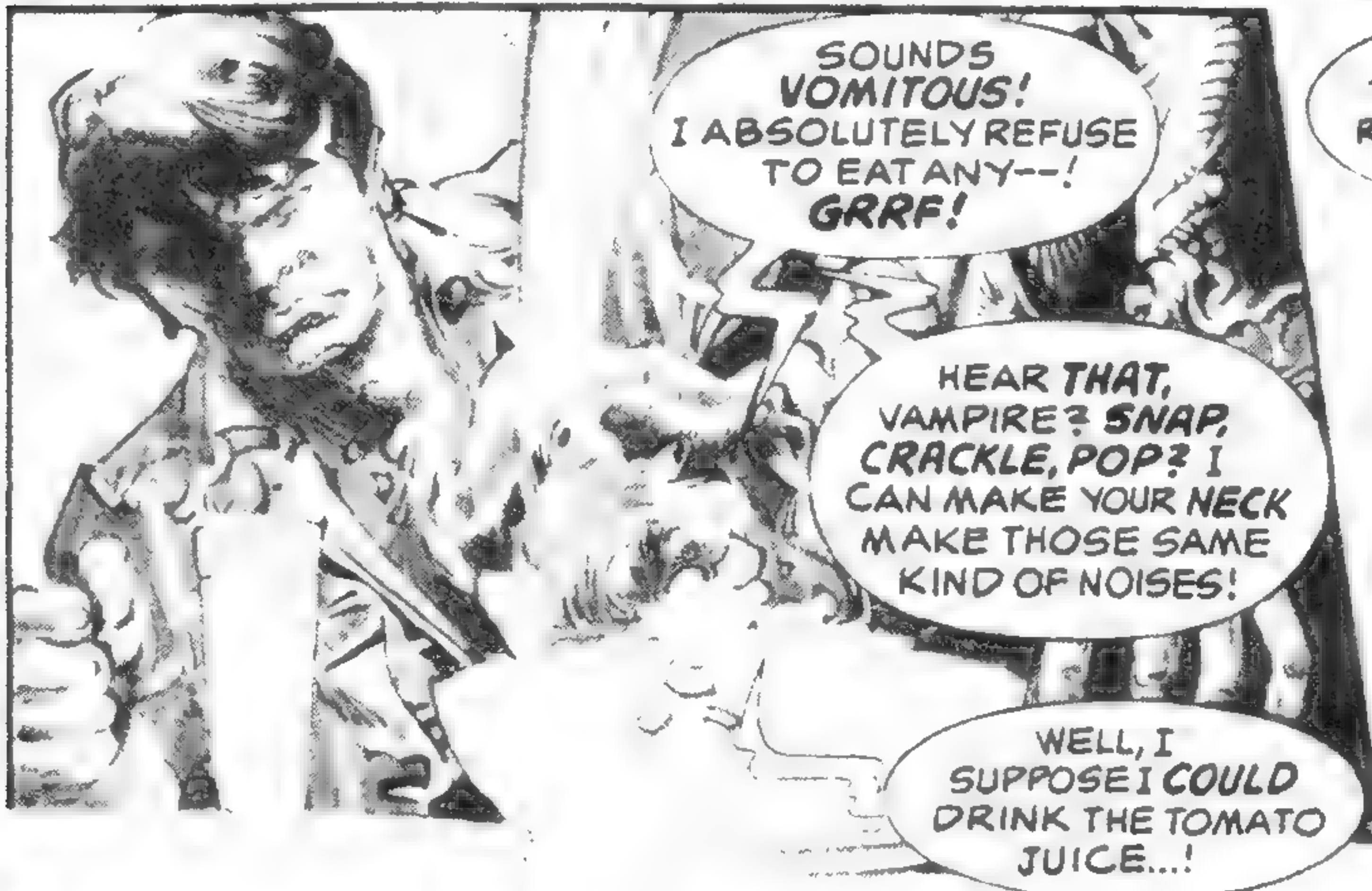
LOTS TO DO TODAY, NEMO. CAN'T SLEEP THE DAY AWAY. BREAKFAST IS WAITING.



BREAKFAST!? BUT I NEVER EAT BREAKFAST! I HATE BREAKFAST!!

OH DEAR, NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO WORMY AND MOTHEATEN! WELL, SIR, A BALANCED HIGH-FIBER MEAL WILL PUT THE COLOR BACK IN THOSE CHEEKS. WHAT DO WE HAVE, BRUNO?

RICE KRISPIES, POP TARTS, FRUIT COMPOTE, MILK AND TOMATO JUICE.



SOUNDS VOMITOUS! I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO EAT ANY--! GRRF!

HEAR THAT, VAMPIRE? SNAP, CRACKLE, POP? I CAN MAKE YOUR NECK MAKE THOSE SAME KIND OF NOISES!

WELL, I SUPPOSE I COULD DRINK THE TOMATO JUICE...!



I'VE GOT THE NET SET UP, REX. ANY TIME YOU'RE READY.

READY NOW, SPRINGER.

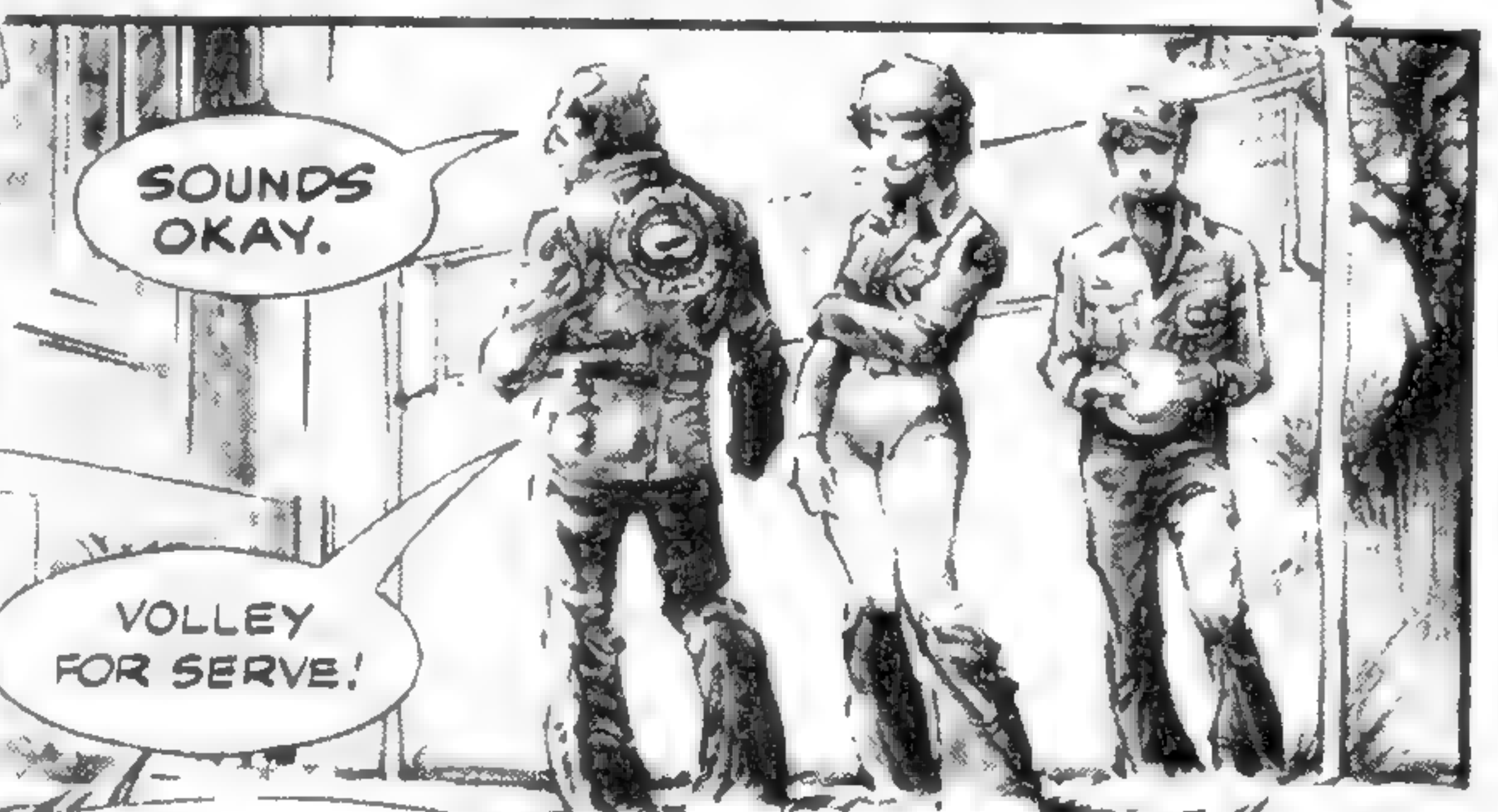
LET'S GO, COUNT. EVERYBODY OUTSIDE FOR VOLLEYBALL!

VOLLEYBALL!? COUGH; SPUTTER;



BUT I CAN'T GO OUTSIDE! PLEASE! NOT IN THE SUNLIGHT! I BURN VERY EASILY!

ME AND THE COUNT AGAINST THE REST OF YOU! THAT SOUND FAIR TO EVERYONE?



SOUNDS OKAY.

VOLLEY FOR SERVE!



SPIKE IT, COUNT! SPIKE IT!

OH NOOOOO, THERE GOES MY ARM! MOAN; HONEST ... I BETTER GO BACK INSIDE.

C'MON, COUNT, WE NEARLY GOT IT IN THE BAG! HANG ON A LITTLE LONGER!



RATS. HERE I GO. I'M FALLING APART. MY WHOLE AFTER LIFE IS PASSING BEFORE MY EYES.

AND JUST WHEN WE WERE WINNING, TOO...



THANKS, ASSKICKERS. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THAT VAMPIRE OUT OF MY BASEMENT FOR MONTHS.

TYPICAL VAMPIRE PLOY. YOU ASK THEM TO DINNER, THEY STAY THE WINTER. THEY'RE SHAMELESS FREELOADERS.

HERE'S OUR BILL...



...AND HERE'S THE VAMPIRE'S REMAINS.

DEAR GOD, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH VAMPIRE REMAINS?

USE IT FOR MULCH. IT'S GREAT FOR YOUR GARDEN.



REX HAVOC



GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY.

ONE OF THE HOTTEST CONTROVERSIES MAKING HEADLINES THESE DAYS CONCERNS THE **FANTASTIC RIGHTS AMENDMENT**, WHICH IF PASSED, WOULD GRANT **VAMPIRES** AND **ZOMBIES** AND **FROST GIANTS** AND ALL SORTS OF DISGUSTING VARMINTS THE SAME RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES ACCORD-ED TO HUMAN BEINGS.

NOW, WHY EXACTLY A **CREEPING UNKNOWN** WOULD WANT THE SAME OPPORTUNITY TO SHELL OUT THE KIND OF ALIMONY I DO, I DON'T KNOW, BUT THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE TO **FIND OUT**.

OUR FIRST TOPIC TONIGHT IS **FANTASTICS: CRIMINAL DEVIANTS OR LEGITIMATE MINORITY?** MY GUESTS ARE...



...**SEBASTIAN, KING OF VAMPIRES**, AN ADMITTED FANTASTIC...!

REX HAVOC, LEADER OF AN UNUSUAL GROUP CALLED THE **ASSKICKERS OF THE FANTASTIC**, AN OUTFIT SWORN TO **EX-TERMINATE** ALL MONSTER-LIFE ON EARTH, OR KICK THEM IN THE BUTTS, ANYWAY...!

AND **MAJOR LARS WURLITZER**, AN AUTHORITY ON MONSTERS AS WELL AS AN ASSKICKER HIMSELF, AND AUTHOR OF THE EXPOSE ON FANTASTICS: "**BUT WOULD YOU LET ONE MARRY YOUR SISTER'S DOG?**"



TOMORROW

with
TO
SN





SEBASTIAN, KING OF VAMPIRES... LET'S START WITH **YOU**. SUPPOSE YOU TELL US JUST WHAT IS A "FANTASTIC", AND WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO MOVE INTO OUR NEIGHBORHOODS?

TOM, THE TERM "FANTASTIC" MERELY IDENTIFIES ONE AS A MEMBER OF A **SUPERIOR RACE** OF BEINGS. CREATURES THAT BECAUSE OF **EXTRAORDINARY PECULIARITIES** IN THEIR MAKEUP, ARE SET **ABOVE** MERE MUNDANE HUMAN PUNKS, AND ARE THUS **CLOSER TO THE CREATOR**.

HMPH! ASK HIM WHO HIS CREATOR IS.



AS FOR MOVING INTO **HUMAN NEIGHBORHOODS**, FANTASTICS ARE NOT INTERESTED IN THIS, AS MOST OF US ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE MOVE ANYWAY AND WOULDN'T KNOW A TUDOR FROM A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

ALL WE WANT FROM HUMANS IS A LITTLE **UNDERSTANDING** AND MAYBE KEEP SOME OF THE **SUPERMARKETS** OPEN LATE, AS NEARLY ALL FANTASTICS OPERATE AT NIGHT AND HAVE NOWHERE TO GO FOR SANDWICHES AND COKES.

IN FACT, THAT'S WHERE MOST OF US **DO** LIVE! IN HOLES IN THE GROUND.

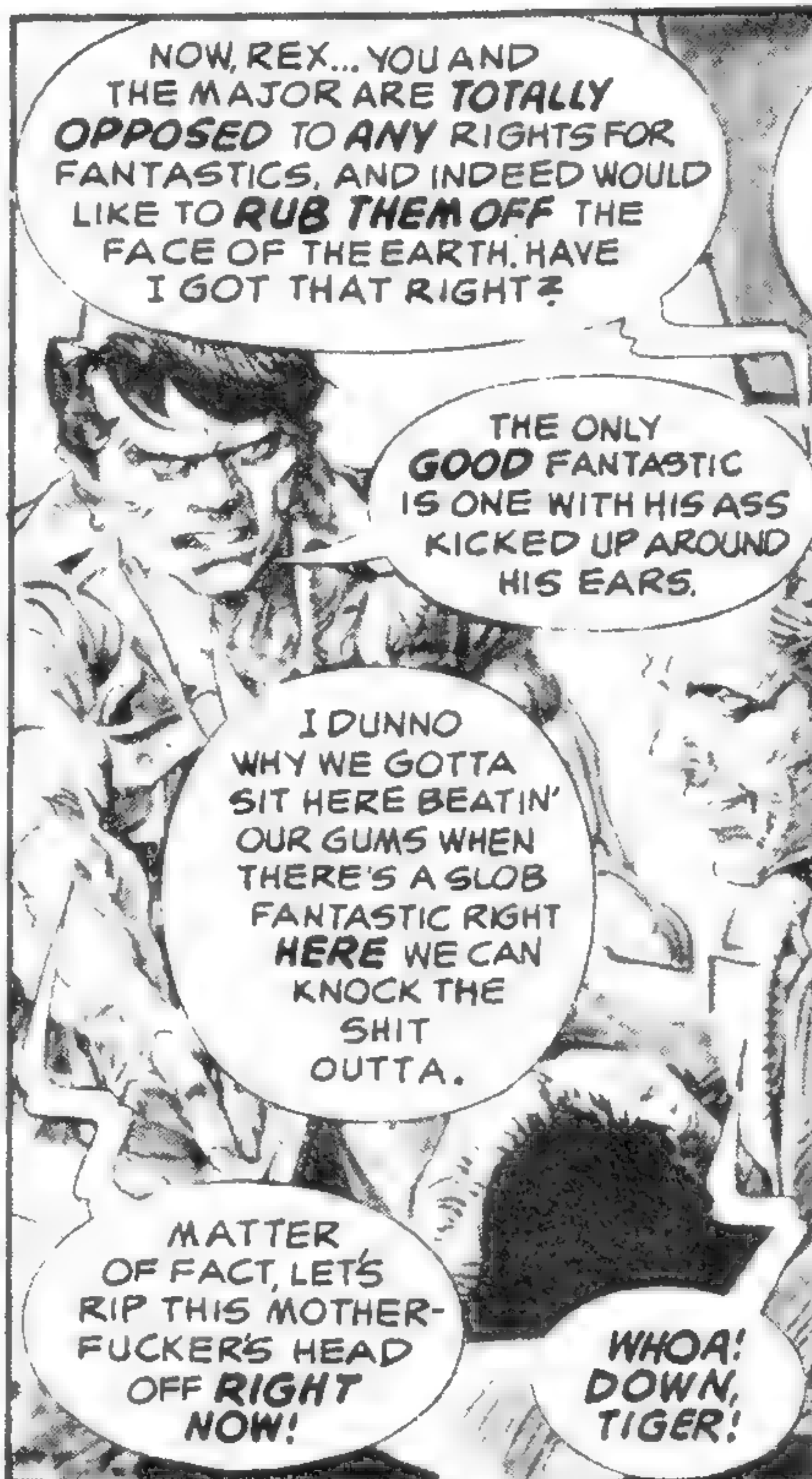


SOUNDS FAIR TO ME. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT ALL THE BEEF IS ABOUT.

ALSO, WE WANT A **TRILLION DOLLARS** IN REPARATIONS AND **50 LAS VEGAS SHOWGIRLS** ANNUALLY FOR SPECIAL CEREMONIES.

HOBODY!

THAT LAST POINT IS NOT NEGOTIABLE.



NOW, REX... YOU AND THE MAJOR ARE **TOTALLY OPPOSED TO ANY RIGHTS** FOR FANTASTICS, AND INDEED WOULD LIKE TO **RUB THEM OFF** THE FACE OF THE EARTH. HAVE I GOT THAT RIGHT?

THE ONLY **GOOD FANTASTIC** IS ONE WITH HIS ASS KICKED UP AROUND HIS EARS.

I DUNNO WHY WE GOTTA SIT HERE BEATIN' OUR GUMS WHEN THERE'S A SLOB FANTASTIC RIGHT **HERE** WE CAN KNOCK THE SHIT OUTTA.

MATTER OF FACT, LET'S RIP THIS MOTHER-FUCKER'S HEAD OFF **RIGHT NOW!**

WHOA! DOWN, TIGER!



YOU SEE, TOM... THAT'S **EXACTLY** THE SORT OF **SUPER-NAZI MENTALITY** FANTASTICS HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH! NOT JUST FROM **REX HAVOC** AND HIS "OUR GANG" COMEDY TROUPE, BUT FROM **HUMANS IN GENERAL**.

THIS HAS GONE ON FOR **CENTURIES**, AND WE SIMPLY WON'T **STAND** FOR IT ANYMORE!

EAT **GARLIC, VAMPIRE!**

YOUR FIRST BORN IS **MINE, HAVOC!**

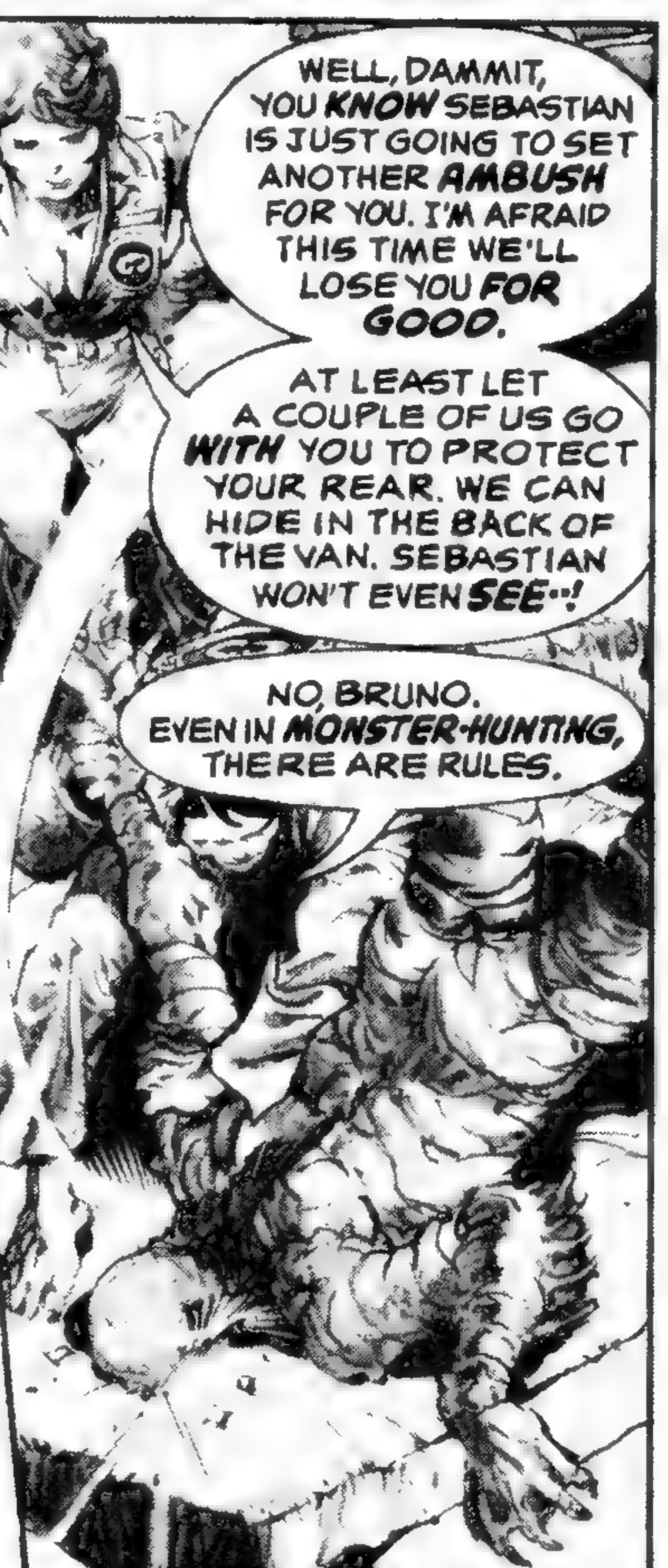
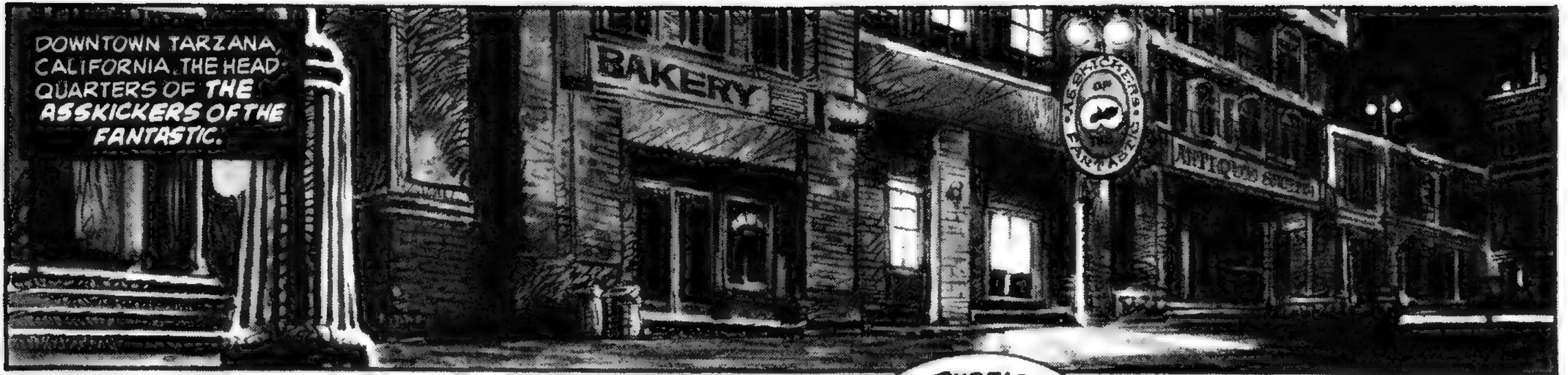


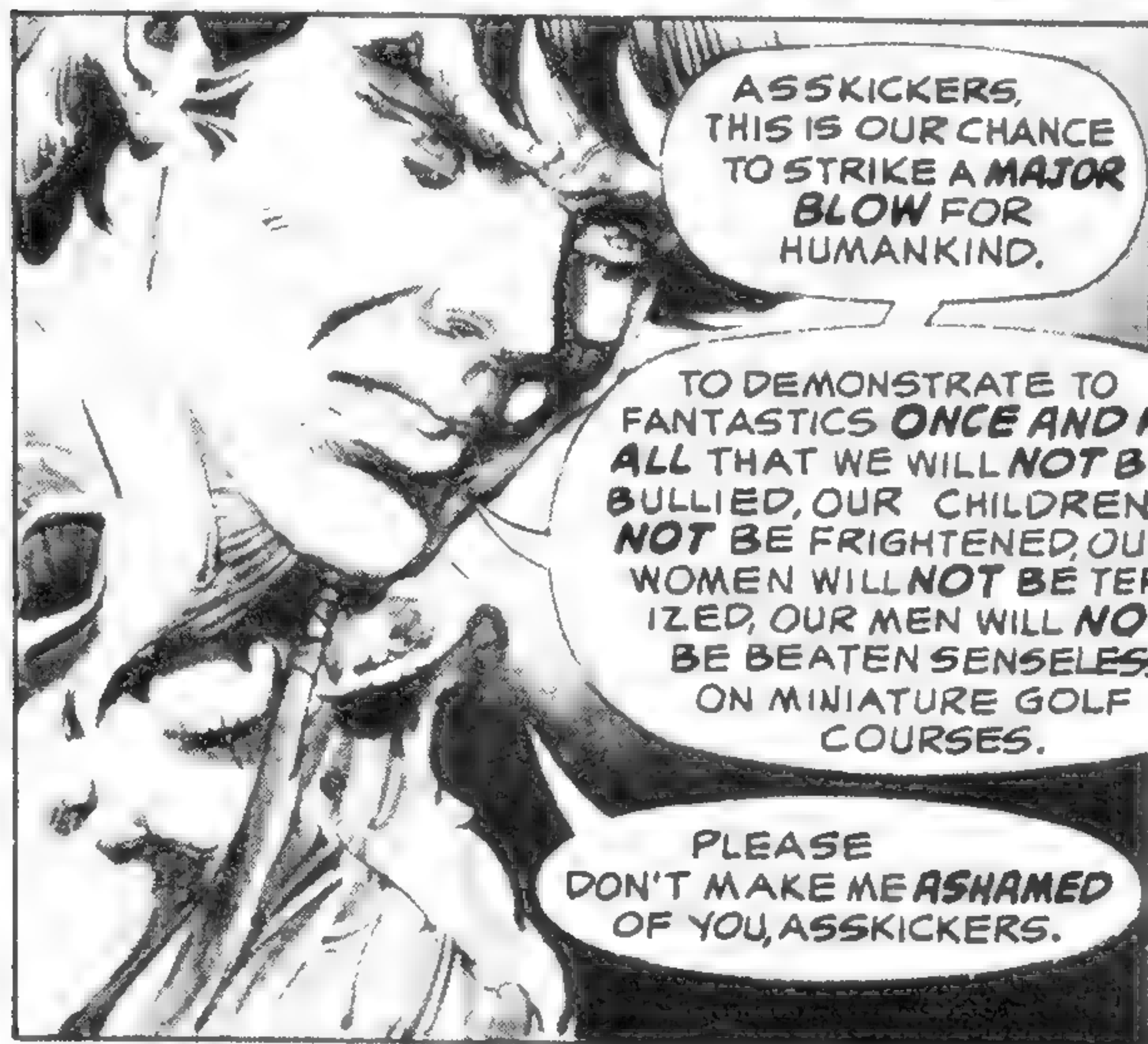
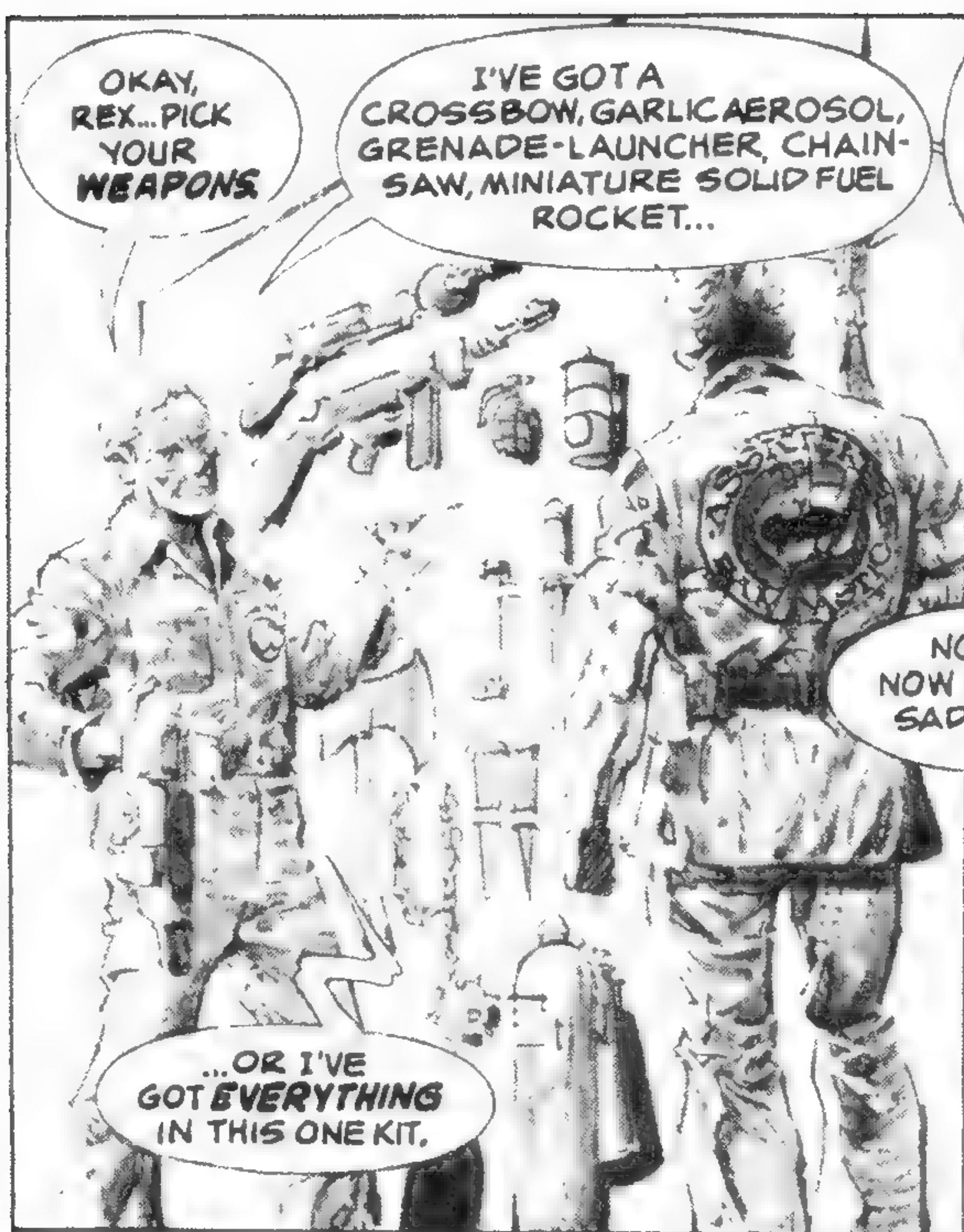
GENTLEMEN, IF EVERYBODY WILL JUST KEEP THEIR WITS, IT'S ENTIRELY **POSSIBLE** WE CAN HAVE A **CIVILIZED DEBATE** HERE...!

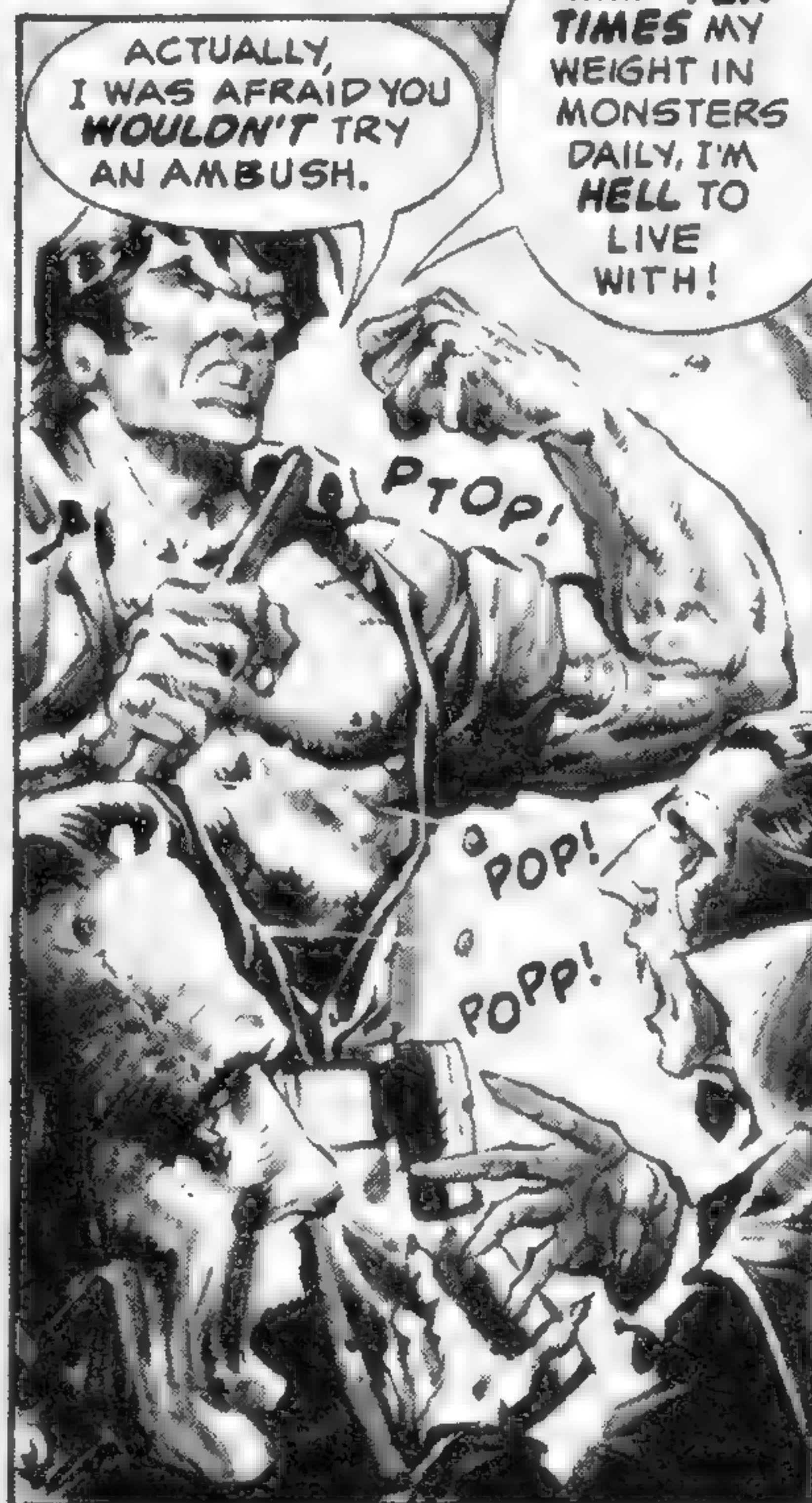
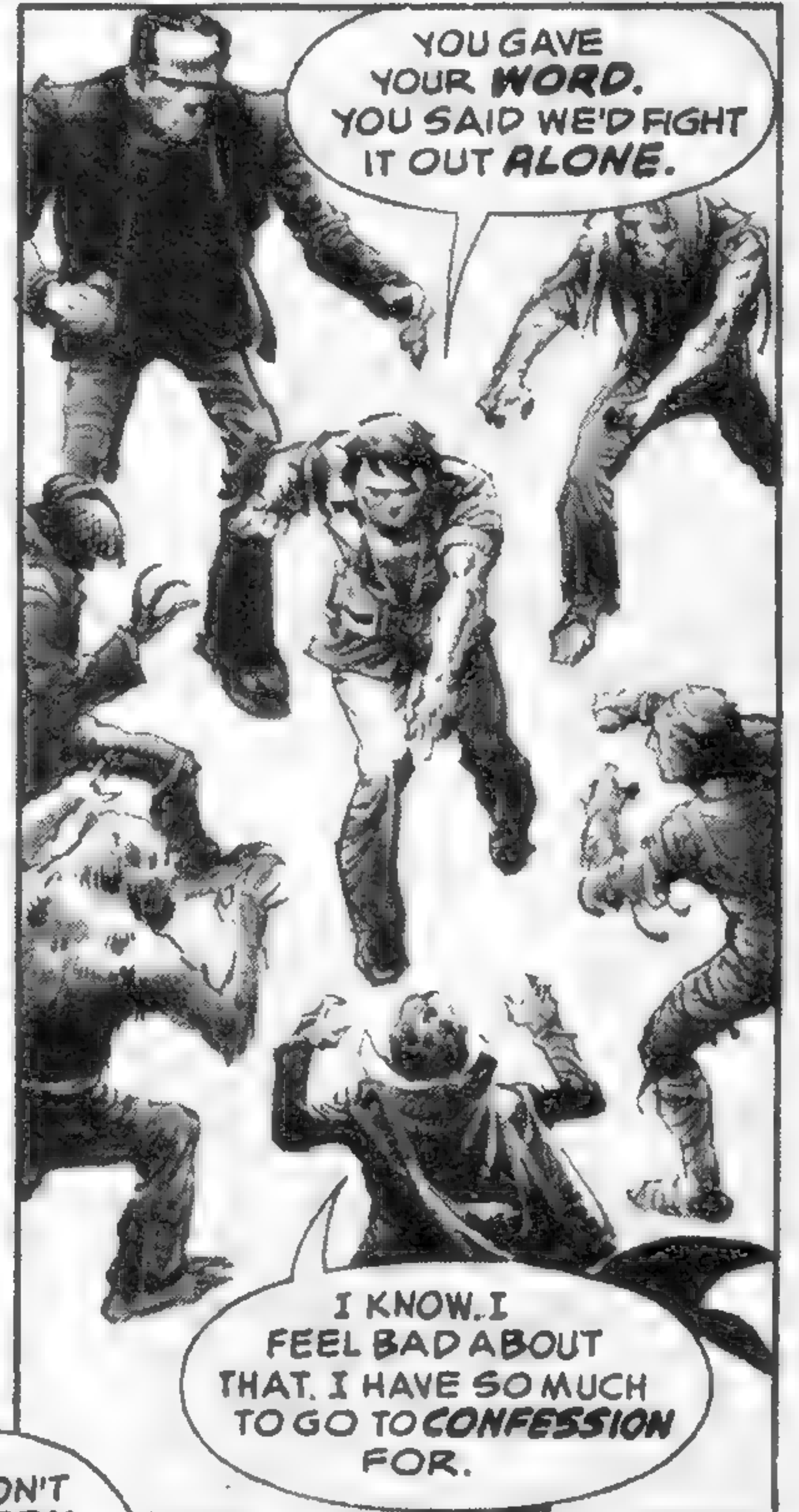
WITS?! THAT **FUNCTIONAL RETARDATE?!!** HOW CAN **ANYONE** HAVE A SERIOUS CONVERSATION WITH A MAN WHO HAS A **STEEL PLATE** IN HIS HEAD?!

IS THAT **TRUE, REX?** DO YOU HAVE A **STEEL PLATE** IN YOUR HEAD?













HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER RIDES AGAIN!

WHO IS IT *THIS* TIME, HAPPY JIM? THE PHILANDERING LECH-MEN OF OFFALIV, OR THE ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKES OF COITUS III?

NEITHER, SKEEZIX! IT'S THE PHALLUS-NOSED JUNK-GOBLERS OF SPISSITUDE IX!

AND THEY'RE AFTER OUR CARGO OF VINTAGE HOSTESS TWINKIES, RIGHT?!

WRONG AGAIN, SKEEZ! THEY WANT MY NEWEST ISSUE OF 1984!

THE DELETERIOUS REPROBATES! WHY DON'T THEY JUST BUY THEIR *OWN*?

BECAUSE THEIR NATIONAL CURRENCY IS THE CONSISTANCY OF MELLIFLOUS *ELEPHANT DUNG*!

CURSE YOU HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER! WE'LL *NAIL* YOUR COOKIES, *YET*!

What's the matter, Bunky? Has your national currency turned to mellifluous elephant dung, too? Don't take it so hard. So has ours. But there is yet hope. You get a lot of 1984 for your worthless noogies when you subscribe.

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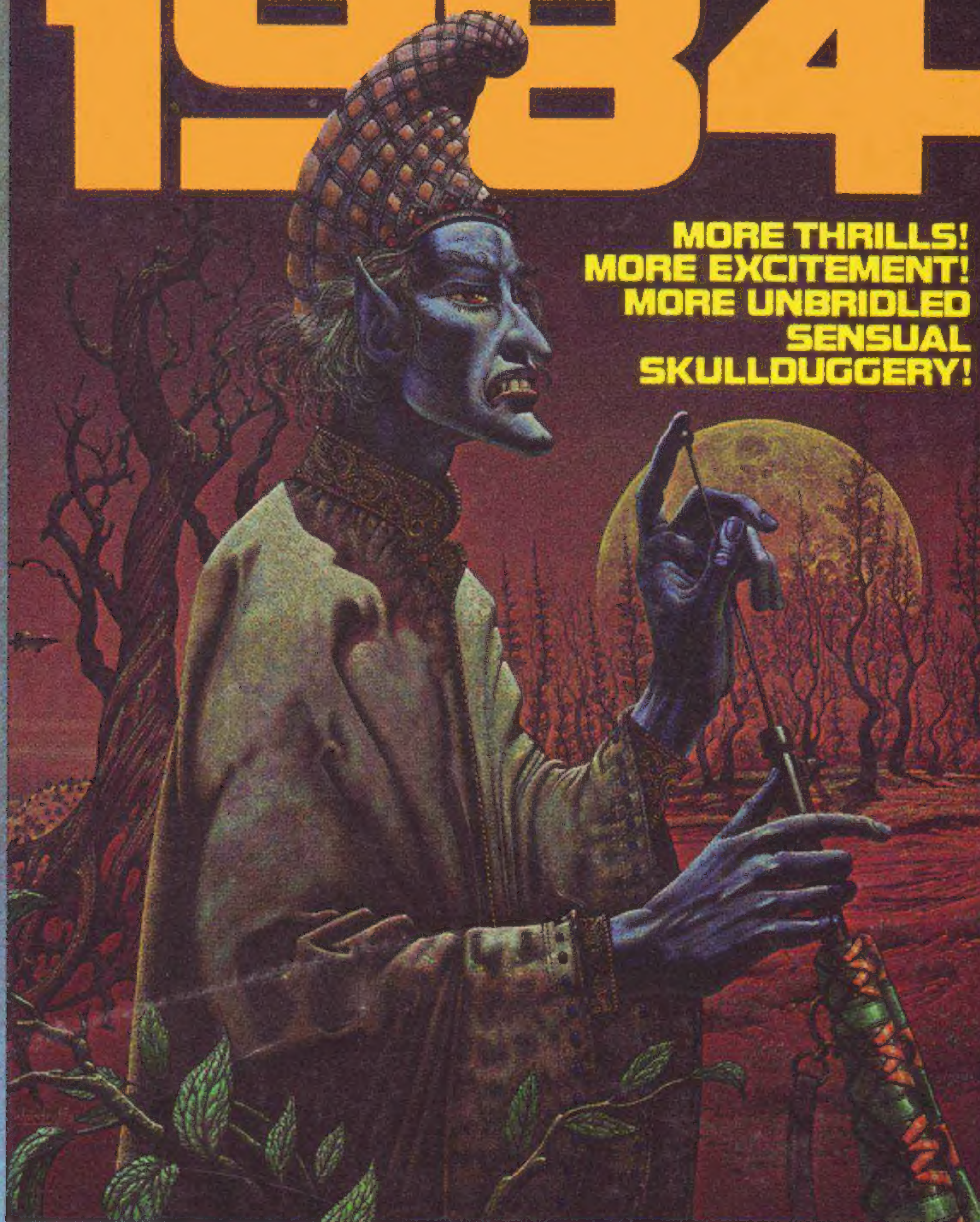
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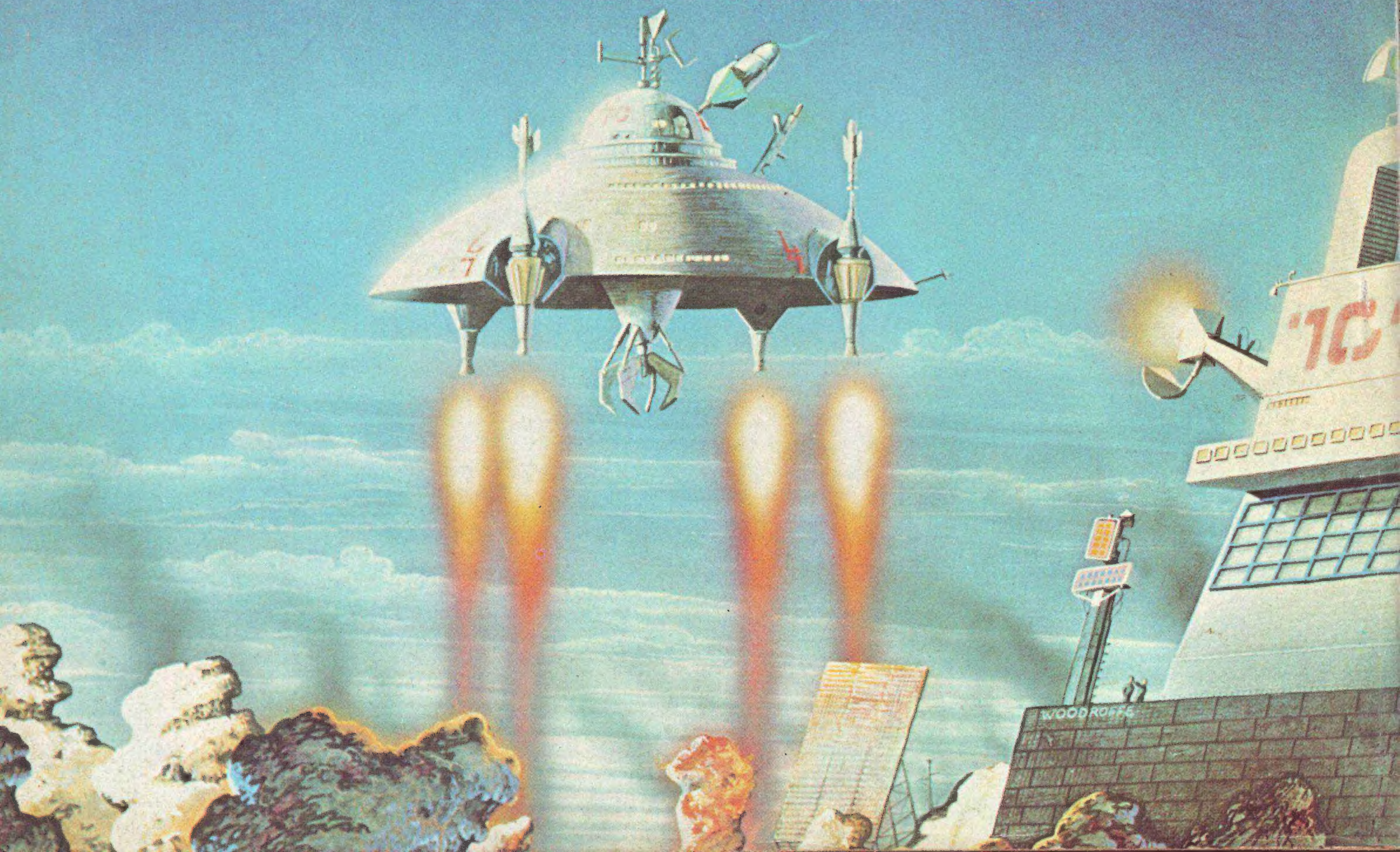
NEXT ISSUE:

1984

**MORE THRILLS!
MORE EXCITEMENT!
MORE UNBRIDLED
SENSUAL
SKULLDOGGERY!**



ON SALE OCTOBER 17TH.

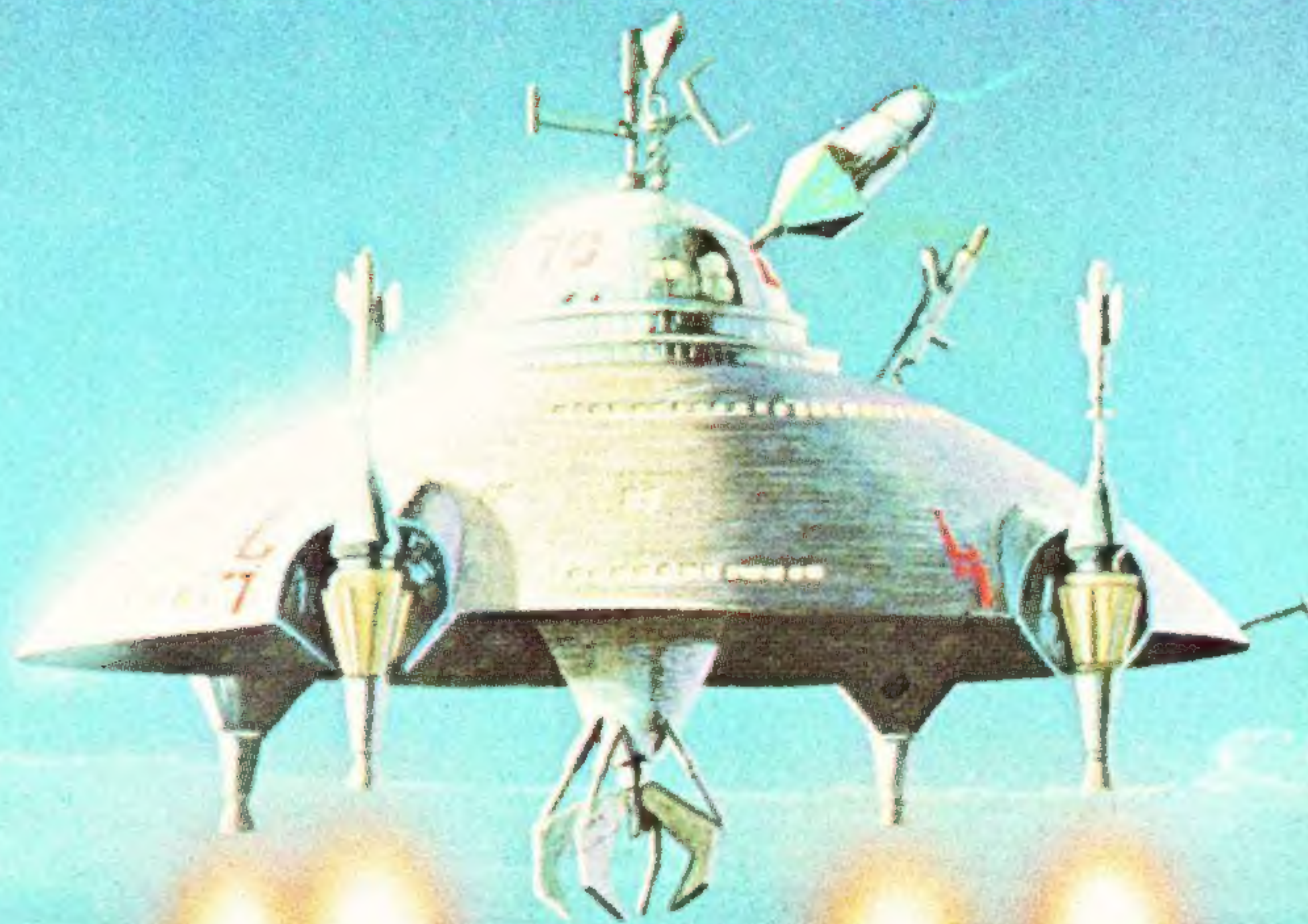


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1984

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ON SALE OCTOBER 17TH.



COLORFUL ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1984

A WARREN MAGAZINE NUMBER FOUR

MARTIANS
INVADE EARTH!
IN "THE LAST
WAR OF THE
WORLDS!"

OCT 1978

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